



INDIAN LIFE AND INDIAN LORE

**THE HERO OF THE
LONGHOUSE**



Hiawatha

INDIAN LIFE AND INDIAN LORE

THE HERO OF THE LONGHOUSE

BY

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THIS IS FROM

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED
TO THE YOUTH OF MY NATIVE STATE
WHO ARE LIVING IN THE LONGHOUSE
OF THE IROQUOIS

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE story of Hiawatha as it has been handed down in wampum records and oral narrations constitutes a traditional history of unique interest. There have appeared among the people of every great race, whether in a barbarous or a civilized stage of development, human beings of surpassing power whose influence has extended far beyond their nation and their time. Such a man was Hiawatha. The labor of Hiawatha's life was given to creating a nation by uniting the five tribes of the Iroquois. The confederation which, with the aid of Daganoweda, he succeeded in establishing, endured to the opening of the Revolutionary War, without any break in its unity. It is still in existence. It was based on a truly remarkable constitution which has lately been published in a Museum Bulletin of the New York State Archæological Department.¹ This League gave the Iroquois an influence more extended than that of any other Indian race north of Mexico.

It is significant that a fundamental object of the Iroquois Confederation was the elimination of warfare. The motives of the great founders of this union, indicated in the constitution itself, were social and religious as well as political. For this reason the story of the struggle of Hiawatha to bring about the confederation of the Iroquois tribes is the story of a great social-civic movement that is unexcelled in traditional history. It

¹ Bulletin No. 184, *The Constitution of the Five Nations*, by Arthur C. Parker. 1916.

makes Hiawatha a great statesman and a hero unsurpassed in moral courage.

The story of *The Hero of the Longhouse* follows in its main line the traditional history related by Horatio Hale in his *Iroquois Book of Rites* and in manuscripts in the New York State Archæological Department collected by Mr. Arthur C. Parker. Hale says of his story of the League: "The particulars comprised in it were drawn chiefly from notes gathered during many visits to the Reserve of the Six Nations on the Grand River in Ontario, supplemented by information obtained in two visits to the Onondaga Reservation, in the State of New York, near Syracuse. My informants were the most experienced counselors, and especially the 'wampum-keepers,' the official annalists of their people."¹

Of the early life of Hiawatha there is no record. The writer has placed the story of his childhood and youth against a background of Iroquois life drawn from approved historical sources.

"About the main events of Hiawatha's history," says Horatio Hale, "and about his character and purposes, there can be no reasonable doubt. We have the wampum belts which he handled, whose simple hieroglyphics preserve the memory of the public acts in which he took part. We have, also, in the *Iroquois Book of Rites* a

¹ *Iroquois Book of Rites*, page 19. No. 2 of Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature. Philadelphia, 1883.

still more clear and convincing testimony to the character both of the legislator and of the people for whom his institutions were designed. . . . The persistent desire for peace, pursued for centuries in federal unions and in alliances and treaties with other nations, has been manifested by few as steadily as by the countrymen of Hiawatha. The sentiment of universal brotherhood which directed their polity has never been so fully developed in any branch of the Aryan race, unless it may be found incorporated in the religious quietism of Buddha and his followers.”¹

I have ventured on this story of *The Hero of the Longhouse* with reluctance, partly because the material itself deserves a more commanding treatment, partly because the name of Hiawatha is sacred to the great poet who immortalized it. But the telling of the true story of Hiawatha for the youth who are growing up in the land where he lived and labored is surely an urgent need.

I acknowledge here my great indebtedness to Dr. Ernest Bernbaum of Harvard University for a critical reading of the manuscript; to Mr. David Cunningham Lithgow for permission to use reproductions of paintings in his studio at Albany; to the New York State Museum for permission to use reproductions of its two lunette frescoes; and to Mr. Arthur Caswell Parker, Archæologist of New York State, without whose generous encouragement and assistance this work could not have been written.

¹ *Ibid.*, page 36.

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INTRODUCTION

THE name of Hiawatha has been made familiar and beloved among the children of our land through Longfellow's poem. Yet few people, other than ethnologists, know that there was a real Hiawatha; that he was the co-founder of the powerful League of the Iroquois; and that nearly every large city from one end of the Empire State to the other stands in a region that once knew his footsteps. In Longfellow's poem we meet with a superhuman character who wanders far. *The Hero of the Longhouse* gives us a portrayal of the human Hiawatha in and of his own homeland. The first page and the first picture touch the reader as with a magic wand. He is carried backward half a thousand years and set down in the forests of central New York, where he sees the great Iroquois chieftain of old as a flesh-and-blood character with a soul like his own.

Before beginning to write this book the author studied the history of Hiawatha from every possible source. That she might the better visualize the scenes of his lifetime, she did much of her writing out-of-doors — in the woods of the northern Mohawk hunting ground, on the site of Skanehtade, and in the valley of the Genesheyo. She climbed the heights of Bare Hill where Nundawao stood, she lived at Oswego, and she visited the Falls of the Mohawk where Hiawatha met for the first time his powerful friend Daganoweda. And the author, we feel, has en-

tered very fully into the spirit of the people and the times that she describes. The story is convincing; the Indian epic has never been retold with greater truth and vividness. Reading the book is like a happy adventure.

The illustrations are by David Cunningham Lithgow, who has painted and sketched Hiawatha's people in every part of the old Iroquois confederacy. The pictures are as accurate as it is possible to make them, and they reveal unmistakably the artist's keen insight into his subject and his sympathy with the story.

I have watched this book grow, from the first pencil marks. I have watched the artist paint his pictures, and I have seen the printer's proof; and as one of Hiawatha's people I am very happy to see this work so ably accomplished. I believe that every reader, young or old, will join me in the wish that *The Hero of the Longhouse* will be read by all who admire nobility of character and by all who love the woods, the hills, the brooks, and the charm of the open.

ARTHUR C. PARKER (Gawasowaneh)

State Archæologist of New York

War Chief, Clan of the Bear of the Seneca Nation

THE HISTORICAL HIAWATHA

THE most authentic history of Hiawatha is found in Horatio Hale's *Iroquois Book of Rites* and in manuscripts in the New York State Archaeological Department collected by Arthur C. Parker. Mr. Parker gained his material from the Iroquois on the Grand River Reservation in Ontario and from intimate intercourse with the Iroquois Indians on the New York State Reservations. Horatio Hale's material was drawn from notes gathered during many visits to the Grand River Reservation and very especially from visits to the Onondaga Reservation in New York State. His informants "were the most experienced counselors and especially the wampum keepers, the official annalists of the people."¹

These accounts agree on the main facts of Hiawatha's history, which was identified with a single great achievement: the founding of the League of the Iroquois. There is much uncertainty as to the date of the founding of the League. Hale concluded that the weight of evidence pointed to the year 1459. Hiawatha belonged to the Onondaga tribe and was at that time an important chieftain in the Turtle Clan.

The Iroquois understood perfectly that their five tribes had a common descent, their forefathers having lived for a time on the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, subject to the Adirondacks, a numerous and cruel people. Through the

¹ Horatio Hale, *The Iroquois Book of Rites*, page 19.

severe discipline of long endurance and by conserving all their native strength, the Iroquois escaped from the Adirondacks, crossed Lake Ontario, and reached the Oswego River. The people believed that their forefathers emerged from the earth where they had hidden, at the Falls of the Oswego, and that under the leadership of the Holder-of-the-Heavens, they settled on the hills of Onondaga. Here they prospered. As they grew numerous, first the Mohawks and then the Senecas left the old home country at Onondaga and found new hunting grounds. Later the Oneidas separated from the Mohawks, and the Cayugas from the Senecas; hence the Iroquois called the Onondagas, Mohawks, and Senecas the Three Elder Brothers, and the Oneidas and Cayugas the Younger Brothers.

As years passed, there came to be much intertribal warfare among the Iroquois; and in the period of the making of the League, these wars had been devastating.

“The Onondagas were then under the control of a dreaded war chieftain named Atotarho. He was a man of great force of character and of formidable qualities — haughty, ambitious, crafty and bold — a determined and successful warrior, and at home, so far as the constitution of an Indian tribe would allow, a stern and remorseless tyrant. He tolerated no equal. The chiefs who ventured to oppose him were taken off one after another by secret means, or were compelled

to flee for safety to other tribes. His subtlety and artifices had acquired for him the reputation of a wizard. He knew, they say, what was going on at a distance as well as if he were present; and he could destroy his enemies by some magical art, while he himself was far away. In spite of the fear which he inspired, his domination would probably not have been endured by an Indian community, but for his success in war.”¹

There was at this time among the Onondagas a chief of high rank, whose name, Hiawatha, is rendered, “He who seeks the wampum belt.” He had made himself greatly esteemed by his wisdom and his benevolence. He was now past middle age. Though many of his friends and relatives had perished by the machinations of Atotarho, he himself had been spared. Hiawatha had long beheld with grief the evils which afflicted not only his own nation, but all the other tribes about them, through the continual wars in which they were engaged, and the misgovernment and miseries at home which these wars produced. With much meditation, he had elaborated in his mind the scheme of a vast confederation which would insure universal peace. In the mere plan of a confederation there was nothing new. There are probably few, if any, Indian tribes which have not, at one time or another, been members of a league or confederacy. It may almost be said to be their normal condition.

¹ *The Iroquois Book of Rites*, page 20.

But the plan which Hiawatha had evolved differed from all others in two particulars. The system which he devised was to be not a loose and transitory league, but a permanent government. While each nation was to retain its own council and its management of local affairs, the general control was to be lodged in a federal senate, composed of representatives elected by each nation, holding office during good behavior, and acknowledged as ruling chiefs throughout the whole confederacy. Still further, and more remarkably, the confederation was not to be a limited one. It was to be indefinitely expansible. The avowed design of its proposer was to abolish war altogether. He wished the federation to extend until all the tribes of men should be included in it, and peace should everywhere reign. Such is the positive testimony of the Iroquois themselves; and their statement, as will be seen, is supported by historical evidence.

Hiawatha's first endeavor was to enlist his own nation in the cause. He summoned a meeting of the chiefs and people of the Onondaga towns. The summons, proceeding from a chief of his rank and reputation, attracted a large concourse. "They came together," said the narrator, "along the creeks, from all parts, to the general council fire." But what effect the great projects of the chief, enforced by the eloquence for which he was noted, might have had upon his auditors, could not be known. For there appeared among them

a well-known figure, grim, silent and forbidding, whose terrible aspect overawed the assemblage. The unspoken displeasure of Atotarho was sufficient to stifle all debate, and the meeting dispersed.

This result, which seems a singular conclusion of an Indian council — the most independent and free-spoken of all gatherings — is sufficiently explained by the fact that Atotarho had organized, among the more reckless warriors of his tribe, a band of unscrupulous partisans, who did his bidding without question and took off by secret murder all persons against whom he bore a grudge. The knowledge that his followers were scattered through the assembly, prepared to mark for destruction those who should offend him, might make the boldest orator chary of speech. Hiawatha alone was undaunted. He summoned a second meeting, which was attended by a smaller number, and broke up as before in confusion, on Atotarho's appearance. The unwearied reformer sent forth his runners a third time; but the people were disheartened. When the day of the council arrived, no one attended. "Then," continued the narrator, "Hiawatha seated himself on the ground in sorrow. He enveloped his head in his mantle of skins, and remained for a long time bowed in grief and thought. At length he arose and left the town, taking his course toward the southeast. He had formed a bold design. As the councils of his own nation were

closed to him, he would have recourse to those of other tribes. At a short distance from the town (so minutely are the circumstances recounted) he passed his great antagonist, seated near a well-known spring, stern and silent as usual. No word passed between the determined representatives of war and peace: but it doubtless was not without a sensation of triumphant pleasure that the ferocious war chief saw his only rival and opponent in council going into what seemed to be voluntary exile.”¹

“The flight of Hiawatha from Onondaga to the country of the Mohawks,” said Hale, “is to the Iroquois what the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina is to the votaries of Islam. It is the turning point of their history.”

Manuscripts in the New York State Archaeological Museum relate the story of Hiawatha's farewell to the hunting grounds of the Onondagas. Overwhelmed with grief, he went from point to point in the familiar homeland fasting for five days. It is at this time that legend credits him with devising wampum-shell strings, each shell holding a word of the message. In the land of the Oneidas he sends two birds (i.e., runners) to the principal village with the peace message, which is rejected. He appears in the principal towns of the Mohawks with his white shell strings, into which he has talked the words of the Great Peace. In every town his message is re-

¹ *The Iroquois Book of Rites*, pages 21-23.

jected. Last of all he meets Daganoweda at Gahoose, a small Mohawk village located at Cohoes Falls. Daganoweda at once accepts the Great Peace Message and becomes its most efficient champion.

The mystery that lies in the founding of the Iroquois League rests in Daganoweda and his relation to the work. Horatio Hale makes him a Mohawk chieftain. Arthur C. Parker, New York State Archæologist, believes that he was by birth a Huron and a man of extraordinary power and wisdom who had been adopted by the Mohawks and made a chieftain. All authorities agree that without Daganoweda, Hiawatha could not have accomplished his great work.

Another personality that appears at this time, working with Hiawatha and Daganoweda for the Great Peace, is Jigonsasa, the Queen of the Neutrals. This line of Peace Queens is spoken of in the *Jesuit Relations*. The Peace Queens kept their tribe from war and were held in reverence by neighboring tribes. The Peace Home, or dwelling of the Queen of the Neutrals, was a place of refuge as well as a court of arbitration. The last of the line of Jigonsasa lived in the Tonawanda (Seneca) Reservation in New York State as late as 1892. Her English name was Carrie Mount Pleasant. There is traditional evidence that the Peace Queen of the Neutrals was present at all the councils with Hiawatha

and Daganoweda when the acceptance of the Great Peace was in question.

The Peace Confederation was accepted first by the Mohawks after a year's deliberation. A year later the Oneidas accepted it. At this time it was again rejected by the Onondagas. The Cayugas after a year of deliberation entered the Peace League. Again a delegation approached Atotarho, this time made up of representatives from the Mohawks, Oneidas, and Cayugas. Atotarho now offered to accept their invitation to enter the League on condition that he be made its Great Sachem. Hiawatha, to whom this office would naturally fall, yielded him the honor at once. The Four United Tribes then approached the Senecas, who after a year's deliberation came into the Great Peace Alliance.

Hiawatha is credited with having labored successfully in changing the heart of Atotarho. In the picturesque language of the Iroquois he "combed the snakes from the hair of Atotarho."

The Iroquois did not make canoes of white birch bark, but white birch bark canoes could have been easily obtained through trade with the Chipewas. The White Canoe holds so persistent a place in the legendary history of Hiawatha that there can be no doubt that it was intimately associated with him in the minds of his contemporaries and that it featured in some way in his death. The Iroquois, in his figurative mode of speech, said that Hiawatha went to Heaven in

his White Canoe. Horatio Hale believes that he was buried in the White Canoe as one of his valued possessions.

“The Iroquois were always eager to receive new members into their League,” says Horatio Hale. “The Tuscaroras, Nanticokes, the Tute- loes, and a band of Delawares, were thus successfully admitted, and all of them still retain representatives in the council of the Canadian branch of the confederacy. When this political union could not be achieved, the Iroquois sought to accomplish the same end, as far as possible, by treaty of alliance. When a neighboring people would neither join the confederacy nor enter into a treaty of alliance with it, the almost inevitable result would be, sooner or later, a deadly war. . . . But they made a magnanimous use of their superiority. An enemy who submitted was at once spared.”

Of the closing years of Hiawatha's life there is no further record than that he spent his time in clearing away entanglements in the great waterways of the Iroquois. This is probably a figurative way of saying that he spent his last years cementing the union between the Five Tribes by getting rid of ancient feuds and inter-tribal jealousies, and as far as possible making the clan bond a power for union.

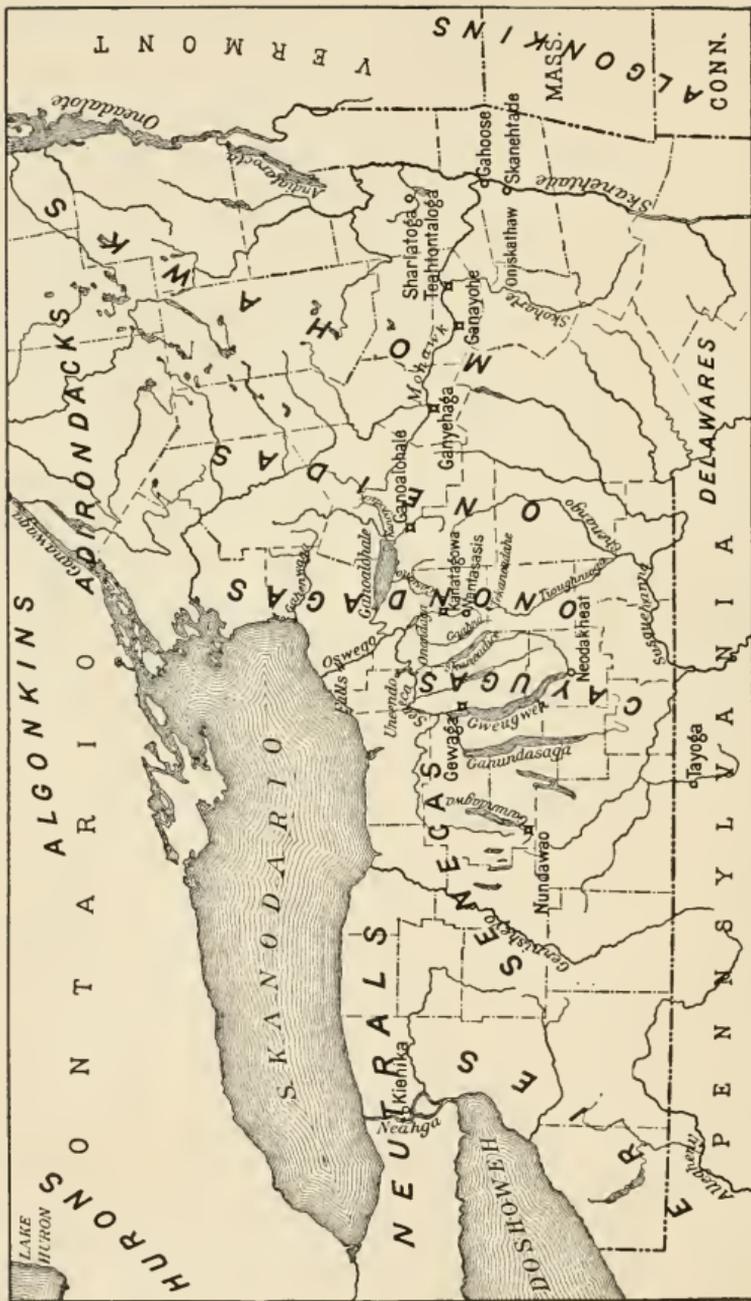
The literature that has grown out of the story of Hiawatha has been varied. “Mr. J. V. H. Clark, in his interesting *History of Onondaga*,

makes the name of Hiawatha to have been originally 'Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha, and describes the bearer as 'the deity who presides over fisheries and hunting grounds.' He came down from Heaven in a white canoe, and after sundry adventures, which remind one of the labors of Hercules, assumed the name of Hiawatha and dwelt for the time as an ordinary mortal among men, occupied in works of benevolence. Finally, after founding the confederacy and bestowing many prudent councils upon the people, he returned to the skies in the same conveyance in which he had descended. This legend, or rather, congeries of intermingled legends, was communicated by Clark to Schoolcraft, when the latter was compiling his *Notes on the Iroquois*. Mr. Schoolcraft, says Horatio Hale, pleased with the poetical cast of the story and the euphonious name, made confusion worse confounded by transferring the hero to a distant region and identifying him with Manabozho, a fantastic divinity of the Ojibways. Schoolcraft's volume, which he chose to entitle *The Hiawatha Legends*, has not in it a single fact or fiction relating either to Hiawatha himself or to the Iroquois deity. . . . Wild Ojibway stories concerning Manabozho and his comrades form the staple of its contents. But it is to this collection that we owe the charming poem of Longfellow; and thus, by an extraordinary fortune, a grave Iroquois lawgiver of the fifteenth century has become, in modern literature, an

Ojibway demigod, son of the West Wind, and companion of the tricky Paupukkeewis, the boastful Iagoo, and the strong Kwasind. If a Chinese traveler, during the middle ages, inquiring into the history and religion of the western nations, had confounded King Alfred with King Arthur, and both with Odin, he would not have made a more preposterous confusion of names and characters than that which has hitherto disguised the genuine personality of the great Onondaga reformer.”¹

Thanks to the work of Morgan, Beauchamp, Parker, Hewett, the Jesuit Fathers, and many other writers in the Iroquois field, a considerable literature has grown up that bears indisputable witness of the gifted race that once possessed most of the country that is now New York State.

¹ *The Iroquois Book of Rites*, page 36.



The Country of the Longhouse

(Modern political divisions, though formed long after the time of this story, are indicated as an aid to the reader.)

PART ONE

The Childhood and Youth of White Eagle

2

THE HERO OF THE LONGHOUSE

CHAPTER ONE

THE BIRTH OF WHITE EAGLE

NEARLY five hundred years ago in Ka-na-ta-go-wa, the chief village of the Onondagas, a child was born to Wa-un-da-na of the Turtle Clan and the young Wolf Chieftain, On-di-ya-ka. The little one opened his eyes to the light on a March day that was mixed with sunshine and blustering storm.

He was the first child of his parents. When seven suns had passed, the wise Hu-na-dan-lu, keeper of the faith, came to bless the child and to ask Ha-wen-ni-yu, the Great Ruler, to give the little one long life and strength and wisdom.

In the door of the longhouse stood Waundana holding the babe in her arms. By her side was her mother, Sha-we-nis. Both were dressed in new garments. Standing before the doorway Hunadanlu raised his right hand toward the sky and in a loud, clear voice said:

“Ye sun, moon, stars, all ye that move in the heavens, I bid you hear me. Into your midst has come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the first hill.

“Ye winds, clouds, rain, mist, all ye that move in the air, I bid you hear me. Into your midst

has come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the second hill.

“Ye hills, valleys, rivers, lakes, trees, grasses, all ye of the earth, I bid you hear me. Into your midst has come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the third hill.

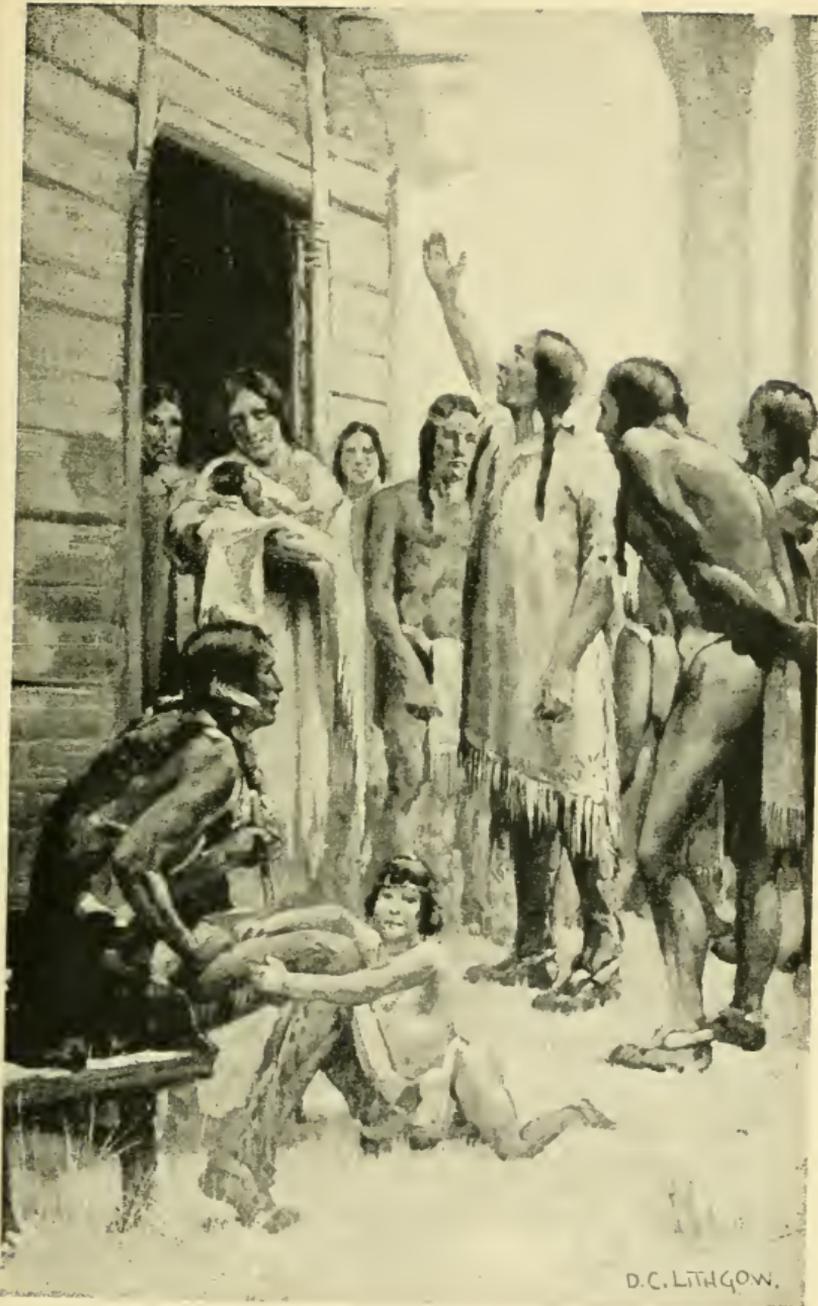
“Ye birds, great and small, that dwell in the forest, ye insects that creep among the grasses and burrow in the ground, I bid you hear me. Into your midst has come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the fourth hill.

“All ye of the heavens, all ye of the air, all ye of the earth, I bid you all to hear me. Into your midst has come a new life. Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore! Make its path smooth, — then shall it travel beyond the four hills.”¹

Always Hunadanlu prayed for a blessing on the little children born into the clan of the Turtle. But today he lingered after the prayer and looked long and earnestly into the clear eyes of the little child before him. Suddenly he spoke to Waundana, the mother, and told her of a dream that had been sent him.

He said: “Ky-e-a-ha, my Daughter, seven suns ago at the dawn hour, Hunadanlu dreamed that

¹ From the rite of child blessing of the Omaha Indians. Fletcher, *Report of Bureau of Ethnology*, No. XXVII. The four hills signify childhood, youth, manhood, and old age.



D. C. LITHGOW.

“The wise Hunadanlu, keeper of the faith, came to bless the child”

he sat within the longhouse of the Turtles, looking on a young eagle that stood there. The eagle was as white as the snows of winter, and his eyes held the fire of Ka-ga-gwa, the sun.

“As Hunadanlu looked, the white eagle grew large. Then it lifted itself upon its wings and flew out through the door of the lodge. Long it circled above the forest and lake, and thrice it alighted. But each time that it alighted a huge bird as black as night darted down and drove it forth. Hunadanlu could not tell whence this bird of night came, but where it alighted, the darkness settled.

“At last the white eagle flew towards the sun’s rising. But soon he returned bringing with him a strange bird of wondrous swiftness. The two birds called aloud as they flew, and immediately from west and south and east, a great company of eagles gathered. The air resounded with their cries, and the noise of their wings was like the sound of O-ah, the wind, passing over a forest of pine trees.

“Listen, my Daughter. That company of eagles sat down together in council and in their midst was the great white bird with eyes of light. Straightway the smoke of the peace pipe began to ascend from the council fire. Never was there seen such a peace smoke. At first it arose in billowing clouds toward the Great Ruler; then, as if the sacred smoke had received a breath from the sky world, it began to drift eastward and

southward and westward. Hunadanlu said in his dream, 'At last the smoke of Ah-so-qua-ta, the peace pipe, covers the earth.'

"My Daughter, continue to listen. Hunadanlu awoke in the joy of that dream and straightway lighted the pipe that its smoke might arise in sign of thanksgiving to the Master of Life. Even as the smoke from his pipe ascended toward the Great Ruler, Shawenis came to say that a son was born to thee, my Daughter. Now as Hunadanlu looks on the child, his heart tells him that this is the white eagle of his dream."

Then Waundana answered: "I-han-i, my Father, his name shall be White Eagle, and may his life fulfill the dream-promise."

There was unwonted stir about the little White Eagle, for the chieftains and wise men had decided to move the village to a new site on the west side of the Ga-sun-to.¹ They had chosen a place on high ground that could be easily defended and where the soil was light and fertile. Here would be a stronghold against the enemy, plenty of water, and an abundance of maize.

Every longhouse of the village was filled with the noise of moving. The mother of White Eagle was packing for the journey to the new village. She had fur coverings and robes to carry, well-woven mats to roll, jars of earthenware to protect, and many implements of stone and bone to take. Some of these things were

¹ Jamesville Creek.

packed in large hulling baskets or barrels of elm bark, and everything was fastened securely in a strong burden frame.

As she passed the fireside of Waundana, the busy Shawenis stopped to speak to her daughter. Like many of the older people she was heavy-hearted, for the walls of the longhouse were filled with memories and spoke to her with eloquent voice. She said: "It is hard to turn away from the council fire and know that it will never burn again in the old, sacred place."

But the hearts of the young in the longhouse of the Turtle were full of expectation, and all were eager to set forth to the new village.

Just before the people left the old town, White Eagle from his cradle-board looked on at a feast that was given to the youth of the village. When the feast was ended, the young people went to the new clearing and began the work of building the new town. They took strong saplings forked at one end and set them firmly in the ground. Upon the forks they placed cross-poles and fastened them with withes. They covered this frame with bark boards, lapping them over each other like shingles. Then they set up an external frame of poles along the sides and across the rafters and fastened it to the inner frame so as to hold the bark boards in their places.

So swiftly was the work done, that in two days the longhouses were ready to be finished within. Every house had a doorway at either end; its

length depended upon the number of fires it was to hold. In the long passage stretching from door to door, five or six fires would burn, and each fire would have a family on either side. Many a house stretched away for more than a hundred feet, waiting to hold the fires of one great clan-family.

One day White Eagle was carried to the new Kanatagowa. For many hours each day his cradle-board, the *ga-ose-ha*, hung from the high branch of a tree where he was safe from *Ho-ty-one*, the wolf. Here he hung, wrapped in a soft beaver skin, swaying gently with the bending branches when *Oah*, the wind, passed by. Above him *Ar-o-se-a*, the squirrel, ran about on his airy highways and jumped from branch to branch, or sat motionless and alert and stared at White Eagle.

It was the moon of maize planting. Up and down the fields the women went, their pleasant talk mingling with the songs and calls of birds. Often the careful eyes of *Waundana* turned toward the oak tree where White Eagle hung, and often she came to speak to her little child. One day, just before she reached the oak, she heard the whiz of an arrow and saw it strike the tree close to the head of White Eagle. A boy hurried from the edge of the woods, sprang up the tree, and plucked out the arrow. For a moment he paused, gazing intently into the steady eyes of White Eagle; then he disappeared in the

forest. Swiftly and silently he had come and gone. He was Ato-tar-ho, son of the war chief-tain; Atotarho, the shrewd and willful. He had tried to see how near to the head of White Eagle he could shoot his arrow without hitting.

When he was gone, the startled Waundana took White Eagle in her arms as if she would shelter him from evil. Holding him close she hurried quickly away. In her heart was a strange premonition; it whispered that in future days Atotarho would bring sore trouble to White Eagle.

CHAPTER TWO

WINTER IN THE LONGHOUSE

ALL winter the warm fires burned in the longhouse where dwelt the great clan-family to which White Eagle belonged. Sometimes the cold winds swept the forest and beat against it with angry voices. Then the people said, "Da-jo-ji, the west wind, is abroad, Dajoji, the panther, whose breath brings the tempest."

Then Waundana laid more fagots on the fire and brought the cradle-board, the gaoseha, of the little White Eagle close to the warm blaze.

"Thou shalt not fear the harsh voice of Dajoji, my child. See how Od-jis-ta lights up the longhouse and drives the darkness away. She will blow on White Eagle with her warm breath and sing to him a pleasant song."

Through all the long winter Odjista, the fire, lighted the long bark house and cheered the hearts of its people. The snow came and silently wrapped the rough bark house in a warm white blanket. It drifted through the forest and feathered the pine trees. It made a white lake of the maize fields. But within the house there were gathered dried flesh and fish, and stores of nuts and beans. The sustaining maize filled the bark barrels and hung from the dark rafters by braided ropes.

There was unwonted quiet in the half-deserted longhouse, for the warriors had departed to the distant hunting grounds. The women employed

their bone needles in making embroidered moccasins, strong leggings, or the warm overdress of skins; the men worked on bone and stone.

One day when Dajoji, the west wind, was crying about the longhouse, Waundana took White Eagle on a visit to some of his clan-folk. At the first fire sat Ganiuska, who was called the Stone Giant. He was the uncle of Waundana. Ganiuska labored for long hours patiently shaping and polishing a heavy ax of granite. His fingers were strong and deft, and in the dim light of the longhouse they seemed almost to see, so quick were they to feel when the stone had yielded to his will. Ganiuska was ready and wise in choosing the fittest stone for his purpose. He knew the rocks and ledges and boulders in open and forest, and the pebbles on the sandy beach. He loved his work far better than the hunting of the warriors; it filled his thoughts and his speech. He said to Waundana:

“Before the cold moons are ended, Ganiuska will shape a fine ax of granite. Then in the summer he will polish it smooth and lustrous.”

The thought of the finished work nerved the arm of Ganiuska to new skill and power. He said:

“Soon the little White Eagle will come to the Stone Giant to beg him to make a small bow or a fine snow snake. No one but Ganiuska shall shape the first bow of White Eagle.”

At another fire was the seat of Ho-do-an-jo,

the old arrow maker. The form of Hodoanjo was bent and his face was deep-furrowed. His aged eyes could no longer see to work in the dimness of the longhouse.

Waundana brought Hodoanjo a steaming bowl of hulled corn. She called him *Ti-so-te*, grandfather. The old man said:

“The heart of Hodoanjo is filled with longing, waiting for the coming of spring. Then he will sit under his great pine tree and again the flint chips will fly from the point of his bone flaker. Then the chieftains and warriors will come to praise him for the arrows that shall fill up their quivers.”

At the central fireside sat Shawenis. She was the mother of Waundana, and of *Ho-sa-ha-ho*, the chieftain of the Turtle Clan throughout Onondaga. She was the wise woman of her house and the greatest medicine woman of the Onondagas. The words of Shawenis were repeated at the council fire, and she was one of the *Ro-yan-ers*, the noble women who elected the chieftains.

That day Shawenis took *White Eagle* in her arms and looked long and earnestly into his steady eyes. Something seemed to tell her that this child would sometime be a great leader of his people. She recalled the dream of *Hunadanlu*, the friend of man, and silently thanked the Master of Life for the child's strength and promise.

Dear to the heart of Waundana was the fire-

side of her uncle, Hunadanlu. Here the children of the longhouse listened for hours to the stories that fell from his magic lips. He told of the Stone Giants, of the Monster Bear, and the Horned Serpent; he told of the wise Little People, and of Ga-do-waas and his starry belt. But when Waundana came bringing White Eagle, she asked him to tell the story of Ata-ensic, the Sky Mother, the story that held the faith of her people.

At once Hunadanlu began: "Kyeaha, my Daughter, listen. In one of the lodges in the upper world lived a maiden who bore the name Ataensic. One day her father said: 'Thou hast been promised to the chief, He-That-Holds-the-Earth. The time has come when thou must make the journey to his lodge. Do thou have courage, for thy pathway is terrifying throughout its course. When thou hast gone one half of thy journey, thou wilt come to a river. Thou shalt quickly cross the river and pass on without pause.

" 'Soon thou wilt see a large field. Thou wilt see there, moreover, a lodge, and there beside the lodge stands the Shining Tree. The blossoms of this Tree cause all that place to be light.

" 'Within the lodge is the chief called He-That-Holds-the-Earth. Into his lodge shalt thou enter, and on him shalt thou bestow thy gift of bread.'

"That same sun, Ataensic placed her basket of

bread on her back by means of the forehead strap, and departed.

“The maiden was filled with magic power, and so swift were her feet that soon she came to the field where stood the lodge and the Tree-That-Lights-the-World. She entered the lodge and there the chief He-That-Holds-the-Earth received the gift of bread.

“Then a Word was spoken in the heart of the Great Chieftain. The Word was this:

“‘Verily, we will make a new place where another people may grow. Under the Tree-That-Lights-the-World is a great cloud sea. It is lonely. Day and night it calls, asking for light. The great roots of the Tree point to it. Uproot the Tree and verily there shall be made an open way to that dark world below.’

“Straightway the Chief commanded that the Tree whose blossoms light the world should be uprooted. Moreover, he called Ataensic to his side, and, wrapping around her a ray of light, he bade her descend to the cloud sea bearing with her the life of the sky-world.

“Without fear Ataensic entered that place of great darkness and straightway began to fall downward toward the boundless sea. As she fell, the birds and animals began to be dazzled by the descending light.

“‘Something is coming! It may destroy us!’ they cried.

“‘Where can it rest?’ asked So-ra, the Duck.

“ ‘Only earth, only the O-eh-da can hold it, the Oehda which lies at the bottom of our waters,’ said the Beaver.

“ ‘Who will bring it?’ they cried.

“ ‘I will bring it,’ said the Beaver. Jo-ni-to, the Beaver, went down, but never returned.

“ ‘Then Sora, the Duck, said, ‘I will go.’ Soon the dead body of Sora floated on the water.

“ ‘Then No-ji, the muskrat, said, ‘I know the way to the place where the Oehda lies. I will go.’ Noji went, and moreover he returned, bringing in his paw earth, the Oehda.

“ ‘He said, ‘It is heavy; it will grow fast; but who will bear it?’

“ ‘I will bear it,’ said Ha-nu-na, the Turtle.

“ ‘The Oehda was placed on the broad back of Hanuna, the Great Turtle, and there it grew to be an island.

“ ‘Guided by the glow, the water birds flew upwards from the island and receiving Ataensic on their widespread wings, they bore her down to the back of the Turtle. Then across the broad land and far out on the cloudy sea a beautiful dawn-light broke.

“ ‘The island was still dim in the dawn of its new life when Ataensic heard two voices under her heart, — one peaceful and patient, one restless and cruel.

“ ‘As the being with the harsh voice entered the world of light, a wail of sorrow and pain broke across the cloudy sea. When the right-born en-

tered life, great waves of light pulsated swiftly over the world. The first was Ha-gwe-da-et-ga, the Bad Mind; the second, Ha-gwe-di-yu, the Good Mind, the Holder-of-the-Heavens.

“Both went forth into the new world. Everywhere Hagwedaetga put forth his hand to destroy the good and to create evil. Everywhere Hagwedi-yu created good things, and all these things he made beautiful.

“Then a strife arose between the two in which Hagwedi-yu conquered. He shut the Bad Mind in a dark cave far below the earth, there to dwell forever. Then truly, Hagwedi-yu reigned alone in the new world of light.

“But Ataensic, the Sky Mother, was dead — killed by the rough hand of Hagwedaetga.”

The story of Ataensic came to Waundana with a strange, new meaning. Quickly she bade farewell to Hunadanlu and returned to her own fireside. Seating herself on the ground, she held White Eagle close to her bosom. She put out her hand and reverently touched Yo-an-ja, the earth, as something filled with wonder. Her heart whispered, “It is a marvelous thing that beneath me and my child is the same earth that was formed to hold the Sky Woman, to be the home of Ataensic, the First Mother.”

Thus musing, Waundana wrapped the little White Eagle in a soft beaver skin, put on her snowshoes, swung the gaoseha to her back, placed the burden strap across her forehead, and went out into the world of light.

That same day the warriors returned from the distant hunting fields.

At once all was astir in the village. Again the children looked on the faces of their fathers, and there was glad welcome among all these kinsfolk. Ondiyaka, the young chief of the Wolf Clan, hastened to find Waundana and White Eagle, and as he looked on them he said, "Ne-a-weh, I am thankful."

Straightway the women went forth to bring in the game. When all had eaten of the fresh venison, they gathered at the fireside and listened to long stories of the chase.

At last a deep quiet settled on the longhouse. Fainter and fainter Odjista burned, dimly lighting the rafters of the bark house where slept the children of one great family, — they who dwelt together because they were akin, a line descended from one far-off Mother.

CHAPTER THREE

ADVENTURES OF CHILDHOOD

SEVEN winters passed. A busy life was going on at Kanatagowa. The open about the village had been enlarged. With great wooden rakes, the women brought together the underbrush from the men's cutting and burned it. Then came the plowing, when mothers and maidens trooped to the fields with their wooden hoes and broke up the soil, making it ready for the seed. When the red-winged blackbird had appeared and the dogwood leaf was the size of the ear of a squirrel, they began the work of planting. The corn had been soaked in a steeping of herbs, so that the young sprouts were ready to burst. Now all the children eagerly watched Ga-ga, the crow — for if Gaga ate these kernels he would grow dizzy, and flutter about and frighten the other birds from the fields. Among these Onondaga children was the little White Eagle.

The boy had grown like a young sapling seeking the sunlight. Fearless and swift, he roamed open and forest. If danger threatened, he ran like the deer, timid Ska-non-do, or climbed aloft to the tree tops like Arosea, the squirrel. He could hide in the grasses and bushes like Kaw-e-sea, the partridge; or like Gain-jeh, the fish, he could silently swim and dive in the pools of the river.

He knew the paths of the wood; he could thread the deep haunts of the neighboring forest.

He had sounded the ponds and the pools of the Gasunto. He had learned the lurking places of the fish; he knew their food and their seasons for spawning. Something he knew of the wolf and the bear and the wild deer. But he was far wiser in the ways of the birds, the chipmunks, the squirrels, and the timid burrowing creatures.

He knew the hammer of Kwa-a, the woodpecker, and the haunts of O-ho-wa, the owl. He loved the honk of Sora, the duck, and the distant cry of Ote-an-yea, the eagle. For hours he looked and listened while the blackbirds held their noisy councils. For hours, while the women worked in the maize field, he watched Gaga, the crow, noisy, but cunning and wary.

One day when the maize fields were green with young blades a span high, White Eagle emerged from the longhouse filled with a new purpose. Before Kagagwa, the sun, disappeared in the west sky, he would find some trace of the Elf Folk.

At first he threaded the stream side. Then he went to the wood's edge, where unobserved he could watch the maize field. He was saying to himself: "I must watch closely, for they are smaller than the youngest baby. My grandmother says that they began their work a long time ago, when the Earth Mother was full of trouble. The frosts had pinched her fruits and blighted her grains with mildew. Her fishes in lakes and rivers were foolish in finding shelter.

The breath of great monsters that roamed the forest poisoned the springs and streams. All this was the work of Hagwedaetga. He had brought all this evil to the earth before he was conquered by Hagwedyu.

“Then the Little People, the Jo-ga-o, came to help the Earth Mother. Although they were the smallest of creatures, they were mighty in strength and courage, and in number beyond all counting. I have heard my grandmother, Shawenis, say that, although their hands are tiny as the claws of Noji, the muskrat, they can do all manner of work and even fight stoutly in battle.”

For a long time White Eagle watched the maize field. He said: “The Elves are very busy now, for the seeds are growing so fast they are bursting their blankets. My grandmother says that these Elves talk to the suffering seeds. They say, ‘Do not complain, — what harm if you lose your old blankets! If you are patient and grow, you will soon make yourselves new ones. Only send your roots downward, only push your plumes upward!’ When the little seeds listen to the voices of the Elf Folk and obey their words, they grow wisely and well.”

At last White Eagle began to search the ground along the forest edge. He had been told that some of the Elves go into the earth far below, where there are deep forests and wide plains. Into this dim underworld they drive all the living creatures that injure men beings, and with their

stout bows and arrows they keep guard over them there. White Eagle longed to see the dim underground plains where the white buffaloes range, — the huge white buffaloes that break down the forests.

Today White Eagle's eyes were bright with wonder. He said: "These mischievous buffaloes are always looking for paths to the earth's surface, for they wish to roam in the sunlit world with their brown brothers. Sometimes they all rush together toward an opening. Then the Elf warriors rally to meet them, and so sharp are their swift arrows that the herd is always driven backward. These Elves are the bravest of the Little People. They are always fighting and scouting, always watching the poisonous creatures that do the work of Hagwedaetga."

White Eagle found a tree that had been uprooted. He threw himself on the ground and tried to peer downward into earth's darkness, but he could not even find one of the tiny Elf trails by which the Little People climbed to the Light-World.

Then a sudden thought came to him. He remembered that the Little People visited the forest by moonlight. They held their festivals about some giant tree, and around that tree the grass would not grow thereafter. If he could find one of the Elf trees, he would know it by that sign.

He searched the wood, until he came to a place



“He longed to tell his mother the secret”

where a great pine tree grew. Then his heart beat loudly for not a blade of grass was there! He had found the mysterious tree, the dancing place of the Elf Folk!

He hurried home and found Waundana, who was returning with his father, Ondiyaka, from the maize fields. He longed to tell his mother the secret, but well he knew that some bug or bird might be listening. He longed to ask Shawenis to repeat those legends once more. But he must wait for the winter, since he knew well that in summer some animal might hear and become entranced; then when the snow fell it might forget to go back to its winter home. Even the vine that crept over the door of the longhouse might listen so eagerly that it would forget to let down its sap before the frost came, and so it would perish. The bird singing in the tree above the door might listen and in his wonder forget the sun-way to the south and die in the first snow.

No, White Eagle knew well that he must wait for winter. Then he could tell of the Elf tree; then he could listen again to the wonderful tales of the Little People.

A busy life went on about the child while he patiently kept his secret day after day. The harvest came, when the maidens and mothers of Onondaga walked through the fields of tall maize, stripping the ears from the standing corn and throwing it over their shoulders into great harvesting baskets. This was followed by huskings

held in the white moonlight. Then a roaring fire of sumac brush was kindled, and in the warm glow young and old together plied the merry work.

In the mild days of October, when the forests were bright with color, the women gathered roots and herbs. Then White Eagle learned from Shawenis, his grandmother, which plants were good or bad, which were poisonous or fit for food, and which would bring healing in sickness.

With his mother, Waundana, he entered the wood's edge when with others she came to gather faggots for the winter's fire. They would go farther and farther into the forest to find the faggots they wanted; for winter, the fierce Kosa-ge, might tarry long and then many fires must burn, so much wood must be gathered.

Winter came at last, bringing its sports and its long hours of story telling. Then indeed White Eagle again heard stories of the Little People and questioned his grandmother about the Elf trees. Very proud he was when she listened gravely to his secret and agreed that he might have found one of the trees where the Elves held their dances.

But as spring approached, the people became eager for the coming journey to the sugar encampment. When the moon of maple sugar came, White Eagle forgot the Elf Folk for a little in his eager desire to depart for the groves of maple. At last the promised day of departure

dawned. Early in the morning the delighted children scrambled to the roofs of the longhouses, their favorite perches for observation. As one household after another was ready, the youngsters descended and obediently took their places among their own clan-folk.

By the time the sun reached midheaven, every longhouse save one was deserted. A warrior of the Turtles had come from a neighboring village to ask Shawenis to dress a wound that was healing badly. To the mind of the impatient White Eagle this process had been a long one.

Finally, however, the company of Turtles were gathered before the door of their longhouse and White Eagle descended from the roof and joined his mother.

Waundana said to him: "I-yea-ha, my son, Kagawa is in the west sky. We must make the trail swiftly. Do thou keep close beside me throughout the course."

In an hour they were tracking through a forest unknown to White Eagle. While his feet kept pace with his mother, his eager eyes searched the woodlands and streams or followed a rock ledge where eagles nested. Sometimes he swiftly climbed a tree that he might see farther, but always he descended in time to make the rear of the party and rejoin Waundana. Clan discipline was strict; it did not allow him to separate from his company for a moment.

The light of the low western sun was making

long pathways through the bare forests when White Eagle heard Shawenis say, — “Our people will reach the encampment before Ka-gagwa passes under the rim of the west sky.” Immediately after, he heard the distant cries of waterfowls. Soon they were passing close to the shores of a wooded lake alive with flocks of wild geese and ducks. Near at hand, White Eagle saw a pair of white swans.

Noiselessly he slipped into the bushes where he could watch them for a moment. A little later, when he returned to the trail, he found himself alone. His company had passed.

With every sense alert the boy began to track them. He had not gone ten paces when just ahead a twig snapped. White Eagle leaped to the nearest tree, just in time to escape the spring of a gray wolf whose teeth grazed one foot and carried away a moccasin. Safe in the branches, the child shouted to call the attention of his kins-kolk. His voice was lost in the quacking and calling of water birds. With a disappointed snarl, the gray wolf settled to watch his prey.

White Eagle looked down on his foe with sagacious understanding. He said to himself: “Hotyone is wary. He saw me leave the company and circled to cut me off.” The boy’s sense of danger was mixed with the thought of the trouble he had brought on his mother, and of the displeasure that would be visited on himself for disobeying the law of the trail that prohibited straggling.

But thought of clan displeasure soon vanished, for in the approaching twilight he heard a wolf bark in the distance; the gray wolf below lifted his head and answered. Soon Hotyone was joined by one and then another of his pack.

The hope that possessed White Eagle began to fade as he watched the snarling, leaping wolves below him. Long ago the party must have reached camp. Evidently his mother had not missed him, and all night he would be left alone in the forest.

It was dark now. The grandmother moon began to shine in midheaven. When the boy looked down he could see nothing but the glaring eyes of the hungry watchers below him. Suddenly, in an instant they were gone, and then he saw lights moving through the forest. Soon a party of his clan-folk appeared on the trail below.

Chagrined and silent, White Eagle slipped from the tree, recovered his moccasin, and took his place beside his mother. Waundana uttered the single word, "Neaweh, I am thankful." From the company there were low exclamations of satisfaction mixed with words of disapproval.

That evening White Eagle squatted beside the camp fire with the other children, who were eagerly listening to the story telling. But he did not listen. Nor did he remember the stern rebuke of Shawenis, the Clan Mother, so filled was he with the blessed sense of fellowship. He might be ringed by the black forest where now

and then an owl called or a wolf cried, but he was safe and secure because he was with his own people. Their strength was his protection.

The next day White Eagle watched the women with their stone axes cutting the bark of the maple trees and driving in the hardwood chips from which the sap dripped into elm-bark basins.

A little later, he kept watch with the other boys at a fire where the sap was boiling. Very often with his wooden spoon he dropped the syrup on snow and tasted it to see if it was ready to sugar.

Again, he watched the little ones hanging in their cradle-boards from the tree branches. Not once did the sap boiling allure him from this charge, for he was filled with a new sense of the cunning of Hotyone, filled with a new conviction of the wisdom of clan regulations. Was he not keeping a trust imposed by the Clan Mother? The gray wolf had taught White Eagle two great lessons, — the need of clan protection and the wisdom of keeping the clan laws.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE TEACHING OF HUNADANLU

ONE evening in autumn, Hunadanlu, the friend of man, came to his seat under the tall pine tree that stood at the western door of the longhouse. Here he found Hodoanjo, the old arrow maker, sitting by a pile of flint chips struck off by his good bone flaker.

Overhead a flock of geese were honking as they flew southward. From the open sounded the voices of women and little children. A hunter passed close to the pine tree on his way home from the forest. From the longhouse White Eagle came to find Hodoanjo. The old man was bent with age, and now that the night was coming he must seek the shelter of his fireside. The boy led him to the door of the bark house and guided his footsteps through its dimness to the warm covered couch that was waiting.

When White Eagle returned he squatted beside Hunadanlu and said, "Tisote, Grandfather, tell the story of the journey of the great sun, Kagagwa."

For a moment there was silence save for the voices of the women returning from the maize fields. Then Hunadanlu began the story.

"Listen, White Eagle. Before the sun appears, the east sky reddens to greet him, and Wan-da, the light, fills the underworld that we live in. Slowly the mighty sun travels along the underside of the great sky-arch, bringing An-da,

the day; so he is Anda Kagagwa, the day-sun. At the end of his path he goes under the western edge of the sky-arch and begins his journey in the world above us. As he leaves us, So-a, the night, draws near and covers the world with darkness. Then out of the sky we see another sun looking upon us. It is the night-sun, the grandmother moon, the gentle Soa Kagagwa, who comes to lighten the darkness."

When Hunadanlu had finished, White Eagle said: "My Grandfather, some day I will take my bow and arrows and travel to the edge of the earth toward the sun's setting. Then when the great Kagagwa goes under the rim of the western sky, I will follow him and enter the upper world to see its brave people."

Hunadanlu answered: "Not one of the Real Men would dare do it! For there is a great sea at the sun's rising and another at the sun's setting. Into the waters of this sea the vast sky-arch dips. It rises only a little to let the sun pass under."

Then Hunadanlu pointed to the pattern worked by Waundana on the gaoseha of his little sister, Ga-wen-ne-ta. It showed the Tree of Light that grows in the upper world. Together they traced the embroidered pattern on the breechcloth of White Eagle. It showed the sun shining above the great World Tree. White Eagle discovered that the single twining branches of the Tree of Light were worked in each of his

moccasins. The boy was pleased when he saw that he wore every day the sign of the sky world.

As the stars appeared, Hunadanlu showed White Eagle the wonders of the night sky. He pointed to the loon that guides the night runner in summer and the celestial bear that guides him in winter. He pointed out the seven star brothers that teach men to hold together in friendship.

He said: "The Master of Life made men-beings brothers. He made the earth to be the home of all, he made its stores of flesh and fruit and corn for all. Its abundance of bark and wood, its treasures of shells and stones belong to all. So it is pleasing to the Great Ruler for man to share all good things with his brother."

As Hunadanlu spoke, White Eagle suddenly understood why the harvest of corn was equally divided and why, when need came, villages shared with each other.

The boy was silent for a moment, then he asked: "My Grandfather, has the Great Ruler made these good things for the Cherokee people also?"

Hunadanlu answered: "Na-ho. I have spoken. The Master of Life made these good things for the Cherokee people also."

In the silence that followed, Hunadanlu mused on the question of White Eagle. Then a group of children emerged from the longhouse and gathered close to Hunadanlu, silently asking for a story. The voice of Ohowa, the owl, sounded



“Hunadanlu began the story”

from the darkened forest. At once Hunadanlu spoke of Ohowa, the night watcher, who flies with noiseless wings through the forest. Ohowa watches while man sleeps and comes near to warn him when danger threatens.

Afterward he told them of Oteanyea, the eagle. "My Children, Oteanyea is the great air chieftain. It is he that soars highest of all the birds so that he can speak with the powers that are above. Oteanyea is mighty and fearless. At one glance his eyes see the distant and near in one picture. My Children, ye should have the eyes of Oteanyea, the eagle."

He told of Sora, the duck, the great air scout and pathfinder. He said: "Unerringly Sora finds his way through the pathless air, he knows all the lakes and rivers, and his trail is always hidden. Ra-dix-aa, my Children, be like Sora: learn to know well all the paths by land and water and to leave no trace of your passing."

And White Eagle remembered the words of Hunadanlu. He learned to be silent and wary, for Wan-ah-sa, the tongue, could be noisy and foolish. He learned to meet surprises without sound or movement, and to endure pain and hunger in silence. He trained four good comrades to work for him: the first of these was O-han-ta, the ear; the second, Ok-a-ra, the eye; the third, On-yo-sa, the nose; the fourth, Yees-noon-ga, the hand.

One day there was unwonted stir in Kanata-

gowa. Atotarho, the young war chieftain, had returned from the Cherokee country. From the roof of the longhouse the children saw the war party enter in triumph, bringing three Cherokee captives. From all sides they heard loud shouts of victory; but a little later these shouts were mixed with wails of mourning from the Wolf Clan. One of the Wolf warriors had fallen in battle, and his body lay far away dishonored and unburied. A Cherokee captive was given to the mother of the dead warrior. At once she commanded that he be tortured to avenge the death of her son.

The next morning the youthful Cherokee was bound to a stake and the boys of the village were commanded to shoot him. They were placed at a good distance and took their turns in shooting. Proud was the boy whose arrow reached the mark and won the praise of Atotarho and the plaudits of the onlookers. So skillful were the young archers that twice the distance was increased lest the captive be killed too quickly. The Cherokee ignored the insult of being shot at by the boys of the village. Bravely he withstood the torture and with lifted head proudly recalled all his deeds of valor. At nightfall, his body, pierced by many arrows, hung limp and bleeding.

The next day at sunrise White Eagle hastened with the other boys to the place of torture. The young Cherokee stood with his eyes uplifted in worship, and soon his voice was raised in the

Death Song. As White Eagle gazed upon him he saw a light in the captive's face like the light that shone from the face of Hunadanlu when he led the people in worship. White Eagle said in his heart: "Surely, the brave Cherokee's eyes are filled with the visions sent by the Master of Life!"

Soon Atotarho appeared and placed the boys in order for shooting. When it came White Eagle's turn he purposely shot far afield. The movement caught the quick eye of Atotarho who looked at White Eagle keenly and asked him to shoot at a mark still more distant. Undisturbed by the war chieftain's challenge, the boy quietly took an arrow from his quiver, carefully fitted it to the bow, and measured with his eye the distant goal. Then he lifted the bow and pierced the marker in the middle. Immediately he turned and left the circle. He fled away to the longhouse of the Turtles. He threw down his bow in anger and put by the quiver of arrows. He hated Wa-a-no, the bow, that had sent so many arrows to torture the brave Cherokee in whose face the light of the Good Mind was shining. His heart was filled with shame, and in his mind strange questions began to stir dimly.

From that day White Eagle showed an eager interest in tales of the Real Men, the Iroquois. The Onondagas were Iroquois; so were the Oneidas and Mohawks towards the sun's rising, and the Cayugas and Senecas toward the sun's

setting. Hunadanlu taught the children that a Real Man must be unsurpassed in courage and patience and endurance. His tongue must speak truly the language given to him by the Master of Life. A Real Man scorns to avoid difficulty or to flee from danger. Never will he forsake a comrade. A Real Man never hesitates to speak the truth. He endures hunger without complaining; he overcomes pain and endures torture without flinching. He is wise in learning from all the works of the Good Mind, and he obeys the dreams and visions sent to him by the Great Ruler.

In the quiet of the forest the children discussed these matters with each other. They often held councils and made speeches that were copied from those of their elders. They raised up chieftains and bestowed on them all the marks of honor. Sometimes they sent out messengers to carry news to other peoples; sometimes they held festivals and sacred dances. Always they were very careful lest they offend the Medicine Animals or the Elves who had outposts that were always watching. Every boy had a single goal before him, — to become a great hunter and warrior. The older boys imitated Atotarho, the young war chieftain.

One day White Eagle came to Hunadanlu. There was a troubled look in the boy's questioning eyes. He said: "Tisote, Grandfather, why do our people call themselves the Men of Men? Are they different from all other men?"

As Hunadanlu listened to the question, he saw that the hour had come to tell White Eagle the great story of the Real Men. He said:

“Iyeaha, my Son, listen to the story of your people. Long ago the Iroquois journeyed to the Ga-na-wa-ga,¹ the Rapid River, and because they were few in number they were subdued by the tree-eating Adirondacks, who held them in a cruel bondage. So long did they live in this bondage that children were born and became old men who had never known freedom. But in the silence of their lodges, the Real Men taught their little ones to speak the language of their forefathers in secret. They taught them the faith of their fathers and told them of the deeds of the greatest of the Real Men. So it was that in slavery the people grew strong in spirit. They learned to endure hardships in silence, to master the fire of passion, and to be watchful. Thus in bondage they made ready for freedom.

“Listen, Iyeaha. When the Real Men learned that the minds of their masters were full of darkness because they feared the evil power of Hagwedaetga more than they trusted the might of Hagwedyu, they despised them. When the long work of the day was ended and the Adirondacks were sleeping, the Real Men held secret councils and determined on a way of escape. Through long nights of labor, they would gather a store of provisions and hide them in places known only

¹ The St. Lawrence.

to their leaders. Then when all was ready they would seize the canoes of the Tree Eaters and flee across Ska-no-da-rio¹ to a far country southward. Not one of the aged, and not one of the women or young children should remain behind them; none should be left to the cruel torture.

“The moons of many winters passed before the promised hour of escape came. Sometimes there was severe sickness among them; sometimes their great leaders were absent in hunting or fishing or fighting; sometimes winter froze the bays so that Ga-o-wa, the swift canoe, could no longer swim the water; always their masters were suspicious and watchful. The aged, who for a lifetime had longed for freedom, died while they waited, and children grew to young manhood learning the patience of long waiting.

“But one dark night when the face of the grandmother moon was hidden, three short knocks that were three times repeated sounded at the entrance of their lodges. It was the expected signal. The people hurried to the meeting place where keen-eyed scouts were watching. Here a hundred canoes swam the water, with the strongest warriors at the paddles. When the pale dawn broke across the wide bays at the mouth of the Rapid River, it saw the canoes of the Real Men like a distant cloud on the waters.

“Iyeaha, listen to this story of your Fathers. For a single sun the fleeing people rode the

¹ Lake Ontario.

waters in safety. They reached Skanodario, the Beautiful Lake; they saw far to the south the shores of a new land appearing. Then when they looked backward they saw the canoes of their pursuers like distant specks on the water. Soon the racing gaowa were close behind, and from them looked the evil faces of their masters.

“Brave was the battle of the Men of Men. The women paddled swiftly while the men fought and fell beside them. In that savage contest many canoes were overturned, giving to the waters of Skanodario brave men and little children. Other canoes were drifting shoreward, carrying only the dead or sorely wounded; and canoes were moving onward where every warrior had fallen and women alone toiled at the paddles.

“Iyeaha, my son, strong is the arm of the warrior who fights for the freedom of his children. When that battle ended only a remnant of the Tree Eaters were fleeing; all the rest had fallen. Then the Real Men brought their canoes together, sadly counted their losses, and turned southward where friendly lands were waiting.

“Listen, my son. While the distressed people eagerly watched the shores they were nearing, another foe appeared. The sky became dark, Ga-oh, the wind keeper, unleashed Dajoji, the panther, the west wind that brings the tempests. From the hissing waters of troubled Skanodario, the Horned Serpent lifted his head. The canoes of the terrified people were scattered like the leaves of wind-swept forests. Then it was

that our Fathers called on He-no, the thunderer, to save them. Then it was that our Grandfather Heno struck the Horned Serpent with swift lightning until the monster fled into the depths of Lake Skanondario. So Heno saved the sorely afflicted people and brought them to the Homeland at the mouth of the Oswego.

“Listen, Iyeha. Many winters passed. The Real Men multiplied and journeyed far to the eastward and westward. They divided the hunting grounds of the Homeland and built their council fires apart from each other. Their language changed, and they became five separate peoples. Yet are they still the Men of Men. Iyeha, this is the story of our Fathers. Naho, I have spoken.”

The near cry of Hotyone struck through the silence that followed. White Eagle arose without speaking, stole past the fireplace of Hodo-anjo, past the fireplace of his mother, and stood alone under the night sky. He turned his face to the northward; in fancy he was looking across the broad waters of Skanodario, the Beautiful Lake; was seeking the wide bays at the head of the Rapid River, the Ganawaga. A single thought possessed him: “I belong to the Men of Men.” And the boy seemed to grow in stature as he stood there, for he was filled with a sudden sense of power, filled with the proud knowledge of a noble race-blood.

From that hour White Eagle ceased to imitate Atotarho when he played with the other children.

CHAPTER FIVE

WHITE EAGLE AND SOSONDOWEH

ONE morning in midsummer two boys left Kanatagowa and turned into the trail northward. They were in search of hickory for making snow snakes. Both were armed and dressed for a journey. Noiselessly they ran over the forest trail. The boy in the lead was White Eagle; the one who followed was his chosen comrade, Soson-do-weh.

They had been running for an hour and were approaching an oak opening. Suddenly White Eagle lifted his hand in warning and both boys noiselessly slipped into the thicket. A few minutes later they looked out from the windward side of the open where a herd of bucks and does fed together. About them the frisky fawns were running and darting hither and thither. All at once the boys saw the bucks and does gather in a circle about their playful young ones, shutting them closer and closer until they brought them to order and quiet.

That night the boys told this adventure to Hodegweh, the great hunter. Hodegweh listened in silence. Then he said: "The medicine creatures are wise in all their ways. The beaver teaches men where to snare the pike and salmon and how to build houses that keep out the rain and frosts. The friendly beaver knows that men take the trees he fells; he knows that men copy his flat tail and its movements in making paddles and send-

ing the swift canoes across the water. But this does not displease the friendly Jonito, for he is glad to help men-beings."

The two boys listened as Hodegweh told of many other creatures that helped the people. The bear and the wolf had shown their grandfathers how to follow the trail in its windings. The fox, the wise Jit-so, had taught them how to hide their footsteps, how to walk in the beds of streams or circle the mountains, how to make cunning backward movements and skillful turnings that would lead the pursuer aside by artful deception. The panther and wildcat had taught them the secret of ambush and how to be swift and wary in hunting.

Great was the wisdom of the animal tribes. A boy must be keen in his senses, wary and patient, if he would learn their ways, — know their haunts, their excursions and migrations, their methods of hunting and fighting and feeding, their devices in hiding and seeking shelter.

With the help of Ganiuska, the Stone Giant, White Eagle made a snow snake, a ga-wa-sa, of great finish and beauty. The hickory shaft, as long as the height of the tallest warrior, curved upward slightly to make the round head of the snake. The head was pointed with lead so that the shaft would run swiftly. The shaft was polished to perfect smoothness and then oiled until its surface was like the ice that forms on still water.

When the boys of Onondaga met for a game of snow snake, White Eagle and Sosondoweh were often chosen leaders of the contending sides. They determined the goal for the snake to reach. Then each player took one throw before the count began. The snake that outstripped every throw of the opponents gave a count to the winning side. At last Sosondoweh became so skillful in throwing that his snake ran with the speed of an arrow and reached a goal one hundred and fifty paces distant; but the next winter White Eagle's snake reached a goal that was farther by ten paces.

The two boys became eager to try their skill with the youth from neighboring villages. Especially they longed for contests with the Oneidas.

There was a famous spring on the boundary line between the Onondagas and Oneidas, beloved of the Men of Men for many generations. Because of its great depth it was called De-o-song-wa, the Spring in the Deep Basin. Here was the favorite place of meeting between Onondaga and Oneida, — the place where they met for informal converse or contest. A bright morning in late autumn found White Eagle and Sosondoweh on their way to the Great Spring, eager to try their strength with the youth of the Oneidas.

As the boys approached the Deep Spring they saw a group of young Oneidas talking with two



“The boys of Onondaga met for a game of snow snake”

Onondagas, A-o-do-gweh and Da-wey-on-go. Aodogweh was a youth of the Bear Clan and he and Daweyongo had lately pledged their friendship. Daweyongo was a Cayuga captive who had been adopted by the blind and aged No-gondih, one of the Royaners of the Wolf Clan. He was trusted by all who knew him because of his steadfastness and fortitude. No youth in Onondaga could equal him in scouting. Aodogweh was one of the best ball players and was unsurpassed in his skill at throwing. The Oneidas were now urging Aodogweh to a contest in throwing but he would not accept the challenge. This aroused the spirit of Sosondoweh, who challenged an Oneida to a running contest.

The first two rounds were tied. Then they prepared for the third run. Each tightened the deerskin belt that held the embroidered breechcloth and stood ready. At a signal, they shot away like young stags when the hunter pursues them. The eyes of the watchers followed them as they skimmed through the forest, appearing and disappearing in ever wider distance. The return from the farther goal was eagerly awaited. The Oneida appeared first, running with body bent forward. Then quickly Sosondoweh shot into the sunlight. They ran a few paces breast to breast. Then, as they neared the home goal, Sosondoweh passed the Oneida and touched it five paces before him.

The warriors of both sides applauded, so close had been the contest.

Then a trial of shooting began. A birch marker was set at a distance of eighty paces. An Onondaga youth challenged an Oneida. The Oneida won. Then the Oneida challenged White Eagle.

The two took their places. With a quick dexterous movement, the Oneida drew the bowstring backward and deftly set an arrow, the flint point of which was beveled on opposite sides so that the shaft would whirl in its flight. Then came a quick twang; the arrow flew singing on its way and pierced the white birch marker in the middle. At once White Eagle took the bow with steady motion. The swift arrow flew to the mark and the onlookers heard the sharp click as it struck the arrow of the Oneida.

Two crows were slowly flying over the tall pine trees. With a proud gesture the Oneida lifted his bow and brought down the leader. White Eagle shot as quickly, but missed the second crow; a dark feather floated slowly downward to show how narrowly his arrow had failed of its mark. The Oneida held the honor.

All this time Aodogweh had been silent. Suddenly he challenged the most skillful of the Oneida youths to a contest in throwing. A stone was suspended from a tree branch by a slender thong of deerskin. The aim was to cut the thong by a blow from a battle-ax thrown from a distance of twenty paces. The Oneida began. Three times he carefully measured the distance and sent

his stout ax toward the goal, but only once he grazed the slender thong of deerskin. Then Aodogweh took the ax, glanced along its polished edge, lifted his arm, and with one powerful throw severed the thong of deerskin. This feat was received with cries of approval from both parties.

At once Aodogweh began to boast of his feats in shooting and throwing. While he was speaking an old man approached the Deep Spring. He was erect, and the light of a good mind made his face shine. It was So-no-sa-se, the eldest chieftain of the Oneidas.

In a moment the boasting tongue of Aodogweh was silent. Sonosase said: "My Children, will you have a story?" Many voices eagerly answered "Heh," and the young men and boys crowded about Sonosase. He said: "Radixaa, listen to the story of a great deed that was never boasted.

"Long ago a village of the Oneidas lay in fruitful maize fields that enclosed it like a forest. Its people were at peace with their neighbors, and their lodges echoed with the happy voices of women and the laughter of children. But suddenly from the north came a company of fierce men that swept the land like a fire in the forest.

"Then the warriors of the Oneidas hurried with their women and children to the rocks and caves for refuge. The Great Ruler looked on them in pity, and passing his hands over the forest, he hid their trail from the foe.

“But hunger found the hidden people and brought on them death by slow torture. Again the Master of Life looked in pity on his children and sent a dream to the maiden Ali-quip-so. In her dream good spirits led her to the bluff’s edge; they showed her how the huge rocks could be rolled into the valley below so as to strike down the very trees.

“They said to Aliquipso: ‘Go to the foes of thy people. Lead them into this valley that the Oneida warriors may destroy them.’

“When the maiden had told her dream to the wise men she said, ‘My brothers, Aliquipso is ready to obey the command of the good spirits.’

“That night when darkness crept from the forest, the maiden left her people. In the morning the enemy found her wandering like a lost one in the forest. At once they put her to torture, demanding the hiding place of the Oneidas. At last the maiden feigned to yield and led the way through many paths and windings to the foot of the precipice that the good spirits had shown her. When the warriors had crowded around her she suddenly lifted her voice in a piercing cry of warning.

“At that sound the foes struck the maiden lifeless. But the starving Oneidas standing above behind huge boulders sent them crashing down the cliff side. They crushed the cruel foes as worms are crushed beneath the heel of a warrior.

“For many suns the maiden, Aliquipso, was

mourned by her people. The Great Ruler changed her hair into woodbine and sent it over the earth as a protection to aged trees. From her body sprang the honeysuckle, which the Oneidas call 'the blood of a brave woman.' ”¹

When the story was ended the four Onondagas silently took the trail homeward. White Eagle ran beside Aodogweh. He saw with amazement that the youth was filled with anger because he had been rebuked by Sonosase. Never before had White Eagle seen an Onondaga, man or woman, resent the censure of the aged.

The next day White Eagle and Sosondoweh stood on a hilltop that looked down on the Oswego River. They had been recounting yesterday's adventure at the Deep Spring. Sosondoweh said: "Some day I shall be a great hunter and warrior. Then I will track game, the largest and fiercest. I will learn to leave my trail as unmarked as the air-path of the eagle. I will learn to creep on the enemy's village as secretly as the wildcat when he steals on his prey. In honor I will wear the heron's feather and fringe my girdle with scalp locks."

White Eagle answered: "Some day I shall be a trusty warrior and I will fight in defense of my people. I will never turn my back on a comrade in danger. This is the story of courage I like best: 'Many moons ago a party of Onondaga

¹ Adapted from *The Legends of the Iroquois*, by W. W. Canfield

warriors traveled swiftly westward and fell on a Seneca village. Among the captives was a young chieftain who had fought with great courage. When the victorious party reached their own country they camped on their journey. When morning came they saw a strange youth sitting quietly near their camp fire. He was a Seneca. They asked, 'Why have you openly appeared at our campfire?' The youth answered, 'I have come to share the fate of my brother. I have greater love for him than fear of the Onondaga torture.' I would be as courageous as the young Seneca."

For a moment Sosondoweh was silent, then he spoke:

"Truly the Seneca youth was courageous, but I like not the Seneca people. Do not the proud Senecas speak of the Onondagas in derision? Have you not heard our warriors say that Atotarho will yet avenge us? Have you not heard them say that Atotarho will yet make the Onondagas the greatest of all the Real Men?"

White Eagle answered: "The Senecas are among the bravest of the Real Men. Some of our warriors say that there is no cause for this warfare. They say that Atotarho wishes to win fame by fighting the Senecas."

Sosondoweh replied: "Is not Atotarho the war-chieftain? Truly when thou art a warrior thou must fight under his leading."

To this White Eagle made no answer.

CHAPTER SIX

THE BALL GAME

IN the planting moon, a deep gloom settled upon the eyes of Ganiuska, the Stone Giant; and his hands became idle and listless. In vain did Shawenis and the most skilled medicine men of the Onondagas strive to heal him. Then White Eagle said to his friend, Sosondoweh: "Let the youth of Kanatagowa challenge the youth of Nan-ta-sa-sis to a contest in ball playing. The excitement will cheer Ganiuska and make him forget his sorrow."

Soon thereafter a challenge was sent to the neighboring Onondaga town of Nantasasis.

The contest took place on the wide open, close to the salt licks. Two gates were erected. Each was made by setting two poles about fifty paces apart. The two gates were distant more than a thousand paces from each other. The gate on the north side belonged to the players of Kanatagowa; that on the south side belonged to Nantasasis. The party that carried the ball through its own gate the greatest number of times was the victor.

White Eagle had but lately been admitted to the group of best players. He was to act as a reserve who, at need, could be called into action. Sosondoweh and Aodogweh were most skilled in using the bat, the ga-ne-a, that carried a strong net of deerskin at one end in which the ball was caught. There was long and arduous practice to

obtain a more dexterous use of the bat, for no player might touch the ball with hand or foot; all must be done with the ganea. Each player must become expert in picking up the ball with a single movement of the ganea, an expert in swift running and dodging, in the quick catch and the swift sending of the ball from one to the other.

In dexterity and swiftness Sosondoweh led all the others, but he tired quickly. Aodogweh was very agile; he was strong and of great endurance, but he was untrustworthy because of his fiery temper. There was a famous ball player in Nantasasis named Swa-o-weh. His strength was greater than that of any other player, and he was exceedingly bold and fearless. For five winters Nantasasis had been victorious over Kanatagowa because of the good playing of Swaoweh.

After the challenge had been sent and accepted there was much betting between the warriors of Kanatagowa and Nantasasis. When a prized ornament was pledged by one village, it was quickly matched by the other. Before the day of the contest, excitement ran so high that valuable weapons and embroidered garments and robes of fur were deposited with the managers of the game and laid aside to await the issue of the playing.

Ganiuska, the Stone Giant, pledged the object that he loved best. It was a pipe of black marble that he had begun fifteen winters before, in the

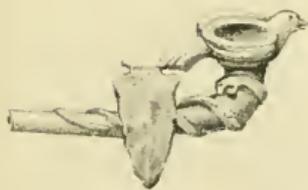
first winter of White Eagle's life. For five winters Ganiuska had labored on that pipe, and in all the towns of Onondaga there was no other stone carving so fine.

Kagagwa shone bright on the day appointed for the contest. Before the great sun had reached the topmost heaven, the open was crowded. The people of Nantasasis ranged at one end, and those of Kanatagowa at the other, leaving a clear space between them for the players.

Ganiuska was conducted to the ball game by Hosahaho, the chieftain of the Turtles, who was the uncle of White Eagle. The Stone Giant was eager with excitement. He could see as in pale moonlight the movements of the players, but he could not recognize their faces. As a yell rang from the forest, Hosahaho said to Ganiuska: "There the players of Nantasasis are coming. Now they are gathered about Swaoweh. He wears a new breechcloth of handsome design." A few minutes later another yell sounded, and Hosahaho explained: "Now the players of Kanatagowa come. Aodogweh is very finely painted. Sosondoweh is taller than any of the others. Now the players take their places."

In the center of the field the twelve players stood in two lines facing each other. They wore only the breechcloth secured by the belt, the embroidered ends falling before and behind. Each player carried a bat, the ganea.

The Stone Giant, almost blind, now advanced



“For five winters Ganiuska had labored on that pipe”

and addressed the players: "You young men of Nantasasis have been chosen to stand for your village in this contest; see that you do honor to your people. You young men of Kanatagowa, the eyes of your clansmen are on you; see that you bring honor to your townsfolk. Listen, all. If anyone in the fury and heat of the contest take unfair advantage, he shall bring defeat to himself and disgrace to his people. Na-ho. I have spoken."

The managers of the game took their places to see that all was done fairly. Close at hand were the substitute players for each party. At that moment it was swiftly rumored that five points had been agreed on for the game. The party that first carried the deerskin ball through its gate five times would win the contest.

All was ready. One of the managers advanced and dropped the deerskin ball between the bats of the two opposing players, Swaoweh and Sosondoweh, who stood in the center of the field. There was a short quick struggle between them for the possession of the ball. At last with a dexterous movement Sosondoweh caught it in the meshes of his bat and with incredible quickness sent it flying toward his party gate.

In an instant the deerskin ball was the center of a lively contest. Soon it flew out from the struggling mass of players and was caught by Sosondoweh who sped like an arrow toward his party gate. He was intercepted by an opponent,

whom he eluded by clever dodges, winning his gate amid the approving shouts of his party.

In the pause which followed while the players rested, the onlookers talked in excitement, for they had never seen better running than that of Sosondoweh.

Again the players faced each other; again the ball was dropped between the bats of Sosondoweh and Swaoweh. The ball was secured by Swaoweh and sent far toward the gate of his party. In the sharp contest about it, it was captured by Swaoweh who sent it closer to his gate. For an instant every player was in swift motion, but Sosondoweh outran the others, caught the ball with a single thrust of the ganea, dodged his opponents, and in a moment more was speeding away to his own gate, out-distancing every runner from Nantasasis.

There were shouts of approval from all the onlookers and deafening applause from the people of Kanatagowa.

After a brief pause for rest, the opponents faced each other for the third round. There was no sign of excitement in any of the players; but each side knew that a severe trial was before it. The players of Kanatagowa were not deceived by their successful beginning. If they won, it would be by good fighting.

Almost at once Sosondoweh secured the ball and sent it toward his gate. In an instant there was a wild contest for its possession. Suddenly

it shot out and was lost to sight in the forest. But the players knew its location. Like the onrush of the west wind they pursued it, leaping, dodging, and running. The little deerskin ball was soon the center of another struggle. At last Swaoweh secured the ball and threw it to one of his party who carried it through the gate of Nantasasis.

The players from Nantasasis won three more points in succession. The aged chieftain who kept the count by thrusting a stick in the ground as each point was made, had recorded four counts for Nantasasis while Kanatagowa had only two. The game might be decided in the next play. The excitement of the onlookers was intense while they waited for the players to take their places.

In the seventh trial Sosondoweh gained the ball. It was knocked from his ganea at once. Again and again the ball flew out only to be captured. It was caught at last by Aodogweh, carried almost to the gate, lost by a stroke from Swaoweh, caught in its flight, and sent back to Aodogweh, who carried it through his gate.

While the players paused to rest, the people talked with suppressed excitement. Ganiuska was silent, thinking with misgiving of his handsome pipe of black marble. In his heart he had pledged it to his sky journey.

Again the opponents faced each other. Swaoweh gained the ball. It was quickly recovered by his opponents. For a long time, amid high

leaping and swift dodging, the ball flew from ganea to ganea. Then it was struck toward the gate for Kanatagowa and a hard contest followed. When it was thrown out it landed in the midst of the people, who swiftly scrambled away to avoid the rush of the players. Again and again these struggles took place. At last the breathless crowds saw Sosondoweh shoot out from the mass of players like an arrow. Without pausing in his running he made the gate for his village. His team yelled their approval until the forests echoed. Then a sudden silence fell. The on-lookers were trembling with excitement. Each side had gained four points; the round had come that must determine the contest.

As the players faced each other for the last time, Sosondoweh showed fatigue but Swaoweh was as fresh and alert as ever.

Almost at once Swaoweh gained the ball. He won it again and again only to lose it. At last he had almost reached his gate, when he was intercepted by Aodogweh who gained the ball and threw it toward his gate. In the midst of a fierce battle for its possession the managers called a halt; Aodogweh had been lamed, blood was trickling from his shoulder. Pale with passion, the youth withdrew and at once White Eagle took his place.

When the ball flew out again it went far toward the gate of Nantasasis. In the struggle that took place White Eagle captured the ball and

ran with it almost to the gate for Kanatagowa. Two players that had outdistanced all others pursued him; one was Swaoweh, the other Sosondoweh; Swaoweh was leading. A backward glance told White Eagle that he must be overtaken. With a sudden backward movement he threw the ball to Sosondoweh, who dodged Swaoweh and reached the gate for Kanatagowa.

For a few moments the forests echoed with yells of triumph. In the excitement every one was shouting or laughing or talking, for the honor of the victory went to the village and not to the players. Kanatagowa was wild with the joy of triumph. But of all the men of Kanatagowa, none was so happy as Ganiuska. The beloved pipe of black marble was saved. He would wrap it in his mystery bag. Into that bag he would put some sacred tobacco and an owl's skin to watch the pipe that was now pledged to his sky journey.

But in the midst of the rejoicing, there was a tempest in the heart of Aodogweh. He asserted that he had been purposely struck by the ganea of Swaoweh. The managers affirmed that the play had been fair. This redoubled the fury of Aodogweh. In an instant he brandished a war club and with a single blow felled Swaoweh. The on-lookers were filled with horror: Swaoweh lay dead at the feet of Aodogweh.

Like the spread of a forest fire the news flew through the noisy crowds of Kanatagowa and si-



“There was a tempest in the heart of Aodogweh”

lenced their joyous excitement. A murder had been committed. Already the clan of Swaoweh was calling for vengeance!

The next sun Aodogweh stood before the council fire. His tribesmen had condemned him. He was listening to the words of the head chieftain: "So you, Aodogweh, did kill Swaoweh with your own hands. You have committed a sin in the eyes of the Creator. Behold the bright light of the sun. In the brightness of the sun's light I pronounce you an exile. You shall depart at once from the territory of the Onondagas and nevermore return. The forests of Onondaga shall not shelter you, nor shall the land receive your footsteps. You shall become a wood-wanderer in a strange land, nor shall you receive shelter in any house except the house of a stranger. Naho. I have spoken."

In that hour Aodogweh departed — left his kindred and his sworn friend, Daweyongo. He fled through the woodlands as if the ghost of Swaoweh pursued him. The next sun the land knew him not. Far indeed must he go to escape the vengeance of the clansmen of Swaoweh.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE BOY HUNTERS

THE location of Kanatagowa had again been changed. The village now stood on the level top of a hill that descended steeply on three sides. Half a mile away was the Gasunto, and along this creek at its nearest point was a natural opening in the forest. Here the people could plant maize enough to supply them until a wider area was cleared. They did not fear famine, for they had wisely saved much corn from last year's harvest.

One autumn day as White Eagle tracked the forest, he came suddenly on the old home village. He paused at the door of the familiar longhouse, the home of all his childhood. Above its door he saw the sign of the turtle. There was O-staa, the pine tree, where Hodoanjo had made his arrows of flint. Well White Eagle remembered the day when, with his blowgun, he first went forth as a hunter, his pouch filled with small arrows made by the kindly Hodoanjo. Now the great arrow maker had journeyed to the blessed land beyond the sunset. Never had the new village known his kindly presence, and the warriors still felt the loss of their best arrow maker.

Drawn by memories of the old home, White Eagle entered the silent longhouse. He knew well that the old house would soon become the home of Ohowa, the owl, and the lurking place of Sais-ta, the snake. When the winter's snow came,

Hotyone, the wolf, would boldly prowl where the council fire had burned and Skanondo, the deer, would fearlessly roam through the maize fields.

Slowly he went to the blackened fireplace that had once been his mother's. Out of the silence something whispered: "You have left the bright days of your childhood. You have left them behind you forever. Gird yourself for the days to come, and fill them with manly achievement."

As White Eagle emerged from the deserted longhouse all the world seemed to call him to action. Loudly the forest spoke: "Come hither and find fresh adventure; come with your bow and arrow; try your foot with the swift Skanondo; try your strength with O-kwa-ri, the bear; try your wit with the fox, the cunning Jitso!"

From the brown earth far and near, came the challenge of burrowing creatures: "Where are your traps, White Eagle, where are your cunning snares and nets? See, we are safe and free. If you are a good trapper, hasten to catch us!"

The wide air spaces resounded with calls distant and near: calls of the snipe and the crane; calls of wild ducks flying over; calls of flocks of turkeys from the forest, and the distant soft calls of wood pigeons: "Where has White Eagle gone? Fearless we perch or fly, for now we are safe from his arrows."

Near at hand sounded the rippling voice of the creek. "Come, White Eagle," it said. "In a sheltered cove your bark canoe is awaiting, on a

distant bank you shall find Jonito, the beaver! Come, learn of Jonito, the wise builder!"

As White Eagle looked and listened, he heard the distant call of Ohowa, the owl. He lifted his head and listened intently. The call was quickly answered by another call, and then another, and another. White Eagle recognized the signals of his comrades, the Boy Foxes. He turned toward the forest, uttered the owl cry, and noiselessly disappeared in the woodland.

As he swiftly and warily threaded the forest, his heart was proudly repeating the words of their song:

I am a Fox, a wise Jitso,
I am prepared to die;
If there is anything difficult,
If there is anything dangerous,
That is mine to do.¹

A little later White Eagle stood with the Fox Boys listening to the words of their captain, Gaye-was.

A bear had swum the river a half hour before; he was slowly making his way toward a distant, rocky ridge. They must pursue and kill him before he could reach his hiding place there. The leader named the boys who should pursue Okwari, the bear. He named those who should guard the left to drive him back if he tried to return to the river, and those who should run forward to head him away from the mountain.

¹ Wissler, *Akicita Societies*. (Adapted.)

Swiftly and silently they entered the chase. Soon the calls of Ohowa were echoed and answered. The bear was sighted; the chase had begun.

White Eagle ran so well that he kept beside Gayewas, the captain. They ran until the ridge was just before them. Suddenly there was the sound of snapping underbrush in front, and Okwari lumbered into sight. He was making his way toward a clump of high pines where he could be clearly sighted. The boys' hearts leaped as they looked. It was the largest bear they had ever seen. Both drew their bows, and two arrows pierced Okwari at the same instant. The great bear turned savagely in fight, but in a moment Gayewas sent an arrow that sunk deep between his shoulders.

On all sides the Boy Foxes were closing in. The body of the bear was soon pierced by many arrows and he was fighting like Dajoji, the panther. He raised himself on his hind legs and with blazing eyes rushed upon one of the boy hunters. Then Gayewas, strong and fearless, ran swiftly to meet the great bear, calling, "Ho, grandfather!" The young hunter struck him a heavy blow with his club, the Ka-ja-wa, a maple knot from which a buck's antler protruded. That blow from the sharpened club broke the skull of Okwari and he dropped dead.

The boys gathered about the body in silence. Each paused in amazement because of the great size of the dead bear.

Straightway Gayewas lighted his pipe and asked Okwari's pardon because in their need of his flesh they had robbed him of life.

Silently, warily at first, the Boy Foxes turned toward the village, dragging with them the huge body.

Soon a youth of the Bear Clan struck into a bear song which the Boy Foxes joined:

Okwari, Okwari, my noble Okwari,
My clan father most ancient.

Over and over the Boy Foxes sang it, their triumphant voices ringing through the woodland.

Suddenly they were startled by the sound of heavy running from behind. They had scarcely grasped their bows when they saw a huge bear rushing upon them, eyes blazing with anger. In an instant the Boy Foxes had disappeared and the enraged Okwari was left alone with its dead mate.

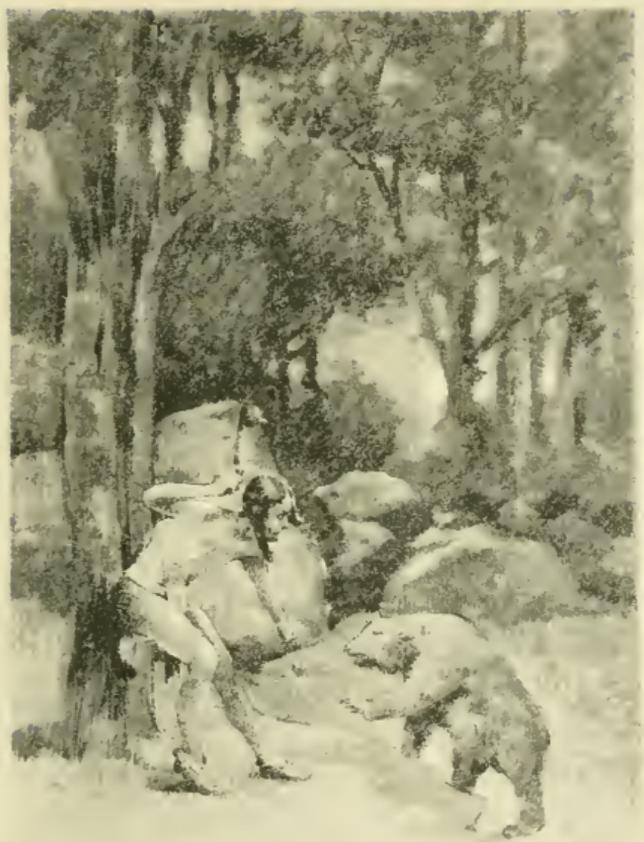
But Sosondoweh relying on his great swiftness stood boldly out from behind a tree and quickly drew his bow on the raging beast. Before the arrow had sped the youth was struck to the earth by the bear's huge paw. That moment had been the end of Sosondoweh had not White Eagle, who was nearest, boldly stepped from cover. Okwari rose up to give battle. White Eagle ran forward and dealt the bear a swift blow with his sharpened club. But the arm of White Eagle was not strong enough; the great

bear was only blinded for a brief instant, then rushed at the youth with upraised paws. White Eagle lifted his arm to strike again. But another club descended on Okwari. It was the club of Daweyongo, the Cayuga, the strongest of the Boy Foxes. The sharp point of Kajawa entered the skull of the great bear, which tottered backward and sank dead beside its mate.

But there was no joy in the hearts of the Boy Foxes as they looked on the two huge bodies; all their thought was for their wounded comrade. Swiftly and gently they carried the bleeding Sosondoweh to the edge of the village. Two of them ran forward to tell the news at the longhouse of the Wolf Clan; White Eagle and another ran to the longhouse of the Turtles to call the wise Shawenis, who was skilled in the care of wounds. Quickly she would make ready a dressing of herbs for the healing of Sosondoweh.

An hour later the Boy Foxes gathered about the skilled hunter, Ho-de-gweh. He was an able warrior who was training them to follow the big game. Quietly and in true words Gaye was told the story of their hunting, the other boys confirming his words.

When he had finished Hodegweh spoke: "You should have kept silence on the home path, for only in silence can the ear warn you of danger. Remember that the eye sees the forward path only; the backward path must be guarded by Ohanta, the ear.



“White Eagle . . . dealt the bear a swift blow with his
sharpened club”

“The boldness of Sosondoweh was foolish, for his arrow could not hurt Okwari. White Eagle was a true comrade in defending Sosondoweh, but he has disobeyed the instructions of Hodegweh. The youngest of the Boy Foxes, his arm is not strong enough to break the skull of Okwari.

“Keep the words of Hodegweh in remembrance, for soon you shall have greater trials. See that you are ready. Nabo. I have spoken.”

In silence the boys listened to the warning words of Hodegweh. Nor did one of them feel pride in the death of the two huge bears. Had they not fled before Okwari? Had not a comrade fallen? Truly each boy knew well that one of the older hunters would have crippled the raging bear in open fight and quickly killed him. Had they been swift and sure with their weapons, Sosondoweh would not have fallen.

That evening at the wood's edge a fire was kindled, and the people went out to look on the two huge bodies of the dead bears. The old men told tales of their hunting. They told of huge bears killed by their fathers; but never before had boy hunters brought such a kill to their village.

The fire grew dim, lighting with fitful flickerings the forms of the two dead bears. Above, the Great Bear Chase shone bright in the north sky. Then the young men and youth gathered about Hunadanlu: “See,” they said, “where shines Okwari; see where he roams the wide sky

paths followed by the three brother hunters. Tell us again of the Celestial Bear; tell us again of his hunting." Straightway Hunadanlu began:

"Listen, my children. Many ages before my grandfather lived, a Real Man was tracking a wounded deer that led him far into the forest. Just as he overtook the wearied Skanondo, he saw it seized by a mighty bear that lifted it lightly and began to devour it. The hunter gazed in wonder, for never had he seen a creature so weird.

"From that day it became more and more difficult for the people to find food. They knew well that the strange Monster Bear was driving all game from their forests. The hunters went out in one company to surround him. They came on his great tracks and found the bones of many creatures. Truly, at times they saw his huge bulk before them, but their arrows could never approach him. Always the blinding snow fell thick and fast, covering the deep tracks of Okwari.

"At night they returned to the village defeated. Then through the darkness the people heard the fearful voice of the Monster Bear coming nearer and nearer. All night long they tried in terror to hide from his voice. At dawn the men returned to the hunting. Vain were their endeavors to reach the monster. With his magic, Okwari baffled every plan for his death, while he fearlessly ravaged the forests.

"One night three brothers slept in their lodges,

and in his dream each brother slew the Monster Bear. The three brothers rejoiced when they had told their dreams to each other, for they said, 'We shall slay the Great Bear and save our people.'

"At once they prepared for the hunt. At break of day, followed by Je-ye, their dog, they took the trail of Okwari. Long and vainly they followed. Sometimes they could see the shadow of the Monster Bear on the snow hills, and always that shadow was fleeing northward, but always the hunters pursued it. The freezing winds whistled and furiously drove them; the rough ice weighted their moccasins; the white snow drifted to the sky. But led on by his dream picture, each brother went steadily forward.

"At last they came to the end of the flat earth where its edge closes to the north sky. The flying shadow of the Monster Bear entered a misty sea, and undaunted the three hunters followed. They could see the Mighty Bear before them; he was weaving a starry net and casting it across the wide sky path. When the star network was finished, the Great Bear paused in his flight and crawled within it for shelter.

"The brothers rejoiced when they came to the opening in that star net. 'Now we shall not lose thee, Okwari,' they cried. 'We will slay thee and carry thee back to our people!'

"Slowly the listening Bear opened his sleepy eyes. Then he rose in his giant height, and lifting the net with his paws he dragged the hunters beneath.

“There they roam to this day. Not knowing their imprisonment, they follow the Monster Bear forever and forever, and he forever eludes them.”¹

When the story was ended the people looked silently upward to Ot-sha-ta, the sky. There was the Celestial Bear and behind him the three brothers still pursuing, followed by their faithful dog, Jeye.

All the listeners had been intent except White Eagle. His mind was filled with the rebuke of Hodegweh, and with the thought of the sharper rebuke that would come to Sosondoweh. The boy knew that he had disobeyed, and that his blow had helped only a little; nevertheless he was glad that he struck it.

¹ Adapted from *Iroquois Myths and Legends*, by Harriet Maxwell Converse.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE JOURNEY

THE forest trails about Kanatagowa had changed with the changing of the town's location. Some of the old roads were now little used, since they led to a deserted village. New trails had been gradually broken and connected with the ancient footpaths.

All the near roads were well known to White Eagle. He knew something of the great hunting trail southward along the Tioughnioga; he had tracked the main trail along the Oswego to the shores of Ontario. But far better he knew the well-beaten roads of his people leading along the Gasunto and Onondaga creeks and winding around the forested hills southward.

There was one well-worn footpath north of his native village on which he thought most often, although it was least familiar. Ancient and enduring, it crossed the land of the Onondagas from east to west. Well he knew that this footpath ran onward and onward. Crossing the land of the Oneidas, crossing the land of the Mohawks, it reached the beautiful Ska-neh-ta-de¹ that flows ever southward until it comes to the Great Sea at the Sun's Rising.

Sometimes he stood on that well-worn path and turned his eyes eastward. Much he longed to follow that road, follow it onward and onward, follow it along the Mohawk to the Skanehtade.

¹ The Hudson.

He would follow southward with the Skanehtade, always downward and southward, until at last he should come to the boundless waters toward the sun's rising — come at last to the great shoreless sea. On that road he would see many strange peoples; he would hear them speak in a language unknown to his ear, untried by his lips; he would see their houses and note their strange customs.

Less often he turned on that worn Central Trail and looked westward. He knew that it crossed the deep-wooded land of the Cayugas. It reached the wide plains of the Senecas; it crossed their rivers and forests; it left that land behind it, journeying still farther westward through the land of the Eries.

Straight and deep, hardened by age-long use, tracked by the feet of generations long passed away, the silent road threaded the woodland. Surely it had seen wondrous things; truly it had heard long-silent voices and witnessed the deeds of the fathers of his people. Did not Haweniyu, the Great Ruler, look on that ancient path and see the footprints of his children, the footprints of many generations of the Real Men?

White Eagle was impatient to see all the country that had been bestowed on the Real Men by the Holder-of-the-Heavens. Where were the bounds of the great island that was formed to hold Ataensic? He longed to travel toward the four points of the earth till he found them.

The observant eye of Ondiyaka, the Bear

chieftain, read the thoughts of his son and divined his wishes. He said: "White Eagle longs to see the wide land of the Real Men. I will show him the hunting grounds of his people. I will lead him over our ancient trails and teach him to find and follow the great footpaths of the Real Men. He is young for the journey, but it will prepare him for the training that will make him a warrior and for the dream-fast that will shape his path in manhood."

Soon the day came when White Eagle stood at the door of the longhouse girt for his first long journey. On his feet were new moccasins worked by the careful hand of his mother, worked in the pattern he loved best. It was the pattern that showed the path of the sun, great Kagagwa, making his long journey beneath the vast sky-arch and following the long path above it. At White Eagle's belt was a stout bag of o-na-so-kwa, the good parched corn that would sustain him on the journey. At his back was his good bow and a quiver of arrows. Thus equipped, White Eagle stood beside Ondiyaka, and his eyes were bright with the vision of that untried journey.

The forest glowed in the colors of October, and all the woodlands brightened to greet them as they entered the trail to the south. In the first hours the footpaths were familiar to White Eagle. Sometimes they saw through the trees a hunter from the village following the bear or

the deer. They passed close to the town of Nantasis; they heard the voices of children and saw the women at work in the maize fields. Soon they passed through wide level stretches, where, reaching far upward, giant pine trees shut out the sunlight. They passed a trail forking westward; it went to Lake Ga-ah-na.¹ A little farther, and that same westward trail found the long shining water of Lake Skan-e-a-di-ce.²

Still keeping that southern trail, they skirted hills covered with giant oaks that had stood there for ages and ages. They passed through forests brilliant with the gold of the birch and the red and yellow of maples. Sometimes they crossed small streams running northward. They were nearing the southern hills at the dividing of the waters.

Slowly the trail climbed upward. At last it came to the shores of Lake Te-ka-ne-a-da-he,³ encircled by brilliant woodlands. The air was filled with the cries of waterfowl and the honk of wild geese flying over. There was Sora, the duck; there Ta-wis-ta-wis, the snipe; and, most beautiful of all, pairs of stately swans, swimming the crystal-clear water. From the forest came the soft call of O-leek, the pigeon, and the cry of So-hont, the turkey. From the forest, too, came the tap of Kwaa, the woodpecker, and the cluck of Kaw-e-sea, the partridge. Here and there

¹ Lake Otisco.

² Lake Skaneateles.

³ Tully Lake.

White Eagle and his father crossed the hard-beaten paths made by the deer as they sought their drinking places. Sometimes they came on a herd of deer browsing the bushes. The herd lifted their heads for a moment, gazing with soft wondering eyes on the intruders; then they fled swiftly away through the forest. Beautiful to White Eagle was this hunting ground of his people as he first saw it with his father.

Still they pushed toward the south. Sometimes a bear crossed the trail; sometimes a wolf or a lynx lifted his head from the thicket. Now for the first time White Eagle saw streams that were flowing southward. They were in the valley of the Tioughnioga.

That night they slept in a small lodge made by the hunters of Onondaga. Here they kindled a fire and ate the flesh of Sohont, the turkey.

Alone in the far-stretching forest, the villages of their people being far away to the northward, they heard close at hand the cries of wolves and saw their eyes glaring through the darkness. More than once the growl of the prowling Okwari sounded near at hand. But they were safe by the fire; so long as Odjista burned, they feared no marauders.

Then the night sounds were interrupted by the voice of Ondiyaka. He said: "Listen to the story that tells how the Echo God once saved our people.

"In the days of my father's father, the war

chieftain Na-sa-geh led the Onondagas against the Cherokees. The Real Men took many scalps, but the Cherokees were like the leaves of the forest in number. All that sun they fought. At nightfall, scattered and broken, the warriors of Onondaga fled to the forest.

“The chieftain Nasageh, wounded and spent with battle, came to this place at the forking of the trails, where we are now resting. He paused, not knowing which was the safer pathway. Above him were the dark hills. Hidden about him were his disheartened warriors. How could he bring them together and lead them by a safe trail to the homeland?

“Then a new hope filled Nasageh’s heart. He said: ‘I will seek guidance from the Echo God. He is the friend of the Real Men. My voice he will answer, but he will give no sound to the pursuing Cherokees.’

“Nasageh found a rocky ravine close by. He called, ‘Go-weh, Go-weh!’¹ The Echo God heard. From the rocky heights came his answer, ‘Go-weh, Go-weh!’ Then sadly the war chieftain began to chant the names of his own fallen warriors. This time he spoke in a voice heart-broken and weary, ‘O-weh, O-weh!’² And the Echo God called ‘O-weh, O-weh!’

“The warriors of Onondaga took courage when they heard the voice of the Echo God and they gathered about their chieftain. They determined

¹ I am telling you.

² Our own.

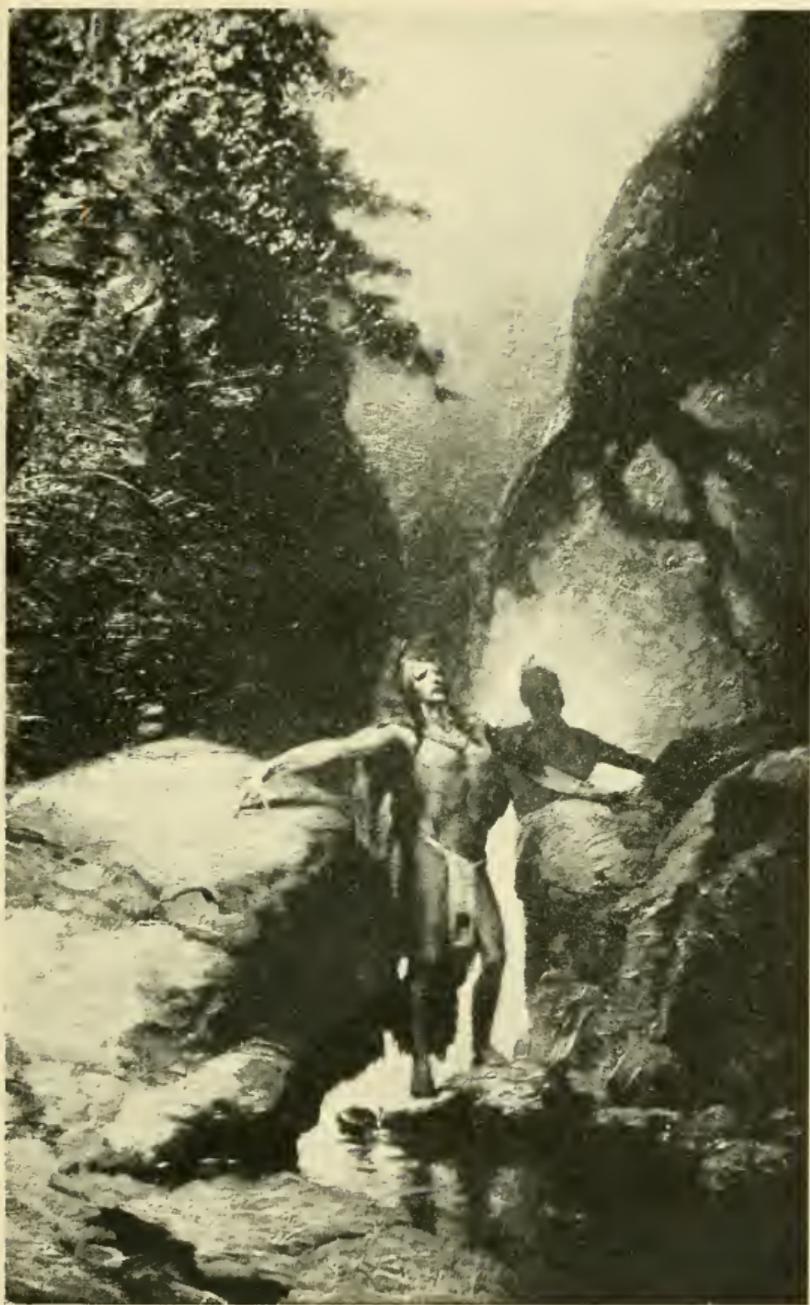
to take the trail whence the Echo God was calling. Runners were sent out to cry to him. Farther and farther away, the Onondagas heard the shouts of their runners, 'Go-weh, Go-weh!' and 'O-weh, O-weh!' And to each shouting they heard the Echo God reply distinctly, 'O-weh, O-weh!'

"The pursuing Cherokees took the other trail, and so, led on by the Echo God, the Real Men escaped destruction."¹

Through the days that followed, White Eagle, tracking that great southern trail along the Tioughnioga, looked on the beautiful hills southward and westward that sent their streams to the Susquehanna, the Great Island River. Slowly in his mind there was forming a picture of many footpaths: their directions and their branchings; where they touched the lakes and rivers; where they crossed ravines and skirted vast stretches of deep-thicketed muckland. His eye became quick to follow the trail blazed by the hatchet, winding through brackens and bushes with no footmarks to show him its leadings.

The next morning at sunrise Ondiyaka took White Eagle to a high hilltop. From its height they traced the broad valley of the Tioughnioga southeastward where it bends toward the Chenango, and they saw in the far distance the forests that skirted the swift Chenango. With a few

¹ From *Iroquois Myths and Legends*, by Harriet Maxwell Converse.



“The Echo God heard”

words and movements, Ondiyaka showed the course of the Chenango through the land of the Oneidas and pointed toward the place where it is joined by the Tioughnioga. With his elbow and bended hand he showed how the Susquehanna made its turn to the westward.

Then turning northward, Ondiyaka pointed where, far beyond vision, the back of Hanuna, the Great Turtle, was lying. He said: "Iyeaha, my son, far away toward the sun's rising are steep mountains¹ that look toward the Skanehtade. There rests the great head of Hanuna, the Turtle. The Chenango and Tioughnioga flow southward from the broad back of Hanuna. My son, look westward; there the mighty back of the Great Turtle slopes downward, bearing the long lakes of the Cayuga and Seneca peoples. Farther toward the sunset, the long tail of Hanuna is extended, holding the broad lands of the Genesee-² the River of the Beautiful Valley."

From his pouch Ondiyaka drew a smooth pebble of slate. By scratching a few lines upon it, he showed how the great southern trails of the Real Men, following the lakes and rivers to the Susquehanna, converged at Ta-yo-ga.³

For a long time White Eagle followed with quick eyes the forest lines southward and eastward and westward. Then his father spoke again:

"Iyeaha, thou shalt run alone on the blazed

¹ The Helderbergs. ² The Genesee. ³ Tioga Point.

pathway southward. It is seldom used, but if thou will follow it with care it will lead thee into the great Oneida trail along the Chenango. Follow this trail downward and meet me at the Susquehanna."

Instantly White Eagle tightened his belt and slipped noiselessly into the forest. He ran slowly and cautiously, his keen eyes noting every marking in that trackless woodland. His will was set on following that obscure trail without mishap, for he knew well that his father was testing his skill as a runner.

Before the sun reached midheaven, the feet of White Eagle had found the great Chenango trail of the Oneidas, and the most difficult part of his journey was over. He took some parched corn from his pouch, soaked it in water, and while he rested ate of it slowly and sparingly. Then with swift feet he turned into the well-marked Chenango trail and followed it downward toward the Susquehanna.

Kagagwa was nearing the rim of the west sky when the feet of White Eagle touched the bank of the broad Susquehanna, the Great Island River. As he stood at that meeting place of waters he gave the call of Gaga, the crow. It was answered close at hand by the cry of a hawk. A moment later he stood beside his father. Ondiyaka gave a quiet exclamation of approval, and without speech the two turned their feet toward Tayoga.

In their night camp, Ondiyaka told White Eagle of the wars of the Iroquois. Their war parties, sailing south on the Susquehanna, entered the Cherokee land and returned bringing back with them the enemy's scalps and much booty.

Down this same Great Island River, Atotarho had sailed with his warriors only the winter before and returned again covered with glory.

White Eagle said: "Ihani, my Father, Hunadanlu has told me that to each tribe has been given a peculiar mind and speech; each has its own rites, its own customs and modes of action. I should like to sail the Susquehanna and learn what gifts the Master of Life has bestowed on the Cherokee people."

Ondiyaka answered: "Iyeaha, you must wait until you are a warrior. Then in war paint and armed with good weapons you can enter the lands of the Cherokee people by means of the warpath, for between ourselves and them no other trail is open."

CHAPTER NINE

ON THE SHORES OF ONTARIO

WHEN the two travelers returned to the home village, every one gave them glad welcome. Never before was the evening fire so pleasant and the steaming bowl of hulled corn so welcome.

With careful attention, Hunadanlu, friend of man, listened to White Eagle's story of that journey southward.

When it was finished he said: "It is well that White Eagle has seen the hunting grounds of the Onondagas toward the south. Now he will go to the north. Now he will travel as far as the Ganawaga and look on a land made sacred by the footsteps of the Great Fathers of the Real Men."

Eagerly White Eagle assented. At dawn of the next sun, with their canoe on their shoulders, White Eagle and Ondiyaka took the familiar trail to the Oswego River.

They were soon upon Lake Onondaga. Lightly their canoe sped through the waters flecked with the bright fallen leaves from the woodland. Here and there the water was darkened by screaming flocks of waterfowl. Sometimes they saw a canoe from their native village, for the people liked to fish in the home waters of Onondaga.

Ondiyaka pointed westward where the Seneca River entered the lake of Onondaga bringing the waters of lakes Ga-nun-da-gwa,¹ Ga-nun-da-

¹ Canandaigua Lake

sa-ga.¹ Gwe-u-gweh,² and U-noon-do.³ Soon after, as they paddled along the Oswego, Ondiyaka pointed to a stream flowing into the river from the east. It formed the outlet of Lake Gan-a-lo-hale.⁴ So White Eagle learned how the Oswego flowed northward, bearing the waters of the lakes of four tribes of the Real Men, bearing them to the greatest lake of all, the vast, beautiful Skanodario.

They were now in the heart of the great northern forest. The stately trees lifted their branches high in the glory of the late October sunshine. The deer came down to the water to drink, and sometimes a bear swam the river. Lightly they carried their canoe round the Falls of the Oswego, and, just before the going down of the sun, they came to the shores of Ontario.

Here they found a small hunting party of Onondagas who were returning from their camp on the Ga-hen-wa-ga.⁵

Ondiyaka said to White Eagle, "Iyeaha, my Son, canst thou not bring in a deer for the evening meal?"

Quickly White Eagle armed himself with his bow and quiver of arrows and went forth to the hunting. Light-footed, he ran to the southward. He found the fresh track of a large deer close to the Oswego. Soon he sighted Skanondo. Unalarmed he was browsing the bushes. But as if

¹ Seneca Lake.

² Cayuga Lake.

³ Cross Lake.

⁴ Oneida Lake.

⁵ Big Salmon Creek.

some instinct warned him of the nearness of a hunter, he lifted his head and sniffed the air with uneasy and restless motion. But the well-aimed arrow of White Eagle reached the heart of Skanondo and he dropped where he stood in the forest.

When Ondiyaka saw that White Eagle had brought down the deer with one arrow, he praised him; and all the other hunters applauded because he had wasted no arrow.

That evening at the camp fire, Ondiyaka told this story that taught the people the sinfulness of wasting the gifts of the Great Ruler:

“Long ago a company of hunters went into a distant forest where every kind of game abounded. Farther and farther they went, and always the game grew in abundance. Then they began to kill for the rich furs alone, leaving the carcasses to waste where the animals fell.

“But as they went forward into that strange land, they came to a region of great scarcity. They had forgotten the way to the homeland. The load of rich furs that they carried did not help them; they were soon on the verge of starvation.

“One day an Elf suddenly appeared among them. He led them to a cavern filled with abundance. When they had eaten, he upbraided them for their wasteful greed: ‘You must give up the rich furs that you have so wantonly stolen or starve because of the flesh you have wasted.

When you have chosen you may tap on the rocks and call me.'

"Brief was the council that followed. The beautiful furs reminded the hunters of the animal people whom without cause they had robbed of life. Now they looked on the costly burden with sorrow and deep misgiving. Gladly they would leave it behind them.

"At their knocking the Elf returned. The hunters asked only one thing: to be shown the way to their own country.

"They returned there empty-handed, with no store of dried meat for the cold moons, and no store of skins for the next year's clothing. But they were wondrous light of heart, for they had left behind the greed of gain that makes men-beings robbers."

When the story was ended, an old hunter said: "For sixty winters I have hunted and never have I seen a red man spoil the hunting grounds of his Fathers. It would shame him to kill a deer and like an untaught child leave the flesh or pelt to be wasted. Truly the medicine animals would no longer befriend man if he were greedy and wasteful."

The next morning at daybreak Ondiyaka and White Eagle entered their canoe and turned it to the eastward. While the sun was still high, they came to the famous Gahenwaga, its waters the home of countless salmon. Here in the springtime the warriors of the Onondagas came for their fishing.

As they went forward, they passed vast marshes covered with sedges noisy with the honking of great flocks of geese and ducks. A dense wilderness was all about them. Crossing deep ravines, climbing mountains, filling wide valleys, skirting the shores of clear lakes, it swept eastward. It passed the land of the Oneidas and swept across the wide land of the Mohawks till it came to the shores of Lake O-ne-a-da-lote.¹ It rounded wide shores to the northward till it found the waters of the Ganawaga.

Ondiyaka spoke intimately of these wide water courses and vast, thicketed forests; and his simple words and gestures held pictures, for he spoke as one who sees. Slowly, clearly, the mind of White Eagle pictured the great Adirondack forest that divides the waters to the northward and eastward and southward, the forest that holds in its deep recesses a shining network of lakes and the headwaters of the Skanehtade.

In the following days they paddled along projecting shores and came to bays that were dotted with hundreds of islands.

The shores bent in curves so vast as to reach beyond vision. They were nearing the place where the waters of Ontario find their way to the sea through the swift Ganawaga. For three days they skimmed the wide-bending shores and drifted among bright, wooded islands.

When they touched the mainland, they found

¹ Lake Champlain.

the forest alive with game. The startled stag lifted his head from under arching trees, the tall moose stamped and snorted in anger, and a great bear boldly swam to the canoe to give battle. Unsurpassed in wonder and beauty was this northern hunting ground of the Onondagas, this land where the Ganawaga began its journey to the sea.

To the eager mind of White Eagle, those vast, wooded shores and the far-stretching water possessed a wonder beyond all beauty. Did not this wilderness hold the footsteps of the great warriors of old who had freed their people from bondage? Not an inlet or bay that he looked on but had been laced by the water trails of their canoes. Was he not now crossing the waters where the Real Men had fought for freedom?

Very often in those days White Eagle asked Ondiyaka to tell him again that story of trial and battle. And Ondiyaka told how the Real Men of old had lived in captivity, and how with long patience but relentless purpose they served their cruel Adirondack masters. Here they had broken their bondage and fled across the waters of Ontario to find a hiding place at the Falls of the Oswego.

With the passionate gestures of a warrior he described the subsequent invasions of the Tree-Eating Adirondacks on the Real Men, when like a forest fire they had swept down on their villages. But always the Tree Eaters were

driven backward. For against their fierce onslaughts, the Mohawks and Oneidas, the Cayugas and Senecas and Onondagas had stood together like brothers even as their Fathers of old had stood together on the Ganewaga.

Beside their campfire on the last night of their journey, with the waters of the Oswego murmuring the story of the Fathers of the Real Men, White Eagle suddenly asked the question that had followed him for many suns. He said: "Thani, my Father, cannot the Real Men be reunited? Can they not light again a single council fire, the council fire of the United People? Cannot the Five Brothers again sit together and watch the sacred peace smoke rising toward the Great Wisdom?"

For a moment Ondiyaka looked into the shining eyes of White Eagle, saw the face all alight with the thought that had been put into words, noted the body that was tense as if the youth heard a stirring call to action, then he spoke:

"It cannot be, White Eagle. The long feud between the Senecas and Onondagas is not forgotten. Already the party of war speaks openly for vengeance. This very night the best scouts of Atotarho are in the land of the Seneca people. No council fire can burn on the Great Hill, Nunda-wa-o,¹ unmarked by the eyes of one of the spies of our War Chieftain. No expedition goes out

¹ Bare Hill on Canandaigua Lake

from the Great Hill that is not reported to Atotarho. Iyeha, my Son, moon by moon, Atotarho is preparing to make war on the Seneca people. He would reunite the Real Men through conquest."

Ondiyaka spoke again to White Eagle. He said: "My Son, listen to the promise sent to Ondiyaka. Seven winters ago in the moon of bursting buds, Ondiyaka made medicine here at the Falls of the Oswego. He burned much sacred tobacco that carried to Hagwediyu, the Good Mind, the longings of Ondiyaka. For the heart of Ondiyaka was heavy because of a war that Atotarho had provoked with the Cayugas.

"That same sun, Ondiyaka stood on the shore of Skanodario as Kagagwa descended the west sky. As Ondiyaka looked, a small white cloud in the form of a winged canoe suddenly appeared in the distance. It glided swiftly over the water as if it were a mighty eagle. Then it faded into mist.

"Then the heart of Ondiyaka was at peace. He said: "The Great Wisdom remembers as he looks down on Skanodario, how Heno, the Thunderer, saved the Real Men. He sends this vision to show that the waters of the Beautiful Lake still hold that story; he sends it as a promise that the Real Men are still led onward by their Grandfather Heno."



“A small white cloud in the form of a winged canoe suddenly appeared in the distance”

CHAPTER TEN

THE BOY WARRIORS

IN those days White Eagle grew swiftly toward young manhood. Already he had entered the band of Boy Warriors who were under the leadership of Atotarho.

In the memory of the oldest of the Onondagas, no war leader had been so skilled as the young chieftain, Atotarho. He knew the story of the great warriors of his people, and the strength of each. He knew the stories of their wars, and he knew their treaties, ancient and modern. He knew the footpaths and trails of neighboring lands; he could locate their villages and give the number of fighting men in each.

Yet because of his passion and malice, the skillful Atotarho was feared by the Onondagas. He was ambitious; he was swift in revenge; he was cunning and crafty and powerful. He brought all things to his will. Most of the people believed that under his lead they could never be vanquished. So famed was he that from every village of the Onondagas the young men came to his training.

Atotarho expected each youth in that band to become a flawless warrior. Long and severe was the practice in every mode of attack and defense, in every form of ambush and surprise. How to choose a safe encampment; how to lie concealed in forest or open; how to find a way through an unbroken wilderness; how to hide a canoe or

paddle with swiftmess and silence; how to scout in an enemy's country — these were some of the things that the Boy Warriors must learn through long practice.

In the moon of planting, Atotarho divided the Boy Warriors into two companies. One was to choose and fortify an encampment, the other to attack it.

The first company chose a steep hill on the banks of the Onondaga. Their leader was Gawaywas, the captain of the Boy Foxes. He sent out scouts to watch the movements of the attacking party, while the others dug an intrenchment and built a palisade on the side of the forest. When this was finished they put in a store of provisions and war clubs and arrows.

Atotarho visited the camp and inspected it in silence.

Hour by hour the scouts came and went to report the movements of their opponents. At last they returned to say that they had lost all track of the enemy. The attacking party had disappeared in the forest.

White Eagle was one of the band that attacked the encampment, and their leader was the courageous Sosondoweh. As they stole through the forest under cover, they could see Atotarho standing close to the encampment where he could watch the action of both parties. As they crept near to the encampment they signalled softly, using the call of the turkey; scarcely a twig was

bended, scarcely a bush moved in the thicket. So well planned was the onset, that the attacking party emerged from the thicket and reached the palisade before the defenders suspected. Sharp was the struggle that followed. Ten out of the twenty boys under Gayewas were taken. The leader with a few of the boldest sprang from the cliff into the waters of the Onondaga and escaped by swimming and diving.

Afterward, the victors and vanquished assembled before Atotarho. His dark face was frowning and angry. In brief words he showed the poor scouting of the defenders, showed the weakness of the palisade, and the danger of the position on account of the bushes growing about it. The signals of the attacking party had been well given, he said, but some of the young warriors had moved too roughly through the bushes. The onslaught was well planned, but the attacking party had been weak in taking advantage. White Eagle had shown swiftness and strength, but he had not shown the disposition of the warrior.

"You should study the wildcat," he said. "He never misses his prey, never fails to attain the object of his pursuit, and he does all quietly and cunningly without creating alarm. Learn from the wildcat how to approach and conquer a foe."

After that the training went on with renewed determination. At last Atotarho assembled all the youth of the Onondagas and divided them into two parties. He commanded one party to

defend a deserted village; the other he commissioned to take it. For many days the battle went on. The men from all of the villages came to witness the sorties or went into the besieged town and watched the defenders. It was almost past their judgment which side deserved most commendation. The youthful warriors suffered hunger and thirst and the severest hardships unheeding, so keenly was the battle waged.

At last Atotarho had his will, all the men and youth of the Onondagas were eagerly studying warfare. When the Boy Warriors became skillful in one thing, he took up another. He built up a wide system of running and scouting. He sent them in winter on long journeys to the hunting camps, or in springtime to distant fishing places to carry messages. Two by two they went, running day and night, pausing only long enough to drink at the stream side and to eat sparingly of parched corn, the sustaining onasokwa. Every moment of time must be counted, not one sentence of the message delivered in haste, not one word of it changed or forgotten.

Then indeed White Eagle's knowledge of trails was severely tested; then it was that he began to run by the points of the compass, to note the forking on the top horns of the pine tree and the growth of moss on the tree trunks. It was then that he began to guide his course by the loon in summer and the Seven Brothers, the Pleiades, in winter.

Many of the Boy Warriors became so practiced in running and scouting that they were sent farther. Thus it was that White Eagle, with some of his companions, entered the lands of the Oneidas and Mohawks to get news or to carry messages. They became so wary and skilled that they were sent at last to spy on the Cayugas. A few of the strongest were sent into the Seneca land to watch and report. This was indeed true scouting, for if discovered they were treated as foes. Some of the Boy Warriors never returned from these scouting journeys.

All this time in their meetings for practice, the boys were trained in the handling of weapons. In their meetings for council, they were trained in the knowledge and spirit of warfare. They learned much of neighboring peoples: where lay the strength of these and where their weakness; who were their allies and who their enemies; they learned accurately of their defenses, and knew much about their greatest leaders and chieftains. The Boy Warriors listened intently to stories of their foes' achievements; they learned of the great victories of their own people, and knew the famous deeds of their ablest warriors and leaders.

Atotarho had tried and tested all the young men and youth of the Onondagas. He knew which would make the best scouts and which the best runners, which could be trusted as spies, which were the ablest leaders in attack or defense, and which wisest in council or guidance.

One day as White Eagle sat by his doorway straightening the shafts of arrows, two Mohawk runners entered the village. He had heard their call far back in the forest and again at the wood's edge. A little later he saw two Onondaga scouts enter the house of Atotarho. Soon thereafter a council was called. The Mohawks brought news that their people, much enfeebled by war, had made peace with their old foes, the Algonkins. The Onondaga scouts reported that the Senecas had just gone on the warpath beyond the land of the Eries.

The next day two Seneca runners arrived. They brought a message asking for peace and alliance.

In council, the old men of the Onondagas with one voice urged a friendly answer. In their weakness, the Mohawks could send no reënforcements. The Senecas were powerful and carried with them the strength of the Cayugas.

When the old men had finished speaking, Atotarho arose. He recalled the old wrongs done them by the Senecas. Now was the moment for vengeance. While the Senecas were absent in an enemy's land was the very time to attack their towns and overcome them.

While the wary Atotarho was speaking, his shrewd eye noted the quick response of the young men. But so divided was the council that a doubtful message was returned to the Seneca people.

That very night, Atotarho appeared in his war paint. Going to his war post he began the stirring story of his battles. As he spoke all his movements and action eloquently pictured the tales that his lips repeated. Soon the boldest of the young men sprang forward and struck the war post as a sign of enlistment. These were followed by most of the ablest warriors; then as if possessed by a single feeling, the Boy Warriors sounded the war cry and pressed to the side of their leader.

But one of the youthful warriors was unmoved by the passionate narration of the war chieftain. Calmly, White Eagle remained sitting with the home people. He, the bravest and best of the Boy Warriors, was unstirred by that call to battle.

There were two that noted the action of White Eagle and did not forget it. One was Hunadanlu, friend of man; the other, Atotarho. The one rejoiced and said in his heart, "White Eagle seeks his own mind, and of his own spirit he will take counsel." The other said, "Here is the coming leader of the party of peace." And to both men there came a strong premonition of some future, deadly strife between Atotarho and the youthful White Eagle.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

IN THE ABSENCE OF THE WARRIORS

A FEW weeks later the warriors returned victorious, bringing with them ten captives. They had surprised and burned a Seneca village.

All night there was great rejoicing in Kanatagowa and all the villages of Onondaga. It was long since the Onondagas had won an advantage over the proud and powerful Seneca people, and all agreed that they owed this victory to the skill of Atotarho. Nevertheless the wail of mourning was heard among them for three of the Onondagas had fallen in battle. One of these was the youthful Gayewas, who had led the boys in the hunt and in mimic warfare. The sorrow of White Eagle was keen; for the first time he mourned a close comrade.

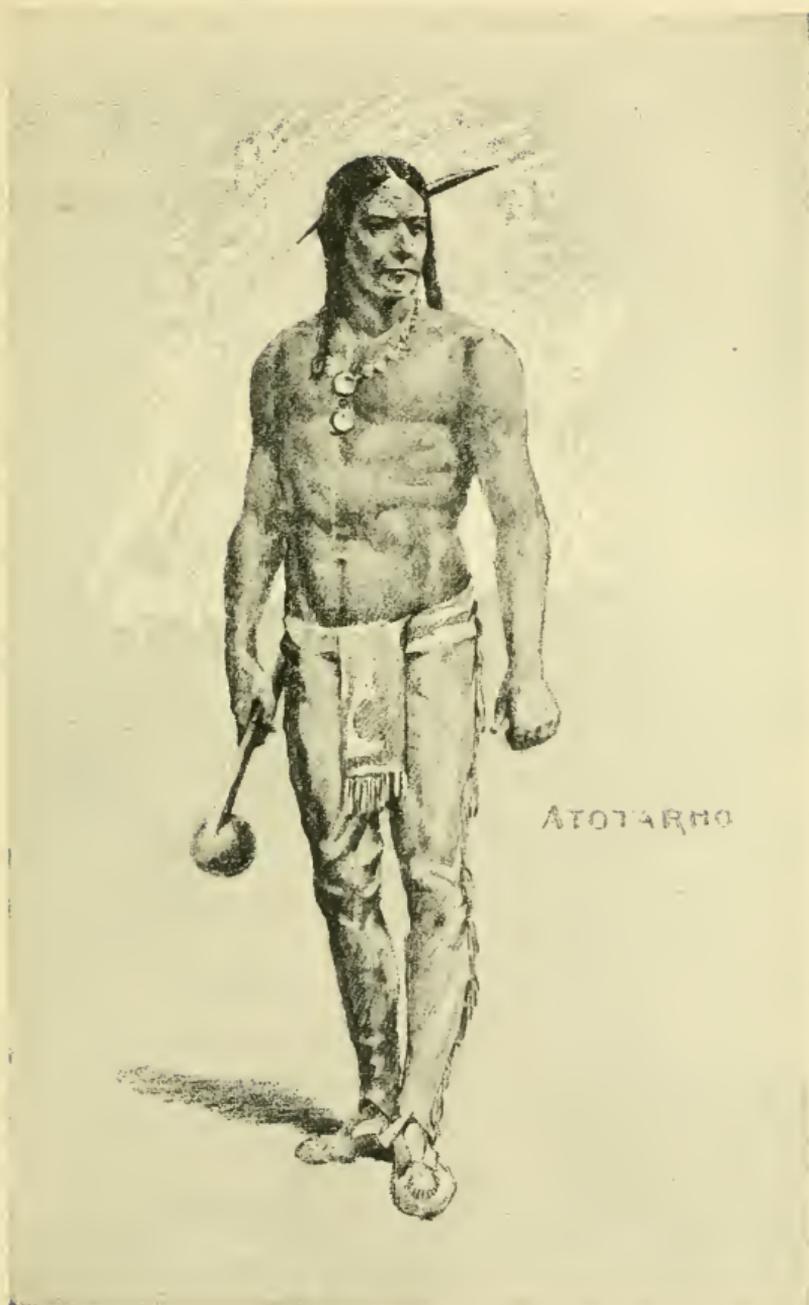
In the clear, cold nights when the grave-fire was burning for Gayewas and stars shone brilliant in the heavens, White Eagle gazed upward to the white pathway of departed spirits. Which star was lighting the soul of his comrade on its journey? The gentle south wind, Ne-o-ga, the fawn, had guided him to Ga-do-waas, the great soul watcher. And Gadowaas, the faithful, had plucked a star and fastened it to the belt of Gayewas. Like a great torch, it was lighting him in that long journey across the vast sky. When he came to the blessed land of spirits, the dead kinsfolk of Gayewas would give him welcome. They would greet him at the doors of their lodges and

prepare for him the best food in their dwellings. They would praise his deeds of courage and give him place among the noblest hunters and warriors.

One day the Onondaga scouts returned and reported that the Senecas had come back from their expedition westward, and that the Cayugas were with them on the warpath.

The people knew that the Senecas would soon avenge themselves on the Onondagas. All the warriors looked to Atotarho for guidance. Quickly the young war chieftain made his plans for the winter. The hunting moon was near. The warriors of Onondaga would go into their southern hunting ground and camp on the borders near the Cayuga towns. They would keep on foot an active war party to watch the Cayuga and Seneca towns from a distance. In this way they would get some of their winter hunting while they forced the enemy to keep the defensive. At the same time Atotarho sent messengers to the Mohawks and Oneidas to ask them to become allies in the war.

When the war party had gone, a sudden silence descended on the half-deserted village of Kanatagowa. The people were very busy, for those left at home had to work harder than ever to secure the store of wood and provisions against the deep snows of winter and guard against a possible attack of the foe. The men who were left to defend the village could help little in securing



“All the warriors looked to Atotarho for guidance”

provisions, for they had to scout the forest that the enemy might not surprise them.

Each day White Eagle went in pursuit of game. There were few now to hunt for the people, and well he knew that there was rejoicing when he returned with a deer on his shoulder. Game was becoming scarce in the home forests and often he had to follow the deer far to the northward or southward.

He was very lonely in the woodlands, for all his previous hunting had been shared with trusty comrades. Now he followed the deserted trails of his people, alone. While he roamed the familiar hunting paths, his heart was filled with ceaseless battle. He was restless and inwardly rebellious, and moon by moon he was tortured by questions that he could not answer.

All this time the clear eyes of Hunadanlu, friend of man, looked into the heart of White Eagle and saw there the struggle and doubting. The old man said: "Truly it costs White Eagle much to stand aside from the pathway of glory that his companions have entered. He is very young to choose in so weighty a matter. But White Eagle is losing the mind of his childhood and youth, and truly he is seeking a mind that can guide him in manhood."

One day White Eagle brought to Hunadanlu the questions that vexed him. He said: "Tisote, my Grandfather, long ago Atotarho forsook the fishing and his heart has turned away from the

hunting paths of our people. When peace comes he mopes about, moody and discontented. The southern warpaths are worn as never before by the feet of the Onondagas. And now Atotarho reopens the war trails toward the sunset, and swift-footed, leads our people against the western Iroquois. Will not a warfare long and bitter arise when the Real Men fight with each other?"

The friend of man replied: "Learn to wait in patience, White Eagle. Sorely the people need thy service. If thou art patient and brave, thou wilt some day serve them in council. Then thou canst speak against such warfare."

But White Eagle answered: "Surely the Great Ruler is not pleased with such warfare as the Onondagas have brought upon the Seneca people! Does not every hunter in honor, and by the law of his religion, give all game a chance to fight for its life? But the Onondagas have stolen upon a Seneca village in the absence of its warriors, whose messengers were returned by us with a deceitful answer. Never will White Eagle go forth in such warfare, for surely the mighty sun, Kagagwa, cannot look upon it with favor."

Hunadanlu replied: "Thy words are well spoken, White Eagle, and thou art right in holding thy feet from the warpath. Thou must learn through long endurance to put thy best thoughts into actions. When thou hast learned this, the hearts of the people will trust thee."

After a silence White Eagle said: "Tisote, a

dark question often comes to the mind of White Eagle. Is not Hagwedaetga, the Evil Mind, sometimes triumphant? Surely his allies, the Evil Spirits, enter the souls of men to lead them to mischief! Who shall say that this war is not guided by Hagwedaetga?"

Then Hunadanlu said: "My Son, thou art foolish to question the power of the Great Ruler. Hagwedyu will always conquer because He draws His power from the sky-world, because He holds to Heaven. Forget not to help forward the work of Hagwedyu wherever thou goest, for men-beings are full of magic power when they do the work of the Good Mind."

The next day the quiet of Kanatagowa was rudely broken. The death wail sounded close to the village, "Koo-weh! Koo-weh! Koo-weh!" White Eagle heard it in the distant woodland and with swift feet hastened homeward. The body of an Onondaga scout had been found near the maize field. It was plain that he had been killed by a Seneca spy. This was proof enough that the enemy was lurking about them.

The people were dismayed, for their most trusted warrior had fallen — the warrior chosen by Atotarho to be the leader of the little band left to defend the village.

Thereafter, by day as well as by night, the gate of the triple palisade was closed, and every one who left the stockade was in danger. There was no safety now in forest or open; and when night

came, he who ventured from his doorway might be struck down in the darkness. But this danger made the people more courageous.

Hunadanlu called the men and youth together in council. First, they decided on the best means of guarding the village and securing provisions. The old men said that they would go out with the Boy Hunters and follow the tracks of Okwari, well fattened now for his long winter's sleep. The warriors and youth would scout the forest. At the danger signal, the people would hasten from stream and forest to the shelter of the enclosure. The men carefully looked over the stores of maize that were buried in caches. Then they spoke with doubt about the wood for winter. But Shawenis answered for the women. The women of Kana-tagowa were not cowards. Never would they hide in the village until the white snow filled the wood paths and covered the fuel.

The noble Shawenis held council with the matrons and maidens. They must go far to find enough wood to last through a long winter; quickly the strongest offered for that service. The store of meat would be small when the men returned for the feast of the New Year, for they were warriors now and not hunters. The nut trees must supply them with food. The boys of the village must follow Arosea, the squirrel, to the tree tops; with him they must gather a harvest of chestnuts. They must fill the bark barrels with the sweet hickory nut and the butternut; they

must find the hidden stores of the squirrel, and the winter's supply of the beaver. The women must grub for roots and gather a large supply of plants to make warm drinks, while the most experienced matrons must seek medicine plants for the healing of sickness.

In three days piles of wood were heaped in the enclosure, and every bark barrel was filled to overflowing. The braided seed maize hung along the rafters, and bunches of herbs filled the longhouse with fragrance.

Very thankful were the people at nightfall when they all gathered safely about the warm fireside and found that none of their number was missing. Pleasant to them was the light of Odjista, the fire, and pleasant the faces of kinsfolk gathered about it.

Then the autumn winds were unleashed, and the sky became dark and gloomy. They heard the distant growl of the North Wind as he ranged the desolate woodland; they heard his angry screams from the rocking treetops and at the corners of the longhouse. Then the cold rains descended in torrents.

But their stockade was strong, and the trench without it was deep and wide and soon the rain would fill it with water. Nevertheless, their hearts misgave them when they thought of their scouts hiding and watching in the cold rain of the storm-tossed forest; thought of their warriors exposed to hardships and dangers. The hearts of

the women were filled with silent remonstrance. Why should their old men expose themselves to the fatigues of the chase? Why should their children sleep with danger lurking about them? Why should their warriors leave their bodies dishonored and unburied in the land of the stranger?

Nevertheless, the hearts of the youth were impatient. They thought it hard to be kept at home with the women and the old men. They would redouble their war practice that they might follow Atotarho to honor and glory. The older boys of the village looked upon White Eagle with curious wonder. He had outdistanced all others in the hunting, and they could see that he was honored by the wisest of the village. But why did he avoid the warpath and stay at home with the women?

One cold night Ty-o-kar-as, the darkness, crept close to the village and wrapped it in his thickest mantle. Sleep closed the eyes of the people; closed the bright eyes of the children and silenced their laughter; closed the shining eyes of maidens and hushed the music of their voices; closed the kind eyes of the mothers and quieted their fingers; and very softly closed the dim eyes of the aged and filled their minds with visions sent by the Great Ruler.

All at once a glow lighted the village and drove the darkness before it. Then a blaze broke from the longhouse on the east side of the village. Quickly it leaped to the roof and sent a glare over

the other houses. It lighted up the stockade and the distant wood's edge. Wild cries of terror broke the silence and awakened Kanatagowa. "The Senecas are on us!" The men seized their weapons; the women hurried forth with the children to hide them in the trenches. A longhouse of the Bear Clan was blazing!

White Eagle was the first to discover that there was no enemy to meet except the fire that was swiftly spreading destruction. Already the flames were shooting from every crevice of the longhouse and pouring through the smoke holes; then with a crash the roof fell, and a huge wall of flames arose, leaping toward the stockade and forking toward the nearer houses of the village.

In that moment of peril, White Eagle became possessed with the strength of ten warriors. With a shout he fell on the endangered stockade; pulling up the strong and deep-set stakes, he flung them far across the trench. At once every youth was working with him, and soon the stockade on the east side was levelled. Then White Eagle called to the people to bring their elm-bark vessels. From the rain-filled trenches they carried water and threw it high over the sides of the houses nearest the fire. The youths climbed the rafters and drenched the roofs with water.

It was White Eagle who suggested that scouts stand without the broken defenses lest lurking Senecas might surprise them. When the fire

began to die down, he was the first to put his hands to the rebuilding of the stockade.

In that night of danger, the people of Kanatagowa learned that in the youthful White Eagle they had a strong defender. Thereafter in the absence of the warriors, they would look to him as a leader.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE DREAM-FAST OF WHITE EAGLE

EARLY in the New Year many of the warriors returned to the village, and among them Ondiyaka. He looked on White Eagle with pleasure. The youth had grown in stature and fullness so that he stood equal in height with his father. He had changed in movement and action, and his face began to show the expression of manhood.

As he noted these changes, Ondiyaka said in his heart: "The time has come for the dream-fast of White Eagle. He is ready now to seek the favor of his clan spirit; he is ready to enter the life of manhood."

Ondiyaka had already spoken with White Eagle on the greatness of manhood. He had told him how it scorned every weakness, how it armed itself with alertness and action, how it strengthened itself with control of the body, how it followed the path of honor and the vision of high achievements, how it worshipped the Great Ruler. All this was the glory of manhood.

But now he began to speak to his son of the meaning of the dream-fast. He said: "Listen, Iyaha, my Son, well thou knowest that in sleep the soul is freest; in sleep it can hear the voices of good spirits. When thy body is purified and thy mind cleared by fasting, then thy soul will find its truest vision; then the sacred dream will come nigh thee that is sent by thy clan spirit. In that vision thou shalt find thy life's leading."

White Eagle listened to his father's words devoutly, and gladly he prepared for his dream-fast.

In the distant forest he knew of a mountain height overlooking wide stretches of country. There he hastened to build a lodge for his fasting. He built it of young saplings and covered it with branches of evergreen hemlock. Before it stood a tall pine tree, and below and far away through the distance stretched the unbroken forest that was touched with the fresh green of the spring-time.

The dream-fast before him was full of strange mystery. If need be, ten suns might pass above him in that fasting and ten long nights hold him in dreams. Three times must his clan spirit reveal his totem. If it were the deer, he would wind its soft skin about him to warn away the cold winds. If the bear, he would string its strong claws to wear round his neck. If the wolf, its white teeth should guard him from danger. If the beaver, he would wed the water. If the turtle, its shell should be his breastplate. If a bird, its wings should adorn him.¹

When the lodge was finished, he returned to the village. He entered the sweat house and carefully cleansed and purified his body. Then came Waundana and Shawenis, bringing new clothes to White Eagle. They brought the gaka or breechcloth, and the belt and moccasins. All

¹ *Iroquois Myths and Legends*, page 108.

were wrought by their hands and embroidered in the sun pattern.

The morning for his departure had come. At the door of the longhouse stood Waundana and Ondiyaka. With them was the aged friend of man, Hunadanlu, and the grandmother of White Eagle, the wise Shawenis; there, too, was his sister, the bright-eyed maiden Gawenneta. White Eagle approached them in quiet farewell; then they watched his form retreating toward the forest, saw it disappear within the forest. In their hearts they were saying: "Farewell to White Eagle. No more will the youthful White Eagle return to us; instead there will come the young man with the vision and purpose of manhood."

White Eagle believed firmly that his clan spirit was near him. All night he lay in the lonely pine lodge waiting and watching. With the coming of daylight he rose from his bed of pine boughs and turning his face toward the sun he thanked Hawenniyu, the Master of Life, and prayed for His guidance. Then he went to the brookside and drank freely of its clear water.

Each day he sought to do the work of Hagwedyu, the spirit of good, in making war on evil things. He killed poisonous serpents and dug up hurtful roots and plants and destroyed everything that was vicious and evil.

Daily the chiefs came to his lodge that they might be assured that all went well with his fasting.

As the days passed, his mind grew in clearness. He put away questions and doubting. He must listen and wait for the Word that would guide him through the years of his manhood. All night long the silent stars moved above him; all day the great sun looked upon him. Life, mysterious Yon-he, came closer, nearer. She spoke to him in the sighing of the pine trees; in the breathing of the forest; in the bird's song at the lodge entrance; in the wise, soft calls of the doe speaking to her young ones; in humble, creeping worms and insects that might be the Elf Folk. Truly, all good creatures were doing the work of the great Hawenni-yu, Master of Life. Truly the world was full of the wonder of Yonhe; full of the music and movement of life. And the broad trails of Yonhe on land and sea were wide enough for all living creatures from the least to the greatest.

Silently the days passed, but no dreams had come near White Eagle. On the fourth day when the chiefs came and shook the lodge poles, he answered as he had done each day before, "The clan spirit of White Eagle has not spoken."

On the fifth day, he lay on his couch in the weakness of fasting. On that day old questions and doubts like haunting spirits of evil assailed him. It was vain to fight against them, for with each battle they grew stronger and stronger until they filled his mind with denial and darkness. He was haunted by the face of the Cherokee cap-

tive whom he helped to torture in boyhood. He could see it gazing at him when the evening shadows gathered, see it flitting, pausing, growing nearer, the eyes still shining with the light of the Good Mind.

In vain White Eagle fought against this haunting phantom. At last it changed and became the face of Atotarho. The face of the war chieftain was dark and frowning; it looked in scorn and derision on White Eagle. It called him a coward who had hid himself among women.

In the evening he stood under the night sky. He was very weak and weary. His youthful dreams of ambition had departed. Like a broken child he stood there, and, speaking to the Great Ruler as to one who comes the nearest, he asked only for light and leading.

Suddenly he felt himself enfolded by a great presence, and in his soul a sacred voice was speaking.

In that moment all the shackles that had so grievously bound him fell from his freed spirit. In that moment all his questions stood answered. Then indeed he knew that all things have their being in Hawenniyu, the Master of Life.

That night in his dream, he stood at the lodge entrance. From the forest, myriads of voices were speaking as one voice and saying: "Behold the pine tree; pluck its branch and find its story."

All that sixth day he lay on his couch and listened to Ostaa, the pine tree, that spoke in a

voice soft and human. The good teachings of his childhood, the great traditions of his people, seemed to breathe from its branches in audible words — now in the low voice of his mother, now in the deep voice of the wise Hunadanlu, friend of man. And as he listened he seemed like one who understands for the first time.

When the chiefs came and shook the lodge poles, White Eagle replied, "Once has my clan spirit spoken."

On the seventh night as he slept, he heard again the sacred voice speaking clearly. It said, "In Ostaa, the pine tree, is thy life's promise and leading; pluck its branch and read its story."

When White Eagle awoke, the sky was red with dawn. He was filled with new purpose and strength. Gladly he rose and thanked the Great Ruler. Then he stepped to the lodge door and stretching forth his hand to the pine tree, broke a small twig that might be the sacred sign of his life's leading. As he plucked that branch of the white pine, a single group of its needles dropped downward. He stooped to pick them up. He looked at them a moment. Then in joy and wonder he read in them the promise of his dream-fast. For the needles of Ostaa, were firmly bound together in clusters of five. Eagerly White Eagle scanned the branch that he held. Everywhere were five needles bound firmly together; everywhere on the ground the five united needles had fallen.

Then the clan spirit of White Eagle whispered: "Here is the symbol of the five tribes of the Real Men, and the promise of their union. Each pine leaf stands for a tribe, and the union of the five is the sign of the bond which the Great Wisdom sees between the Real Men."

That day when the chiefs came and shook the lodge pole, White Eagle replied in a clear voice: "Twice has my clan spirit spoken."

Again that night White Eagle heard the voice of his clan spirit. This time it spoke from the pine tree. It said, "In Ostaa, behold the sign of thy work and its promise."

White Eagle awoke as one who goes forth to meet a great future. He stood at the doorway and thanked the Great Ruler. Then he looked on the pine tree, saying: "Surely the clan spirit of White Eagle has spoken in the voice of Ostaa, the pine tree. Surely it has shown White Eagle the symbol of his life's endeavor. Surely it has placed on White Eagle the great work of uniting the tribes of the Real Men!"

That day when the chiefs shook the lodge poles, White Eagle spoke: "Three times has my clan spirit revealed himself in the sacred emblem of the pine tree. Yet will I linger one day more for teaching."

On the eighth day White Eagle returned to the village. He came as one who walks in freedom, and his face was uplifted and shining.

Then Hunadanlu said: "He has sought his



“In joy and wonder he read . . . the promise of
his dream-fast”

own mind and found it, he has found the mind of his manhood. In his soul a word has been spoken. Let him be called Hiawatha, he who finds his lost mind close beside him."

So Hiawatha returned to his people, bearing on his bosom the sacred symbol of his life's endeavor, the sacred promise of the uniting of the Real Men. Thus he received the name that would be beloved by the Real Men so long as wood grows and water runs on the broad island of Ataensic.

PART TWO

Defending the Homeland



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE PLANTING FESTIVAL

JUST before dawn of the first day of planting, while yet the village slept, came the blessing of the fields. Out of the longhouse of the Wolf Clan, stepped the maiden Wa-nut-ha. She was dressed in new garments; her long hair was fastened by a band worked in blue and red and yellow.

The strong, fresh air of the morning was blowing upward from the Gasunto. It brought with it the freshness of the forest and the fragrance of bursting leaf buds. Already the darkness was touched with the mystery of dawn. Wanutha paused and lifted her face toward the east where was glowing the dawn star, the lovely Star Woman whose touch lighted the council fire of Kagagwa. As she stood there the maiden silently prayed for the blessing of the Great Ruler. Then in reverent awe she took her way to the freshly plowed open.

Well Wanutha knew that O-na-ta, the corn spirit, was abroad in her maize fields. As she went forward in the pale dawn-light, the maiden felt sure that the glorious Onata was walking through her fields. Was not Onata standing there at the west edge of the open, her maize garments all rosy with the glow of the east sky? Surely the eyes of Onata were gazing on Wanutha! She could feel their soft shining from the distance like stars reflected in night waters.

But when the morning light grew clearer, the rosy shining of Onata's garments had faded and Wanutha stood alone in the silent open.

Slowly the maiden encircled the fields with her footsteps. As she went forward she scattered the first grains of the maize seed and prayed to Onata, the corn spirit, to bless the fields of the people.

While Wanutha was sprinkling the earth with the first maize seed, Hiawatha and Sosondoweh met in the dawn-light to make the vow of friendship. Together they stood at the edge of the forest ready to take on themselves the bond that should never be loosed so long as they both trod Yo-an-ja, the life-giving earth.

For a few moments they stood looking toward the east sky; then with hands united they spoke the sacred words of promise: "I will be to thee a faithful friend and comrade. In difficulty and danger, I will aid thee; in sorrow I will comfort thee; in death by battle I will not forsake thy body; always I will guard thine honor, and, if need come, I will avenge it with my life."

After that pledge was given, both stood in silence until they saw Kagagwa, the great sun warrior, lift his head in the east. Then without words, they parted.

Hiawatha turned into the forest. Once he looked back to see Sosondoweh. His friend had disappeared in the village; but, coming up from the maize fields, he saw a shining maiden in

beautiful garments. Her face was all alight with the rosy glow of morning. Like the spirit of dawn, she was clothed in the glorious brightness of Kagagwa. For a moment Hiawatha looked on her as if he were seeing a blessed vision; then he whispered, "It is Wanutha, who returns from blessing the maize field." As he turned to the forest, his heart rebuked him because he had dared look on the maiden who was performing the first sacred rite of the Planting Festival. But never through all the years of his life did that vision of Wanutha forsake Hiawatha.

An hour later, the fields were flooded with the friendly sunlight. Then the women went forth to the open, and gladly they planted the fields whose harvest should sustain the lives of their children. As they worked, they saw Gaga, the crow, looking on with curious interest. Surely the wise Gaga knew what they were doing. Ages ago he had winged his way from the sun, bringing the first kernels of maize to Hagwedyu, spirit of good, that he might plant them above the grave of Ataensic, his mother.

A few days later the ordered fields had all been filled with the precious maize seed. Then came the Planting Festival, when the people assembled to ask the blessing of Hawennyu, the Great Ruler, on the seed which they had placed in the earth.

From their most precious stores, the clan mothers prepared the choicest food for the fes-

tival. In the early morning the people assembled in the place of council, for their Fathers had taught them that the first part of the day is sacred to the Great Ruler. Dressed in their newest garments, they came forth from the doors of the long bark lodges — the men and the youths, the matrons and maidens and children — in all the village there was no one absent. The maiden, Wanutha, led her aged grandmother, Nogondih. Very slowly they walked, for the grandmother was bent and blind. As they moved onward, Nogondih received many kindly greetings, and these she answered speaking the name of the one who addressed her. For Ohanta, the ear, had learned to do many things better for Nogondih since the light of the eye had failed her.

When the people were gathered in the place of council, the men on one side, the women and children on the other, the well-loved Hunadanlu addressed them. He said: "Radixaa, my Children, the eyes of the Great Ruler follow your footsteps. He looks on your good deeds with pleasure and though many moons pass, He remembers to reward them. Ye shall be kind to the evil as well as the good, for this is the will of the Great Wisdom. Ye shall drive from your hearts all enmity that lurks there, lest the bitter spirit of revenge awaken among you and follow you without sleeping. Radixaa, my Children, continue to listen. Ye who strive to be numbered

with the great of the Real Men must live in love with each other. Ye shall do justice to all. In the longhouse or forest, on the hunting path or in council, as ye meet with the warriors or women or with the little children, ye shall be upright in the smallest action; for this is pleasing to the watchful eyes of Hawennyu, the Great Wisdom."

The people listened to these words with silent attention, and even while they listened they put away evil thoughts so that they might truly please the Master of Life.

And now the moment had come when a band of young men should stand before the people in worship. With reverent interest the people awaited the great feather dance of the Iroquois. Soon the band of dancers appeared in full dress, led by Hiawatha; one following the other, they entered the circle. Their movements, slow and stately, following each other in rhythmical order, imaged in action the worship of the Great Ruler.

As they gave one figure, and then another, of the great dance of their people, the dancers fixed their thoughts on the words chanted by the singers. While the singers repeated the great prayer of the Men of Men, the dancers pictured it in action.

"We thank our Mother, the Earth, for the grasses, flowers and shrubs that cover her bosom; for the precious seeds that give promise of har-

vest. We thank the rivers and streams that supply life and comfort to the soil; we thank the herbs and plants of the earth, and the fruit-bearing bushes and trees. We thank the winds for their purifying power, and we thank Heno, the thunderer, who sends rain on the earth. We thank the moon and stars that give light while the sun rests, and we thank the sun for his beneficent eyes that look on the earth, regulate the seasons, and watch for the comfort of men. We thank the Great Creator who is the source of our health and life. We are grateful for the Ho-no-che-no-kee, our invisible helpers, the servants of the Great Ruler. We thank the Master of Life for the wisdom that guides to truth; we implore Him to keep us from evil ways so that the sun will not hide his face and leave us in darkness."

This day the feather dance came with new meaning, for the people had been long oppressed with the fears and cares brought by warfare. It gladdened the hearts of the aged men and women to see their strongest young men come before them dressed in new garments, their action no longer telling the story of warfare but picturing thanksgiving and worship.

Many of the people spoke in hushed voices of the name and totem of Hiawatha. The wisest among them said, "It is a totem of good omen. Always has the tree been sacred to the Real Men because in the beginning its roots pointed the earth-way to the Sky Mother.

That night beside the silent maize fields Hunadanlu stood and looked across the dark earth where were hidden the precious seeds that would give bread to the people. He, too, was thinking on Hiawatha's totem, the united five needles of the pine tree. The old man's heart rejoiced, for he perceived that the clan spirit of Hiawatha had confirmed the promise given in vision at the birth-time of the little White Eagle. For that day Hiawatha had revealed to Hunadanlu, the keeper of the faith, the hidden meaning of the pine-tree totem; he had told Hunadanlu of the great work that had been enjoined with the gift of that totem.

Hunadanlu was thankful, for he read in this symbol of the united pine needles the fulfillment of the dream promise sent at the birth of White Eagle. When the united five tribes sat down together in council, would there not be a peace smoke that should cover the broad island of Ataensic?

But in that hour a foreboding arose in the mind of the far-seeing Hunadanlu. In that future work would not Hiawatha find in Atotarho a powerful opponent? Surely the ambitious war chieftain would never consent to a peace alliance between the five tribes of the Real Men, unless it were achieved through conquest! Then a sudden question arose in the mind of Hunadanlu: "Could it be that Atotarho was the bird of darkness that had harried and driven the White Eagle of his dreams?"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE DEFENSE OF KANATAGOWA

THE demands of war had been heavy. The planting season found the food supply of the Onondagas so far reduced that it was cause for apprehension to the elders of the people. The store of dried meat and fish was exhausted; and so long as the hunters and fishers were kept on the warpath, there was small prospect of its renewal.

Game was becoming scarce about Kanatagowa, and the hunting and fishing done by those who remained at home was barely sufficient to meet the daily wants of the people. Worst of all, the large supply of maize that had been laid up during the peace period was exhausted by the demands of the warriors for parched corn, and by the need, in the absence of meat, of an almost exclusive maize diet for the women and children.

Already there was discontent among the women; for they saw that their children were beginning to sicken for lack of suitable food, while they knew that for the same cause their own strength was waning.

The discontent of the home people was well known to Atotarho. He knew also that the peace party was daily growing stronger and his power to continue the war more uncertain. The plans of the war chieftain were thwarted most often by the Turtle Clan, that always led the peace party. There was a new threat of danger to his warlike

ambition in the fact that Ondiyaka, the powerful Wolf chieftain, had lately taken a stand against the Seneca war. Atotarho was not slow to see that one cause for this change lay in the influence of Hiawatha. The young man's open withdrawal from war had drawn marked attention, while his undoubted courage and devotion to the people had won him universal trust and honor.

In his heart, Atotarho believed that another successful invasion of the Seneca land would compel the Senecas to seek peace with the Onondagas. But he feared that the demand for the closing of the war might come first from his own people. For this reason he eagerly awaited a pretext for again invading the enemy's country. This was not long in coming.

In the fawn moon, when the blades of corn were a span high, a runner entered Kanatagowa to report that the whole body of Seneca warriors had moved westward toward the country of the Eries.

At once a council assembled. The most forcible speakers of the war party urged that the enemy's movement was probably a ruse to deceive the Onondagas. The people must prepare for an immediate invasion.

After his elders had finished, Atotarho arose, and his speech was short and decisive.

"Brothers, if the Senecas are on the warpath against us, we must be quick to call our warriors together and meet them before they have time to

surprise us. If, however, the foe is invading some tribe to the westward, it is the moment for the Onondagas to strike a decisive blow. In either case our warriors must assemble and descend like a forest fire on the land of the Great Hill People. Naho. I have spoken."

This speech was received with shouts of approval from most of the warriors.

Immediately the swiftest runners were sent to summon the other villages of the Onondagas and to ask the Oneidas and Mohawks to join. The Onondaga war party was speedily ready.

While Atotarho was eager to take the offensive and surprise the principal towns of the Senecas, he was secretly uneasy for the safety of the Onondaga country. No fresh news of the enemy's movements had reached him. He suspected that the foe might then be on Skanodario. He knew that if the Senecas were bent on an invasion, they would spare no trouble in eluding his scouts. Yet so great was his faith in his system of scouting, that he did not believe that the enemy could move eastward on land or water, without his receiving a warning. So Atotarho determined to move at once toward the enemy's country, marching slowly at first until he was certain of the foe's position. At Kanatagowa he left four of his best runners. Should danger threaten the home country, they would bring him swift warning.

With the departure of the war party, an ominous silence settled on Kanatagowa. The

elders talked together in council. With the chance of approaching danger, the people had need of a trusty defender and leader; with a single impulse they turned to Hiawatha.

At once Hiawatha assembled the men and boys. He arranged a signal that should instantly call them together, and he sent the best trained of the youth to scout the country northward. He gave strict orders for the women and children to remain within easy reach of the village. He looked at the scant supply of arrows left by the warriors and ordered every man who could use the bone flaker to begin the work of making arrows. There was a small spring within the enclosure. Nevertheless, he ordered the fullest supply of water to be brought from the river. Then he moved about the stockade and examined it closely. A steep bank on three sides of the village gave a natural protection. An attack would surely be made from the side nearest the forest. The women and children brought stones which the men piled into a breastwork on the forest side of the stockade. From the river they brought the canoes and placed them on top of this stone wall to make it higher.

Hiawatha sent Daweyongo, the most sagacious of the younger scouts, to a wooded and rocky height that commanded a distant view of the Oswego. This was the same Daweyongo, sworn friend of the exiled Aodogweh, who had broken the skull of one of the great bears that

the Boy Foxes slew. Swiftly and noiselessly, Daweyongo ran through the forest, reaching the point just as the first light of Kagagwa reddened the east sky. The young warrior inspected the place, and his resolve was soon taken. He would be taught by the snake, the wily Saista. Cautiously he took a position that, at a distance, made his body indistinguishable among the gnarled and broken trees.

His watching was long and weary. Slowly Kagagwa crossed the heavens, while Daweyongo patiently held his place. All the next sun, his watching was continued. On the morning of the third sun, Daweyongo's keen eyes saw a dark object move down the shining waters of the distant Oswego. It was followed by another and another.

Three times, at short intervals, Daweyongo sounded the danger call. He heard it taken up by a distant voice, and then by another still more distant. Soon the call was repeated close to Kanatagowa, "Kwa-ah, Kwa-ah, Kwa-ah!"

At that signal, Hiawatha sent out the four runners. They ran two by two, and each pair took a different course. They were to warn Ato-tarho of the peril of the village. And now from every side the danger signal sounded. From open and forest the people hurried into the enclosure.

Hiawatha placed the men and boys behind the stone breastwork. He said, "No arrow is to be



“He took a position that, at a distance, made his body indistinguishable among the gnarled and broken trees”

wasted. The shooting must begin and end at my signal." The women hurried to hide their young children. Soon the village appeared deserted.

Hardly were these preparations completed, when a deafening war cry sounded from the forest, and a band of Senecas broke from the wood's edge and advanced swiftly on the village. As they neared the palisade they were met by a shower of arrows that checked them. They pressed forward to the stockade and vainly attempted to scale it. The triple wall of strong stakes was firm, and the arrows bit them as they struggled to destroy it.

Almost immediately the foe fell back to the forest. There was a long-continued silence. Suddenly the enemy advanced again from the wood's edge. This time they were bearing their canoes before them as shields. When the Senecas reached the stockade, the defenders saw the gleam of blazing torches. Each enemy warrior, aiming with precision, hurled a torch of blazing pitch at the roof of a longhouse.

At once the women and children became warriors. Boys and girls nimbly ran to the roofs like squirrels and threw down the burning torches, while the women brought water to drench the tops of the bark houses. Meanwhile Hiawatha and his best bowmen sent their arrows wherever the enemy was uncovered.

Fearing that the supply of water would be

exhausted, Hiawatha ordered the women not to throw it unless a fire was started. The warning was timely. Unobserved a burning torch had fallen at the side of a bark house; in a moment the flames leaped upward. Short and sharp was the battle. The women threw large mats over the fire, drenching all with water from their elm-bark vessels. Soon the fire was extinguished, but the water supply was exhausted.

Well indeed it was for Onondaga that the enemy did not perceive this new peril of the defenders. When the Senecas had used all their torches, they abandoned the attempt to burn the village.

Then the shooting was resumed with great precision. Many of the defenders were wounded, but some of these plucked out the arrows and continued to do battle.

The sun was at the highest point of the heavens when the attack began. As the hours passed, the foe became more furious. Within the stockade the supply of arrows was becoming smaller and smaller; and now, between the attacks, each man seized his bone flaker and hastily chipped an arrow.

The sun had touched the western tree tops, when the wearied defenders of Kanatagowa heard a warning call from the forest. Instantly the Senecas withdrew, carrying their fallen with them. But before they left the open, they descended on the maize fields, swiftly uprooting the young corn and leaving ruin behind them.

Hiawatha, standing among the people, uttered a cry of dismay when he saw that attack on the precious maize fields. Their enemy had found a way sorely to afflict the village.

Soon a silence fell along the wood's edge. A half hour later the whole force of Onondaga warriors appeared before Kanatagowa.

Atotarho's face was dark and ireful when he found that the foe had eluded his war party. But it was still darker when he learned that the stronghold of the Onondagas had been saved by the sagacious courage of his youthful rival, Hiawatha, who by that act had won the right to wear the heron feather and to be numbered with the most trusted warriors.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE DEATH OF ONDIYAKA

WHEN the war party had departed, the clan mothers of the village turned their thoughts to the ruined fields. During the planting moon there had been little rain; and now, at the beginning of the fawn moon, the earth was dry and rainless. With sad apprehension the women of Kanatagowa carefully planted the last of the precious maize seed.

A week passed. One evening Waundana, mother of Hiawatha and Gawenneta, was sitting alone at the doorway of the longhouse; her eyes were turned toward the maize fields lying bare and black in the gathering twilight. Seven days before, Hiawatha, with a band of young hunters, had gone to the shores of Skanodario. This very sun two of the party had returned with news that the fishing had been fruitless and that there was little game in the forest. The deer that they had brought with them was thin in flesh. Waundana was oppressed by this new threat of famine. She was oppressed by heavy forebodings because of the ruined maize fields, and still more by the thought of Ondiyaka, her husband, on the distant war path. Ondiyaka disapproved of the Seneca war and spoke openly against it. How long would Atotarho brook such opposition?

As darkness gathered, Och-do-ah, the bat, suddenly flew from the pine tree and circled around her. Waundana started when she saw

the creature of ill omen. It disappeared, but only to reappear and come nearer. It flitted about her head and then darted back to the pine tree. Her heart beat loud as she waited. Again the thing of evil omen darted toward her; this time it circled about her head, and thrice its cold wings touched her forehead. After that it came no more.

Surely Waundana had received warning from the Elf Folk that foretold sudden and dire evil! Trembling with fear, she hurried to tell Hunadanlu.

When she had finished, the old man said: "Three times has Ochdoah touched your forehead with his evil wings. Some dark disaster approaches. I will pray the Great Ruler to send the Honochenokee, the invisible helpers, to guard thee."

The next day Hiawatha returned from the hunting, and in his strong presence Waundana forgot her misgivings. But as the sun was declining, the call of a runner sounded. Hiawatha, standing outside the stockade, saw an Onondaga enter the village to announce the return of the warriors. Soon the war party in full dress emerged from the forest. The men were led by Atotarho, who proudly displayed the scalps he had taken. A group of captives followed. At the end of the procession, a group of the Wolf Clan bore a dead chieftain. A sudden fear chilled the heart of Hiawatha. He hurried forward and

looked on the face of the dead. It was Ondiyaka, his father! Then above the shouts of victory there sounded a strong cry of anguish that startled the woodland; it was the wail of Hiawatha.

At midnight Hunadanlu, the friend of man, stood in the deserted place of council. He had questioned the men who had found the dead chieftain. He had learned that the Onondagas were returning and were less than an hour distant from Kanatagowa when last the Wolf chieftain was seen among them. Ondiyaka, full of vigor and the joy of home-coming, had run in advance of the others. All at once they had come on his body but lately fallen. A single arrow had pierced the brain. The scalp was untouched. In vain they had searched the forest; there was no sign of a foe.

The arrow that had struck Ondiyaka was given to Hunadanlu. The old man looked at it long and intently. The flint point was skillfully beveled at each edge so that the shaft would whirl in its flight. It was not like the Seneca arrows. The best arrow maker of the Bear Clan had made many like it. The friend of man was filled with deep misgiving. When he left the place of council he carried the fatal arrow with him. He hoped that it would be forgotten; that he could keep the arrow hidden from the clansmen of the dead chieftain.

The wailers had wept; the death song had been chanted; the war paint lined the strong face of

the dead Ondiyaka. He had been crowned with heron feathers, the Iroquois emblem of power. In his hands rested his flint scalping knife and war club; and, robed in rich deerskins, his dead body waited the sunrise.

When the sun reached the east sky, the people of the Wolf Clan appeared in a body as mourners. First came the sachems and chiefs; these were followed by the family of Ondiyaka and his kinsfolk. After them came the Turtle Clan; and, following in long procession, walked the warriors of the Bear Clan.

They wrapped the chieftain's body in the bark of the elm, and lowered it into the earth. Then the sachems and chiefs formed in a circle around the grave. Each in turn, beginning with the eldest, cast into it three handfuls of earth. The first in remembrance of the Great Ruler; the second of the sun, Kagagwa; the third of the Earth Mother, Yoanja. When the grave was filled, the eldest sachem placed at its head the deerhorns of the dead Ondiyaka, the emblem of his office. There they would remain until his successor was elected.

On the evening of that day, Hiawatha released a captured bird above the grave of Ondiyaka. For a moment the freed bird lay still in the open hands of Hiawatha, then it spread its wings and swept away toward the west sky, bearing with it the spirit of the dead Ondiyaka; bearing it toward the Sunset-Land of the Blessed.



“Hiawatha released a captured bird above the grave
of Ondiyaka”

As night fell, Hiawatha lighted a fire at the head of the grave of his father. All night Hiawatha sat there, and with him was his mother, Waundana, and his sister, Gawenneta. For nine nights that fire was kept burning, and those nearest the dead Ondiyaka watched beside it until daybreak. Not until the soul of Ondiyaka had arrived at the end of its journey was the sacred fire extinguished.

During the time that the grave fire was burning, the quiet eyes of Hunadanlu followed Hiawatha with a question. Would he guess the secret that was buried with Ondiyaka, the secret carried in the heart of the restless Atotarho? That question was quickly answered.

The first morning after the fire was extinguished on the grave of the Wolf chieftain, Hiawatha suddenly stood beside Hunadanlu and said:

“Tisote, I would see the arrow that brought death to my father.”

Without speaking, Hunadanlu drew the arrow from his quiver and placed it in the hand of Hiawatha. Carefully Hiawatha scanned it. Then he said, as if in answer to a question, “It was made in the Bear Clan. There are many like it in the quivers of its chieftains. Tisote, this arrow shall be worn on the breast of Hiawatha until he has avenged the death of his father.”

Hunadanlu said: “My Son, when that arrow struck Ondiyaka, there was no man to see it. On

whom would you avenge the death of your father?"

Brief was Hiawatha's answer. "My vengeance shall follow Atotarho."

Silently the old man turned and looked at Hiawatha, noted the height and strength of his figure, noted the tension of his muscles, and the signs of passion in his darkened face. Then he spoke: "Iyeaha, my Son, it is forbidden."

Quickly the answer came, "By whom is it forbidden?"

And Hunadanlu answered, "It is forbidden by the totem of Hiawatha."

After a moment the old man spoke again, "Never can Hiawatha stand for the union of the Real Men if he leads the Wolf Clan in vengeance against the Bear Clan; for the clan bond must be used to unite the Real Men, not to destroy them."

Silently the young warrior lifted the totem from his breast; it was a gorget on which the blind Ganiuska had carved a group of five united pine needles. Long and earnestly he gazed on it and then on the arrow. Again and again he looked from one to the other as if he were deciding between two difficult pathways. The passion slowly faded from his face that was now gravely resolute. With a decisive movement he returned the arrow to Hunadanlu and turned away without speaking.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE BLIGHT OF THE MAIZE FIELDS

AMONG the Seneca captives brought back by Atotarho, was the daughter of a chieftain. This maiden was given to Shawenis in place of a son who had long ago fallen. Shawenis spared the life of the Seneca girl, who, soon after the burial of Ondiyaka, was adopted and given the name of Ai-jah. Thereafter the maiden shared in the labor of the household and shared in all the privileges that belonged to a daughter of Shawenis.

Soon the ears of Aijah began to understand the Onondaga language; more slowly her lips learned to speak it. In that moon many words were uttered in the lodge of the Turtles, that had deep import for Aijah. For Hiawatha, with eloquent persuasion, was leading his clansmen to see that peace should be made with the Seneca people. He pointed to the empty maize caches and the exhausted meat stores and asked his clansmen a single question, "Where is the food to sustain warfare?"

Then the words of Hiawatha began to be repeated in every longhouse of the Turtles. Soon they had reached the Turtle Clan in every village of the Onondagas. At last the peace talk of the Turtles was whispered here and there in the clans of the Bear and Wolf and Beaver. Then, when the people of Onondaga saw that they were facing a famine, that peace talk became open.

But the warriors who shared the counsels of

Atotarho had been busy, and peace words were met by vehement demands for revenge. The war-loving among the Bears and Wolves began to make loud demand that the death of Ondiyaka be avenged on the Cayuga and Seneca peoples.

A council of the Onondaga tribe was called to meet at Kanatagowa. From near and far the people came. They threaded their way through the forests and along stream sides. They passed the sites of old towns standing lonely and silent in the midst of waste maize fields. The well-beaten trails that led into Kanatagowa from the east and south were filled with people. They came in companies, the old men and warriors and chieftains, the elder women, the mothers and maidens. There were young men and youth eager to watch and listen; there were those bent with the burdens of many winters; there were the little children running beside their mothers: for all came with equal right to the council of the Onondagas.

Ring without ring the great circle was ordered, the men and warriors on one side, the women on the other. There were rugged chiefs, active and stalwart and upright. There were the deep-lined faces of the elder men and women, who had traveled far toward the Land of the Sunset. There was the circle of women and maidens and children; there was the group of young men and strong warriors.

They were gathered in clans that fronted each

other. Foremost among the Bear Clan, sat the war chieftain Atotarho. Silent and haughty he sat there, his dark, handsome face marked by pride and genius. His eyes were watchful and restless; his hands were half closed. His every look and action showed a man whose counsels were dark and secret.

At the front of the clan of the Turtles sat its proud and fearless chieftain, Hosahaho, son of Shawenis. Beside him was Hunadanlu, friend of man, the father of the people, and the most beloved of the elders. His face was strong and gentle and filled at once with force and wisdom. The tall form of Hiawatha stood out among the Turtles, his head adorned with a heron feather that had been bestowed for his courage in the defense of Kanatagowa. A smoldering fire burned in the eyes of many of the Wolf Clan, showing that their thoughts were on vengeance.

After the council was opened the elders and leaders of the Wolf Clan called for a continuance of war to avenge the death of Ondiyaka. Their words found quick assent from the leaders of the war party. But the Turtle Clan stood unitedly for a cessation of warfare.

All this time Atotarho had been silent. Suddenly he rose and spoke in swift, decisive words: "Brothers, if the Onondagas would have peace they must win it by warfare. When the foe is conquered, Atotarho will bury the war club deep in the earth.

“Listen, my Brothers. The Senecas sit in their towns, and their thoughts are busy plotting war against the Onondagas. If they ask peace of the Onondagas, their tongues are crooked and speak words that are deceitful.

“Brothers, the Cayugas have fought with the Senecas in this warfare and still they are unpunished. Let the warriors of Onondaga descend on the Cayuga towns and teach them how the People of the Hills take vengeance. Let the Wolf Clan be avenged, and let the Cayugas learn to fear the power of Onondaga. In this way the Onondagas will make their victory complete and lasting, and this stain upon the Wolf Clan will be wiped away forever. Naho.”

The words of Atotarho brought instant response from the war party. The war spirit spread quickly from clan to clan until it seemed that the Snipe and Beaver were joining the strong lead of the Bears and Wolves.

At that moment Hosahaho arose from his place among the Turtles and began to speak at the request of the noble women, the Royaners of all Onondaga. The words were Hosahaho's but they carried the wishes of the Royaners.

“My Brothers, the women of Onondaga lament the losses suffered in this war by all the tribes of Real Men. Is there a warrior who has not lost a son, or a brother, or friend? How can you bear to behold the sorrows of widowed wives, or look on the bereaved mothers sitting at desolate,

empty firesides? No more will they watch for the happy return of their sons, no longer look forward to the proud return of the hunter laden with game to provide for their wants in the cold winter. Lonely and unprotected, they see the long pathway of age stretching before them. Cheerfully and willingly have they labored in rearing their sons to manhood. It is cruel to see these children of their labor grow up in strength and beauty only to fall victims to the rage of warfare, only to become the prey of a relentless foe.

“Listen, Brothers. The mothers of Onondaga have seen their sons go forth to be slaughtered in battle, to be put to death by slow torture, to languish far from their homes as hopeless captives. These things make their lives a burden and they shudder to have been mothers to such purpose.

“Brothers, as you love our people, turn your faces once more toward your homes. Forgive the wrongs you have suffered, lay aside your deadly weapons. On all sides there has been proof of surpassing courage. Each nation contending is high-minded and brave. In all honor the Onondagas and their allies can smoke the peace pipe with the Senecas and Cayugas.

“Brothers, continue to listen. Are not our maize fields parched, and the food stores of years of abundance exhausted by warfare? All the wide bark barrels are empty, all the deep-dug

caches uncovered; all the dried meat and fish have been eaten, and no longer the braided maize ears canopy the roof of the longhouse. Already our children suffer the pangs of hunger, and our hearts are sick when we think of the famine that awaits. What can save us from destruction if our hunters turn again to the warpath?"

When Hosahaho had finished, another spirit moved the people.

As the warriors looked on the faces of their women and children, their eyes were suddenly opened. Everywhere they saw the marks of labor and hunger and sorrow. They looked about the wide circle and saw the many empty places of warriors and young men. They remembered the leaders that once stood among them, whose voices were forever hushed in the council. They remembered with new apprehension the threat of famine and sickness; all this was the fruitage of warfare.

So it was that the counsel of the women prevailed, and for a time there was peace among the tribes of the Iroquois. The people turned with new hope to the daily labor, and all the busy round of life went on as in the undisturbed days of old.

Among the workers was Aijah the Seneca captive. The women of Kanatagowa came often now to learn of the maiden, for among them there was no one so deft of hand as Aijah. Her dyeing and porcupine embroidery were unsurpassed;

and never had such earthen jars been seen in all Onondaga as were shaped by the Seneca girl. Surely the invisible helpers had endowed her with magic!

Wide-eyed and filled with wonder, a group of women one day saw the shaping of a new decoration. At first there was the usual process. The quick, deft hands took the powder made of broken jars and mixed it with clay, kneading the mass until it was smooth and well tempered. Then, making a long coil of clay, Aijah shaped the bottom of her jar. Quickly and deftly the clay coils were joined and smoothed to an even surface. Round and round the coils went, widening slowly with the swelling curve of the growing vessel.

Toward the top, Aijah curved the jar upward and inward; then the rim was formed, curving outward and upward. Afterward the whole was smoothed to a good surface. The jar surpassed the work of the Onondagas in beauty of line. But what was the wonder of the onlookers, when, with a pointed stick, the youthful artist traced a graceful pattern about the rim save in one place that was left slightly roughened. Then in breathless admiration, they saw Aijah take a piece of clay and carefully shape it to the form of a human face. With a few deft movements, she pressed the clay face into the roughened space on the rim and joined the edges. Then with a



AWAY.

“Quickly and deftly the clay coils were joined and smoothed to an even surface”

slender bone, hooked at the end, this wonder worker smoothed and shaped the features.

A new impulse began to stir the art of the village. All the craftsmen, all the workers in clay and wood and stone, found increased pleasure in their labor, as into it they slowly brought lines of meaning and beauty suggested by the work of the Seneca captive. But this new interest was soon checked through the suffering brought by the rainless summer.

The warm moons passed and still the heavens were rainless. The women and children patiently carried water from the creek to the thirsty maize fields. Through the long days of summer they went forth at morning and evening, filling their elm-bark vessels many times and sprinkling the drooping corn, but the parched earth and thirsty air quickly drank up the water.

The earth panted and famished for water. The Fire Spirit descended on the thirsting mountains and valleys. It sucked dry the streams and springs. It scorched maize fields and forests. The night stars grew pale, and the earth became sick and faint. Where were the cooling breezes sent by Ga-oh, spirit of the winds? Why did Heno withhold his thunder? Surely the Fire Spirit was working desolation under the watchful sun, and Heno was powerless to help.

Then the weary people began to watch for the Dew Eagle. At the end of the long parched days, they waited his gracious coming. As they

watched at their doorways, resting from labor, they told the story of the Dew Eagle to their children:

“Far above the clouds is the home of the Dew Eagle. With his wide wings closed he watches Yoanja, the earth, sees the green of her forests, and the shining lines of vast watercourses.

“The Fire Spirit cannot elude the watchful care of the Dew Eagle; when the desolation of drought touches the broad bosom of Yoanja, the Earth Mother, his watchful eyes see it.

“Then he plumes for flight; he pushes the skies far apart and begins his slow descent to the earth. He obscures the sun with vast spreading wings that dip to the east and the west and fan gentle breezes.

“Out of the purple distance, out of the soft-brooding skies, the mighty Dew Eagle draws near the earth. From his lodge far beyond the west sky he comes. The people feel the cool air wafted from his slow wings as he nears them, bearing a lake of cool water between his broad shoulders.

“Now mist veils the sky as through his vast, gentle wings he sifts the dews down from his lake and scatters them far over the thirsting earth.

“The Fire Spirit flees. Through the long cool nights the parched earth bares her broad breast to the falling dews. Her lakes and springs are replenished, and the maize fields rise to new life.”

In the long twilight, when the forests were hushed about them, an old man would sometimes recall what his Fathers had foretold of the Dew Eagle:

“Listen, my Children. Long ago our Fathers foretold that at some day in the distant future, a huge bird with white plumage will come from the Sea at the Sun’s Rising. Flying with overwhelming power, he will battle with the Dew Eagle and kill him. Then the Real Men will no longer live in joy and freedom in their forests and opens, but they will wander far away in desert places. With the death of the Dew Eagle all the tribes of the Real Men will lose their wide hunting grounds forever. Our Fathers have seen it in vision and said it. Naho.”¹

¹ From *Myths and Legends of the New York State Iroquois*. (Adapted.)

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE LONG WINTER

SCANT and small was the harvest after that summer of drought. All the brightness and laughter disappeared from the maize picking. When the red "king ear" was found, the finder no longer looked for two ears in return from each of the harvesters. The unfilled ears with the wide spaces between the rows of kernels no longer were noted by matron or maid; nor was the promised reward for their finding expected. The ear that had all gone to cob no more provoked laughter; it was, alas, too frequent.

Deftly, but with hearts filled with misgiving, the women braided the best corn ears for the next year's seedtime. When this was done, there was little left for winter.

Through the long rains of late autumn, the women went farther and farther from the long-house, gathering herbs and grubbing for roots. Well they knew that the poorest gifts of field or open or stream side would make a precious store in the winter to follow. From early dawn until nightfall, the men plied the work of hunting and fishing. No effort was spared to secure a stock of dried meat and fish, for already there were signs of a hard winter.

The wind complained loud and long around the bark houses, and soon the earth was drenched by the cold rains of autumn. Over the swollen lakes and along the rivers, great flocks of birds

hurried southward,—hurried away from the land where the long winter would tarry.

Then Gaoh loosed the north wind, Okwari, the bear. In the stillness of the night they heard him coming through the forest; heard the roar of the woodlands as they bent beneath his onrushing breath; felt the fierce, cold breathing of Okwari through the thin walls of the bark house. Well the people knew that all that howling of the north wind, all that raging of the fierce bear, Okwari, was a threat of the winter to follow. When at the call of Gaoh, the north wind returned to his sky home, the earth was frozen and the rivers were ice-sheeted.

Then the sky was obscured by a gray mist that grew thicker and darkened the daylight. In the distance the growl of Dajoji, the panther, was heard from the woodland. Sullen and low at first, it grew nearer and fiercer; and rushing on from the west sky the tempests of winter descended. Day after day the snow fell, shutting the people in the longhouses, filling up the leaf-strewn forest, covering every trail and footpath, and blanketing the lakes and rivers.

When that long storm was ended, white and snowbeaten the bark houses lay half concealed in the drifts piled high above the doorways.

Dressed in warm leggings and mittens, the hunters in their snowshoes forced their way into the forest. Farther and farther they wandered through the deserted woodland, looking for the

welcome tracks of Skanondo. All the search was vain; not a footprint of life could they find in the desolate woodland. Empty-handed and sorely troubled they returned to the village. Then the people looked over their scant stores of dried flesh, looked into the half-empty bark barrels and began the long fight with famine.

At first they were cheered by the warmth and shelter of the fireside, where Odjista burned as brightly as ever. There was no complaining in the villages. Even the little children met hunger and pain in cheerful silence. The strong race-courage within the people arose in new strength to meet the long battle. The scant fare, carefully prepared, was cheerfully eaten. Every day the winter work on stone and bone, on skin and fur, was faithfully plied. At evening, the men and women gathered with the children for the well-loved story telling.

One day Hiawatha, ranging the trackless forest, came on a place where in the storm the deer had herded together. They were enclosed in a wall of snow that shut them in as surely as if it had been the stockade of a village. As the snow had drifted upon them, the frightened deer had trampled it down; but slowly the walls of their prison grew, and their thickness was beyond measure. When Skanondo tried to break through these snow banks he was smothered and overwhelmed. One by one, the starving prisoners perished; only the strongest were living when

Hiawatha found them. But even their poor flesh rejoiced the hungry people.

Shawenis was Clan Mother of the Turtles. Each day she saw to the cooking and divided the precious food among the firesides. Out of the store of herbs, she prepared warm drinks for the sick and aged. In all this work she was assisted by Waundana and by Aijah, the Seneca captive. Often Shawenis consulted with the wisest men and women concerning the food distribution. Hiawatha urged that the largest portion be given to the nursing mothers and the next largest to the young children and the aged. So the longhouse of the Turtles saved more of its children and aged than any other house of Kanatagowa.

As the warm blood coursed more feebly through their bodies, the people began to suffer from cold and sickness. Before midwinter had passed, many of the infants in arms had perished before the eyes of their mothers, who could no longer sustain them. Then many of the children sickened and faded, and with them the aged began to perish. Sometimes a young mother died, leaving her babe behind her. When they buried the mother they placed the young child on her bosom that it might be spared the suffering of slow starvation.

Never before had the sunshine that brought the promise of spring been so welcome. The New Year's feast, held at the end of winter, was kept with devoutness. The people dressed them-

selves with care, trying to cover from sight the deep marks of hunger; to conceal from each other the signs of grief and sickness. Should not the Real People prove themselves true children of the Great Ruler?

The offering for sin was made on the first day of the feast. On the second day the keepers of the faith went from house to house exhorting the people: "Prepare your houses; clear away rubbish; drive out all evil; lay your body sorrows aside, and bring your spirits with you to the place of worship."

Then the faith keepers lighted the first fires of the New Year in each house and appealed to the Great Ruler for a blessing on the household.

On the third day the people crowded the council house to hear the interpretation of dreams and witness the name-giving. Then Hunadanlu recited a dream that had come to him. He said:

"As the New Year Feast was approaching, Hunadanlu dreamed one night that he walked in the desolate woodlands. The birds lay dead on the snow. There were no tracks of Skanondo, the deer, or of Hotyone, the wolf. No sound broke the terrifying stillness. And Hunadanlu said in his dream, 'Behold life has departed from the earth. The forest is dead and its beauty has perished forever.'

"Even as Hunadanlu spoke, O-kah, the snow, melted before him, and a soft sound broke over the woodland; it was the sound of bursting leaf

buds. As he looked in wonder the trees put forth their leaves in haste and O-we-ha, the flower, breathed forth its fragrance. Then Hunadanlu awakened and his heart was full of contentment."

The dream interpreter said: "This vision is sent by the Great Ruler to comfort the hearts of his children. In this dream the Master of Life says, 'The Earth Mother is still filled with the power and beauty of life, of Yonhe; be thankful, for the earth will put forth her life in this New Year and bless you with abundance.'"

This vision of Hunadanlu gave new courage to the people.

It was in the lengthening days of springtime when the women and children were gathering the swelling buds of the forest for food, that the spirit of Hunadanlu departed. They found him lying dead one morning, as if he were peacefully sleeping.

In the first moment of their sorrow, men and women grieved like children. "We have lost thee, our Father," they said. "Thou who guarded us with tireless affection, even as a faithful mother watches in love over her children. Bravely thy spirit has cheered us in our long fight with famine; could it not stay a little longer to welcome the summer and the end of this bitter battle?"

Through nine long nights, Hiawatha watched by the grave of Hunadanlu, and fed the fire that lighted the spirit on its journey.

In those long nights, with the hush of the forest around him, Hiawatha's thought turned to the tribes of the Iroquois. His spirit shared their bitter griefs and heavy burdens. He knew well that in all their villages there was sore sickness and want; knew that all the Real Men were fighting grim famine together.

Thus died Hunadanlu, friend of man, in the springtime of the great famine. Over his grave a young pine tree was planted, that all who passed should know that they looked on the burial place of one of the greatest of the Real Men. According to the custom of the people, his name was given to another that it should not perish; but his spirit still lived in the child of his heart, Hiawatha.

As the days grew longer, messengers, spent and famished, entered Kanatagowa to bring the sad story of famine from the other towns of the Onondagas, and to say that all their seed corn had been eaten.

Then the chiefs and elders of the tribe met in council to consider how they might procure seed for the maize fields. They dared not venture to seek maize of the tribes at the south, who would surely treat them as foes. At the west, the Cayugas and Senecas were in the same need as themselves. At the north, the Adirondacks planted no maize. Plainly the only hope was to send to the Mohawks, who might have procured maize from the eastern Algonkins, or from the Dela-

wares to the southward who had not lately been engaged in warfare.

Two chieftains were appointed to go on this journey to the Mohawks. Four of the strongest young men went with them, and among these was Hiawatha.

The Mohawks had procured maize of their neighbors southward and eastward, and gladly they divided this store with their brothers of Onondaga. They even sent messengers to help carry the supply.

The next morning the little party turned homeward with thankful hearts, each man bearing a sack of precious maize seed.

One night when Tyokaras, the darkness, began to settle, Hiawatha sought the burial place of Hunadanlu. As he stood there, he could see in the dimness the many moss-covered grave mounds; scattered here and there among them were tiny mounds, the graves of little children: all these were the fruitage of the famine that follows warfare. In that hour Hiawatha understood clearly that the absent warriors had eaten the bread that belonged to the people. All these had perished because men counted the honors of warfare above all other honors.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE MARRIAGE OF HIAWATHA

THREE winters had passed since the great famine. All that time, faithful to the command of his clan spirit, Hiawatha had labored to strengthen the union of the tribes of the Real Men. Now that there was no war between them, he watchfully strove, as he met with the tribesmen, to increase good will and friendship among them.

Most of the young men were under the sway of Atotarho, who now led them against the Hurons. A few held with Hiawatha. Among them was Daweyongo, the Cayuga, who was by adoption the son of the blind Nogondih and the uncle of Wanutha.

Daweyongo had been given to Aijah, the Seneca maiden, in marriage; and this bond had strongly united the households of Shawenis and Nogondih.

One day Waundana, daughter of Shawenis and mother of Hiawatha, rested in the quiet of the wood's edge. Her mind was intent on a question that filled it. Three moons before, the blind Nogondih had asked for Hiawatha in marriage with Wanutha, her granddaughter.

In her heart Waundana said: "Surely the time has come when Hiawatha should be wedded. Surely Waundana owes him the freedom of manhood that he has earned as a hunter and warrior; owes him freedom from the service of his mother. The time has come when Waundana must be-

stow Hiawatha on some worthy maiden, one who through the winters of his life will faithfully comfort and serve him.

“This marriage with Wanutha will be seemly, for the maiden is descended from a line of great chieftains. Is not the blind Nogondih revered for her goodness and wisdom? Is not the valorous Daweyongo her son by adoption? Among the young men of Onondaga there is no other except Sosondoweh who stands so close to Hiawatha in friendship. Truly in the longhouse of the Wolf Clan, which was his father’s clan, Hiawatha already finds strong support and alliance.”

A robin began to sing just above the head of Waundana. At last its song reached her unheeding ears. As she listened she said: “Jis-ko-ko, thou art like the maiden Wanutha; ever busy, ever cheerful, she is a faithful worker in open and forest. In the cold moons when the people see her going lightly about the village on errands of cheer, they call her ‘Snow Bird.’ In the seasons of sugar making and berry picking, she is one of the merriest maidens.

“In all the village there is no better ordered fireplace than that of the blind Nogondih. It is never choked with ashes, never littered with waste from the cooking. Clean and bare, the earth about it is always well swept; the well-braided mats are laid in order; and the bear skins on the couches are fresh and shining. The walls are hung with skill; the earthen jars and bark dishes,



“They call her ‘Snow Bird’”

the stone knives and horn spoons, stand in their places. The snowshoes, the fishing tackle and the weapons, are hung in order. All this is the work of Wanutha.

“Full of home ways is the maiden. She is low-voiced and cheerful and light-footed. Faithfully she watches over Nogondih and cheers her blindness. Such a maiden will make a good mother.”

The next day, as the aged Nogondih sat by her fireside in the longhouse of the Wolf Clan, she heard the soft tread of moccasined footsteps, and a well-known voice speaking in greeting.

At once she responded: “Waundana, thou art welcome. The fireside of Nogondih is brightened by your presence.”

Then the aged woman brought to her guest a small bowl of hulled corn sprinkled with maple sugar.

Waundana thanked her, and, lifting the polished spoon of horn to her lips, she praised the delicate dish before her.

After this, the two women began to speak of the great matter between them. Again Nogondih praised Hiawatha.

“The eyes of Nogondih are sightless, but she has heard from the lips of many with what honor Hiawatha wears the heron feather; she has heard of his skill as a hunter; she has heard his voice in the council, and his words are full of wisdom.”

Nogondih paused and turned her sightless eyes

toward the passage, toward the distant corners of the sleeping-benches as if to assure herself that her words could be heard by no other. Then, turning to Waundana, she spoke in low tones of apprehension:

“Nogondih will not hide from Waundana that in one matter she looks on Hiawatha with misgiving. Since the day of his dream-fast, Hiawatha has spoken to many against the wars of our people. Truly his words are wise and spoken with courage; but do they not reach the ears of the powerful war chieftain? Does not Atotarho hear the slightest word, though it be spoken at a distance? Do not Atotarho’s opponents fall in strange and lonely places, struck down by hidden foes who leave no footmark behind them? Strong is Hiawatha, and strong is the clan of the Turtle in vengeance; but Atotarho kills at a distance, and who can take vengeance on a foe that he knows not? Nogondih is aged and sightless. Her feet are already turned toward the Land of the Sunset, but before her departure she would shield the child of her heart from future sorrow and mourning.”

Then answered Waundana: “Nogondih has spoken truly. Yet is the heart of Waundana content when she hears the voice of her son speaking courageous words against this deadly warfare between the tribes of the Real Men. If, because of this, Hiawatha falls before the vengeance of Atotarho, shall he not die covered with honor?”

A quiver passed over the aged face of Nogondih as she listened, but with a steady voice she answered: "Waundana shames the fears of Nogondih. Wanutha, too, is truthful and courageous; she is worthy to be the wife of the fearless Hiawatha."

A few days later Waundana met Hiawatha at the wood's edge, as he returned from the hunting. In a few words she told him of the choice of Nogondih. A long silence followed. Both of them knew that soon their long work together would be ended. No more could Hiawatha bring the trophies of his hunting to the longhouse of the Turtle. Another fireside would receive them. Other hands than his mother's would shape his moccasins and string his snowshoes; other hands would receive the game at the wood's edge.

Nevertheless, the heart of Hiawatha was in glad tumult as he listened; but when he spoke, his voice was quiet and his manner grave. "Iste-aha, my Mother, I obey thee." So saying he turned back to the silence of the forest.

That evening the aged Nogondih set down the steaming bowl of hulled corn brought to her by Wanutha. Lifting her hands to her grandchild's face, the aged woman lightly followed its lines with her fingers, as if she would gather a picture to remember. Then, in a voice that trembled a little, Nogondih told the maiden that she had been promised to Hiawatha in marriage. "With Hiawatha will Nogondih divide the service of thy

busy hands, the service of thy willing feet. With Hiawatha will she share thy faithful affection."

The next day the betrothal visit was made. From the doorway of the longhouse of the Wolf Clan, came Wanutha dressed in fresh garments and bearing in her hands the maize loaves. With her walked a group of maidens. In ordered procession they entered the house of the Turtle and paused at the fireside of Waundana. From the hands of Wanutha, the mother of Hiawatha received the loaves of bread, the maiden's silent promise of obedience and service to her husband. Then Waundana bestowed on the maiden a bowl of venison. It was Hiawatha's pledge of faithful care and service.

Two moons later, Wanutha and Hiawatha stood together in the longhouse of the Wolf Clan.

About them were gathered their nearest friends and kinsmen. There was the Turtle chieftain, Hosahaho, with his mother, Shawenis; there were Waundana and Hiawatha's sister, Gawenneta; there too, were Daweyongo and Aijah with the blind Nogondih.

One and then another addressed the betrothed ones, speaking words of exhortation. The wisdom of long patience and kindness and forgiveness, the watching care and service that make the home a friendly refuge, the cheerfulness and contentment that please the Great Ruler, — all these things were spoken of. When the last kindly word of love and wisdom was uttered, the

two braids of Wanutha's hair were united into one braid, in sign of the marriage.

Thereafter, Wanutha went daily to the fireside of Waundana. Very often she brought a rich gift of venison, for she felt that the mother of Hiawatha would most gladly eat the meat that her son had provided. When the maize fields were harvested, Wanutha worked there with Waundana; when the wood for the winter was provided, she gathered for Waundana. So she made return beyond requirement in the wealth of field and forest; and her service was requited in the faithful affection of Waundana.

During the glowing days of autumn, Hiawatha brought to the fireside of Nogondih a rich store of game; enough to provide for the cold moons when the hunters were absent; enough to make the aged Nogondih rich in skins and furs for the winter.

Daily the careful thought of Wanutha provided her husband with food. Shyly she brought her first gift of embroidered moccasins, and later bestowed the handsome winter garments and leggings of deerskin. Hiawatha came to Wanutha when the frames of his winter snowshoes were made, to ask her to string them. To her he brought the broken strap that held his quiver of arrows. Through the homely demands of labor, their hearts turned to each other in love and affection.

In late November, Atotarho, restless and

gloomy, formed a war party to invade the Cherokee country. Hiawatha knew well that the Onondagas scarcely looked on the descent into the Cherokee country as warfare; to them it was playing at warfare. He sat in the circle of young warriors and saw one after another of the peace party spring forward and strike the war post until at last he was left alone, for every other young man enlisted.

Handsome in paint and war dress, the young men and warriors recited their deeds of valor, and with ringing battle cries took the warpath to the southward. The women followed them into the forest, carrying food for the journey and the sober garments of service, and bringing back to the village the rich headdresses and costly war garments.

Outwardly Hiawatha remained calm and impassive; nevertheless he was inwardly dismayed to see the peace party so easily go to pieces. He knew well that the appetite for war would be bred in that foray; knew that the young warriors who returned with their belts fringed with Cherokee scalplocks would be loath to keep their feet from the Seneca war trail.

The next morning at dawn Hiawatha stood at his doorway ready for hunting, watching the approach of Wanutha. In his heart he was saying, "How will she look on a young husband who avoids the glory of the warpath and tamely stays at home with the boys and the old men?" His

doubts were soon answered. Never before had her footsteps been so quick; never before had he seen her eyes so full of gladness. With the accustomed words of greeting, she gave him the food that was carefully prepared for his journey. But a swift and silent message was borne to the heart of Hiawatha: "Wanutha, thy wife, asks thee not to win glory and spoils in warfare. Her heart bids thee stay in the service of the people."

Light-footed, Hiawatha turned to the solitary hunting. In the great purpose of his life, in the sacred pledge of his dream-fast he was assured of the approval of Wanutha! As he moved swiftly through the awakening woodland, his heart poured forth a silent song of thanksgiving. Bright dreams of the future filled his thought; easy to him seemed the great task to which he was promised. His heart sang in praise to Hawen-niyu, the Master of Life, who had so richly crowned him with blessings.

That night darkness had descended through the woodland when Hiawatha reached the village, carrying a deer on his shoulders. He saw a dark figure running toward him from the wood's edge. Then in the fading light, he saw Wanutha and heard her say, "Neaweh, I am thankful! Long has Wanutha watched for thy coming."

From that day Hiawatha felt that the careful love and thought of Wanutha followed him in all his undertakings. Her quick intuition divined the dangers that beset him, and her ready



“They walked beneath the towering trees that encircled the camp”

courage and forethought tirelessly guarded his footsteps.

The hunting moon came. There was unwonted stir in the village, for the hunters were departing for the winter camp. Among the women who were going was Wanutha. In the burden frame that she carried, wrapped in a strong rug of bear-skin, were bark bowls and horn spoons, knives of wood and stone, and a jar for cooking; also braided mats and a skein of stout thread with a good bone awl and needle.

For three days the hunting party traveled southward. For the first time Wanutha saw the vast southern forests of her people; saw their far-stretching lakes, and looked on places famous in the legends of the Onondagas. The blood in her strong young body flowed quick and warm; the spirit within her rejoiced. As the days passed, she became the natural leader of the women. Her busy hands were ever ready to help another with a burden. Her mind was quick to seize on the best device, the readiest way of meeting the demands of the journey; and her warm, courageous heart overflowed with the spirit of comradeship.

On the afternoon of the third sun, they reached their southern camping ground. At once all set to work. The men cleared the drifting snow and leaves away from the bark houses, and made them secure and ready. The women gathered the brushwood and made fires; they filled the stone

jars with water, and dressed and cooked the venison for supper.

Game was abundant, and the days at the camp were filled with busy labor. The evenings were spent with story-telling beside the crackling fire.

The best portions of venison were fastened on pointed sticks to dry before the fire. This would make the store of dried meat to take to Kanatagowa. Skins and furs were carefully dried and prepared to be carried back to the village. In all that abundance nothing was wasted.

In a small lodge was the fire of Wanutha. Its cheerful blaze welcomed Hiawatha at night when the hunters returned from the forest. When the story-telling had ended, and quiet settled on the lodges, Hiawatha and Wanutha lingered at the warm blaze to speak of the day's work or the plans for tomorrow. Or, drawn by the beauty of the grandmother moon, they walked beneath the towering trees that encircled the camp. With quick insight Wanutha divined the aims of Hiawatha; caught his spirit of wise forethought and care for the people; felt with deep joy the glow of his faith in the future, the devoutness of his purpose. Thereafter the cause of Hiawatha was tirelessly defended by the courage of Wanutha, so that he often playfully called her, "Ya-e-wa-no, She-Watches-Over-Us."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE RAISING-UP OF HIAWATHA

SEVEN winters had passed since the great famine. The Onondagas had been blessed with abundance. Many young children were growing up among them, and again their longhouses echoed with happy voices.

For a brief space the Men of Men had ceased to war on each other, but they were more than ever in awe of Atotarho. He was savagely morose and sullen; he was strangely inaccessible and solitary, even when people were all about him. The warriors dreaded to approach him, and the women feared to cross his pathway.

There were some who whispered that the powerful war chieftain was possessed by an evil spirit. They recalled a time before the death of Ondiyaka when a great change had come upon Atotarho. They told the story thus:

“It was in the summer before the great drought. Atotarho, armed for hunting, had gone alone to the forest. Some of the people had seen him when he departed at daybreak, and many saw him return at sunset.

“It was in the young moon. Its slender rim was shining pale above the western woodland as Atotarho entered the village. In his hand the war chieftain carried a large bird of wondrous whiteness. Its shapely head dragged the earth; its wide wings hung limp; the shaft of an arrow stood in the broad, snowy breast that was stained

by a dark line where the bright red blood had flowed.

“The hunters and old men gathered about Atotarho, gazing in silent wonder on the dead bird that he carried. Nothing like it had ever been seen among them. Then an old man said:

“‘Iyeha, my Son, I have heard my father say that wondrous white birds live on the edge of the Great Sea at the Sun’s Rising. They are of matchless strength and fly far out on the water; their only resting place is on the waves beneath them. Can it be that one of these birds has flown westward from the Great Water? Has it changed its course at the command of Kagagwa, the sun, and flown inland, bearing a message to the red men in the western forests? Surely this is an omen of wonder.’

“The old men looked on the slayer of the strange bird with misgivings.

“The apprehensions of the old men were strengthened as they watched Atotarho. Day by day they saw his face darken as if gloomy thoughts possessed him. He ceased to divide his possessions with the poor as was the custom. He became cunning and crafty. Then the chieftains who opposed him, the leaders of the peace party, began to meet with sudden death in solitary places. Had the white bird been a messenger of evil that had poisoned its slayer, turning him slowly into a monster? This was only a question at first, but in time it became a tradition.”

During these winters, the great war chieftain was growing in military power. His speech became so full of fierce and subtle persuasion that the warriors of the peace party joined his expeditions, against their better judgment. He fired the warlike with such valor that they became terrible in battle, fighting with the strength and fierceness of Dajoji, the panther. He trained the young men so well that they entered their first conflict like hardy warriors.

Among the free and courageous Onondagas, Atotarho had become a tyrant. His scouts, his spies, and secret informers kept him acquainted with the movements of friend and enemy alike; especially he knew every movement of the peace party whose leader was Hosahaho, the chieftain of the Turtles.

In the fawn moon, when the stalks were beginning to appear among the green blades of maize, three Onondaga hunters on Lake Ontario boldly turned their canoes westward and entered the Seneca country.

Soon they were on the track of a young deer. As they pursued it, they came on the small hunting camp of a Seneca woman and her two sons.

The Senecas rebuked the Onondagas for their trespass. Without reply, the Onondagas drew their bows. The mother fell with one of her sons; the second escaped to his people.

When the three hunters returned to Kanatagowa, their elders listened to the story with

great apprehension. The wisest among them asked themselves this question: "Have these young men been sent to insult the Seneca people and drive them again to the warpath? Surely, the youths of Onondaga have never before acted so madly. Can it be that Atotarho has made a pretext for beginning the war that he longs for?"

The fears of the peace-loving among the people were justified. On the second day after the return of the young men, as the sun neared the western forest, five Seneca warriors entered the village and asked for a council.

When the people were assembled and the council fire was lighted, the Seneca leader sprang from the ground and paced about the council fire. He paused, slowly recounted the wrong that had been done his people, and asked that the offending Onondagas be delivered to their vengeance.

When the speaker had finished and the Senecas had retired from the council, Hosahaho spoke. He said: "My Brothers, the Senecas have spoken truly. The young men of the Onondagas have transgressed the ancient laws of the Real Men. They have trespassed on the hunting grounds of the Senecas, and in anger they have committed murder.

"Listen, my Brothers. The Onondagas should do justice. According to their ancient law, they should pay the full price for the man whom the Onondagas have slain. As has been their ancient

custom, they should render twice as much for the life of the woman."

Immediately Atotarho arose and spoke with great passion. He said:

"Brothers, for many generations the Real Men have held the early part of the day sacred. When Kagagwa looks from the east sky the Real Men meet to talk of peace; at night they talk of warfare. Listen, my Brothers, the Senecas have come to the council fire at Kanatagowa when Kagagwa is low in the west sky. They have come when only war can be talked. They are here as spies. They have refused to eat the food offered them by the Onondagas. When the fire keepers proffer the peace pipe, they reject it. By these signs they declare themselves enemies who come to fill the ears of our warriors with idle talk in order to gain time to bring their war party together. But the Onondagas will not sit idly in their longhouses and wait for the Senecas to come and burn their villages. Our warriors will prepare at once to meet the Senecas before they spring from the forest like hungry wolves to devour our defenseless people. The ancient war-path is open. Let the Onondagas enter it. Naho, I have spoken."

Hosahaho answered: "Kagagwa would frown from the sky on a war begun so unjustly. The spirits of their great warriors departed would surely rebuke the Onondagas should they fall in battle so unworthy. The Onondagas must do justice to the Seneca people."

The appeal of Hosahaho found a strong response in the hearts of the wisest of his hearers, but it brought a dangerous light into the eyes of Atotarho. The ears of the young men were stopped to the voice of wisdom. The demand for immediate war became urgent.

The Senecas were given an evasive answer and departed without smoking the peace pipe.

When they had left the village, Atotarho suddenly appeared at his war post in full war equipment and eloquently invited the warriors to join him. At daybreak a large war party left Onondaga.

While some of the people still lingered in the place of council, they heard a sharp cry of lamentation. It came from a near point in the forest, "Koo-weh! Koo-weh! Koo-weh!" At short intervals that death call sounded. In a moment, a hunter came running from the forest. He had found the body of Hosahaho within the woodland where it had but just fallen. The great chieftain had been struck by a hidden assassin.

Bitter was the mourning, for the dead chief had been a bulwark to the people. Well the mourners knew that there was no redress for his murder. Who could bring proof to show that one of the spies of Atotarho had been the assassin? Who could show that Hosahaho had died that the pathway of Atotarho might be cleared of the strongest chieftain who withstood him?

Never had there been grief so heavy in the longhouse of the Turtles, where Shawenis and Waundana, the mother and the sister of Hosahaho, covered their heads before the face of their dead.

Three suns later the horns of Hosahaho still rested on his grave — a sign to the people that his successor had not been raised up.

Then the chief women of the Turtle Clan throughout Onondaga met at Kanatagowa to choose a successor to Hosahaho. The right to name the coming chieftain belonged to Shawenis, the mother of the dead chieftain. Erect and clear-browed, in the dignity of one who nobly bears the weight of heavy sorrow, Shawenis stood among the other Royaners of the Turtles.

She spoke words of honor for the departed, who had labored that brighter days might follow. Then she named the one most worthy to succeed him. That one was Hiawatha.

The chief women heard the name of Hiawatha without surprise. They were of one mind; among all the Turtles, there was none so worthy to succeed Hosahaho. They said: "Hiawatha is young in years but younger chieftains than he have been raised up among the Onondagas. Youthful as he is there is no one who surpasses him in wisdom, eloquence and justice. Have we not heard his moving words at the council fire and witnessed, winter by winter, his faithful service of the people?"

So it was decreed by the Royaners of the Turtles that Hiawatha should succeed to the chieftainship of their clan among all the Onondagas. Immediately the decision was made known to the chief men. Then runners were dispatched to the other villages of the Onondagas to call the clan of the Turtle to a mourning council that should raise up a successor to Hosahaho. Runners were also sent to the clansmen of the Turtles among the Oneidas and Mohawks that they might send witnesses to the raising-up of the new chieftain. Each runner carried a notched stick bearing the sign of the message, "The name of Hosahaho bids that after two suns you assemble at Kanatagowa."

On the third day thereafter, at the rising of the sun, the chief men of the Turtle Clan marched to the wood's edge to meet the visiting people, speaking to them words of welcome. Then they led the way to the council. There, at the place of council, the visiting people chanted the virtues of Hosahaho:

"Our Word has passed away — he who used to work for all that they might see the brighter days to come."

"Ye are mourning in deep darkness; we will make the sky clear for you; we will make the sun shine on you, so you will not see a cloud. We will light the council fire anew, and cause it to burn again so that you may go on with your duties and labors. . . .

“If any one shall fall — it may be a chieftain — then the horns shall be left on the grave, and as soon as possible another shall be put in his place. . . . Now show us the warrior that is to be the new chieftain.”¹

Hiawatha was led forward. They clothed him in a new garment. They placed on his head the horns of his office. In obedience to a dream sent to Shawenis, they confirmed his name, Hiawatha. The duties to which he was called were clearly recited, and the laws of the Fathers repeated.

Then Hiawatha, standing in the presence of his clansmen, promised obedience and service; promised to devote the strength of his office to the welfare of the people. Very simply he said:

“The spirits of the great ones of the departed Fathers are looking upon us. Here I promise to do more than merely obey the laws of the Fathers. I will so serve the people that we shall not only be strengthened, but that the names of our Fathers will be honored.”

Keenly his clansmen listened to the words that followed.

“Our Fathers have taught us that the clan bond is not to be broken; that everywhere clansmen shall suffer and defend each other. But today men of the Turtle Clan are away from Onondaga seeking to slay their brother clansmen of the Turtle among the Cayugas and Senecas. Hiawatha promises to strive against such break-

¹ From *The Iroquois Book of Rites*.

ing of the clan bond. He will labor for the sacred keeping of the clan bond between all the tribes of the Real Men.

“My Brothers, the six clans of the Onondagas make the tribe. If clans take vengeance on each other, the whole tribe is weakened. Your chieftain promises to make his clan a bulwark to the tribe. He would have his clansmen consider the whole nation in their action, for in the past this has been done by the greatest of the Real Men, Naho.”

No man or woman who attended that meeting ever forgot it. There was something in the presence of Hiawatha when the sacred horns were upon him that reminded the people of the ancient time when men held direct communion with the Good Mind.

Since the death of Hosahaho, the young warriors had watched Hiawatha with keen interest. They knew his power as a warrior; they knew his shrewdness and courage; and they questioned if he would not, as a chieftain, teach Atotarho his clan power. This same question had been in the minds of most of the Turtles when they came to the council. But as they heard the words of their new chieftain, their question was answered. There was something in his bearing that banished every thought of clan vengeance and made the Turtles feel that in him they had found a leader of vision.

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE DREAM OF SHAWENIS

IT was three suns after the raising-up of Hiawatha. Shawenis stood alone on a sunny hill slope. She had gone out with her granddaughter, Gawenneta, to gather the fruits of the forest. In one hand, Shawenis held a bunch of healing herbs. Her quiet eyes were seeking the hollows where brooklets run when the rain falls. She moved about like a wise nature priestess who knows the secrets of growing things. Now she marked how one plant had wandered from last year's place of growing; how another flourished in a sunny exposure; how a third had crept close to the brookside.

When Shawenis had gathered the leaves and bark of an ash tree, she seated herself on a sun-warmed rock, drew her moccasined feet together, and folded her warm skirt of deerskin closely about her. Her wise face looked as if it had grown out of the earth around her; as if through her the spirit of the earth mother, Ataensic, had taken visible form and was brooding over her children.

Suddenly a familiar call sounded. Soon thereafter Gawenneta, sister of Hiawatha and daughter of Waundana, came running from a neighboring ridge. Her braided hair was wind-blown and her face glowed with rich color. As she approached she held out a half-filled basket of berries, saying:

“My Grandmother, Gawenneta has not filled her basket. A thrush sang in the woodland close beside her. Wherever Gawenneta went the singing bird followed, repeating the same words over and over, and flying round and returning as if he asked her to follow. Then Gawenneta forgot the berry picking and followed the singer — followed him toward the sun’s rising!”

The wise woman listened intently to the words of Gawenneta. For a time she sat in silence, as she pondered once more a strange dream that had come to her three moons before. The singing bird that beckoned Gawenneta eastward, seemed to repeat the omen of that dream. Then Shawenis answered:

“My Granddaughter, it may be that the brown thrush was one of the Elf Folk who came to sing to Gawenneta of some blessing coming from the eastward. Let the heart of my Granddaughter be thankful.”

Shawenis tied her herbs with a string of deer-skin, picked up her strong staff, and the two turned their faces homeward. As they walked on together, Shawenis repeated to Gawenneta the old tale of Qua-ra-ra:

“Sent by the Great Ruler, Quarara appeared to the Iroquois as an aged man. Everywhere the people turned away from the stranger, because they saw that a loathsome disease was upon him. Rejected, he passed from village to village. In the last town a woman stood in the doorway of

the poorest house; when she saw signs of sickness on the stranger she bade him enter and find rest. Because she had shown pity, Quarara taught her the use of medicine plants and bestowed on her and her children the great gift of healing.

“Then Quarara brought upon himself the fatal disease for which there is no healing, and returned to his home with the Great Ruler.”¹

Shawenis often told this story because it taught that the Great Ruler bestows on the compassionate, above all others, the wisdom of healing. But today the tale was linked in her mind with the cares of the present. As Gawenneta walked beside her in silence, Shawenis sadly pondered the illness of her daughter, Waundana, mother of Hiawatha and Gawenneta.

She asked herself, “Can it be that Waundana has the fatal disease that has no curing? In vain has Shawenis tried every medicine known to our people. In vain have the medicine men of the tribe sought to drive away the sickness. Moon by moon Waundana is slowly fading. Seven winters ago, when Ondiyaka died, she was full of youthful strength and beauty. After the mourning for her husband she went about like one who looks into a distant country. Can it be that her spirit is following his on its long journey? Can it be that, like Quarara, she is of her own will turning to the land of the departed?”

When Shawenis and Gawenneta entered the

¹ From *The Legends of the Iroquois*, by Canfield.

village, they found Waundana sitting by the doorway of the longhouse dyeing porcupine quills for the autumn work on deerskins.

As her hands were busied with the work of staining the quills that lay in ordered heaps about her, the mind of Waundana was steadily holding the picture of Hiawatha as he stood among the elders at the Mourning Council. There she had recalled the dream of Hunadanlu, the dream that gave her son the name White Eagle. For him she no longer feared the wrath of Atotarho; rather she felt assurance of the dream's promise.

But the sight of Gawenneta, bringing her gift of berries, recalled heavy thoughts to the mother. There were those among the Turtles who were urging Waundana to choose a husband for the maiden. But to whom should she wed her? Surely not to one of the young men who belonged to Atotarho's war party, for he would be cruel and terrifying like his leader. Nor could she wed her to one of the peace party, for his path would be beset with hidden perils. How could she save the maiden from the dangers and sorrows that threatened? She felt a strong wish to flee far away with her child.

Even as the mother and daughter stood at the doorway, that wish was approaching fulfillment. They heard an exclamation from the children on the roof of the longhouse. Then Gawenneta said: "Isteaha, my Mother, hither come a company of Mohawks. They are pausing at the

wood's edge; and see, there are women among them!"

Immediately Da-yo-ho-go, a youthful Mohawk chieftain, entered the village. The mother and daughter saw him pause at the doorway of a chieftain. The chieftain himself went out to the wood's edge to welcome the party and invite them to enter. Soon after, runners were dispatched to summon a council.

Waundana sat among the Turtles in the council, and by her side was Gawenneta. The mother looked on Dayohogo, the young Mohawk chieftain of the Wolf Clan, and listened to his words in council. Among the noble women of the Mohawks was his mother, A-wey-ni-yont. In her heart Waundana said: "Surely the noble Aweyniyont is the mother of a courageous son. He is goodly in strength and manhood, and his words in council are well spoken." Then a sudden thought came, "Dayohogo is not wedded. Here may be a pathway of safety for Gawenneta. Here may be the fulfillment of the dream of Shawenis."

That day Waundana spoke with the men and women of her household. She said, "Ye recall how, in a dream, Shawenis saw Gawenneta dressed in fair garments as one who is ready for a journey. As she looked, Shawenis saw Gawenneta enter the trail to the eastward and move swiftly toward the sun's rising. In her dream Shawenis said, 'How is it that my granddaughter

walks with unerring footsteps over a trail that she knows not?' Then she saw that the maiden kept her eyes on a bright star that was moving before her. In the light of O-jish-an-da, the star, she was journeying safely.

"Well ye know that the heart of Waundana is full of trouble concerning the maiden. May it not be that this dream has been sent to open the mind of Waundana to a Mohawk alliance for the maiden?"

Hiawatha listened in amazement to the words of Waundana. Would his mother banish his sister from her people; make her an exile who for a lifetime must dwell with strangers, and speak their language? But something in the face of Shawenis gave him vision. For the first time he saw the signs of death on the beloved face of his mother. At once he understood why she sought a place of safety for her daughter. In that moment he knew that the power that had struck Ondiyaka had broken the spirit of Waundana, driving her now to choose exile for her child as the only path of safety.

Because of her dream, and because of the omen of the singing bird, Shawenis approved of the purpose of Waundana.

Five suns thereafter Dayohogo and Gaweneta were betrothed. In embroidered garments of deerskin, the maiden brought her gift of bread to Aweyniyont. Then with well-chosen words of faithful promise, the Mohawk woman offered the

gift of venison for Dayohogo. In another five suns they were wedded.

The next morning Gawenneta stood at the door of the longhouse, dressed for her journey. She was listening to the admonitions of Shawenis.

As she bade adieu to her daughter, Waundana hung about her neck as a parting gift a beautiful pearl shell that whispered in the voice of the Great Sea. So Gawenneta departed from her people forever.

The next sun they found Waundana lying as in peaceful slumber, but she did not awaken to the voice of Hiawatha.

Two suns later Hiawatha lighted the fire on the grave of his mother. Then Shawenis sprinkled the maize seed, saying:

“My Daughter, this is the corn which so often you planted. Many times you husked it in harvest. With the coming of springtime you prepared the earth again for the seed so that the corn should spring upward in beauty. As the corn dies only to live anew, so you shall live again in fresh beauty. The birds eat the maize from the ground where we place it and fly again to the skies. So we tarry on the earth to eat of its fruits, then we fly upward when the Great Wisdom knows it is time.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

TONEDAWA, THE CHILD OF HIAWATHA

IN the autumn of the winter that followed, in the soft shining days when once more summer returns to the earth, a child was born to Wanutha and Hiawatha. Her mother called her *To-ne-da-wa*.

In the longhouse of the Wolf Clan the *gauseha* of Tonedawa, the little *O-wi-raa*, stood close to the firelight. There she crooned her wordless songs of wonder, singing with *Oah*, the wind, when he talked at the side of the bark house. Beside the fire the blind great-grandmother was always sitting. She crooned and sang to Tonedawa. And the little one turned to the ancient music in happy contentment. For the songs of *Nogondih* were full of the meaning that is in the call of the doe when she speaks to her young ones; full of the age-long wisdom that only the young understand rightly.

The little Tonedawa would answer the crooning song with happy cries and gurgles. She would stretch her tiny hands toward the singing voice and turn her bright eyes to the aged face in the firelight, while the two held long wordless talks together. Like a wise nature teacher the blind *Nogondih* felt the daily, dim explorings of the child; and what the eyes of the little one saw and the ears heard, the blind grandmother filled with wonderful meaning.

When in winter the north wind swept the

empty forests and smote the bark house roughly, the startled Tonedawa listened in wide-eyed wonder. Then she turned to the aged face with wordless questions. And the wise Nogondih answered the unspoken question with her crooning and singing:

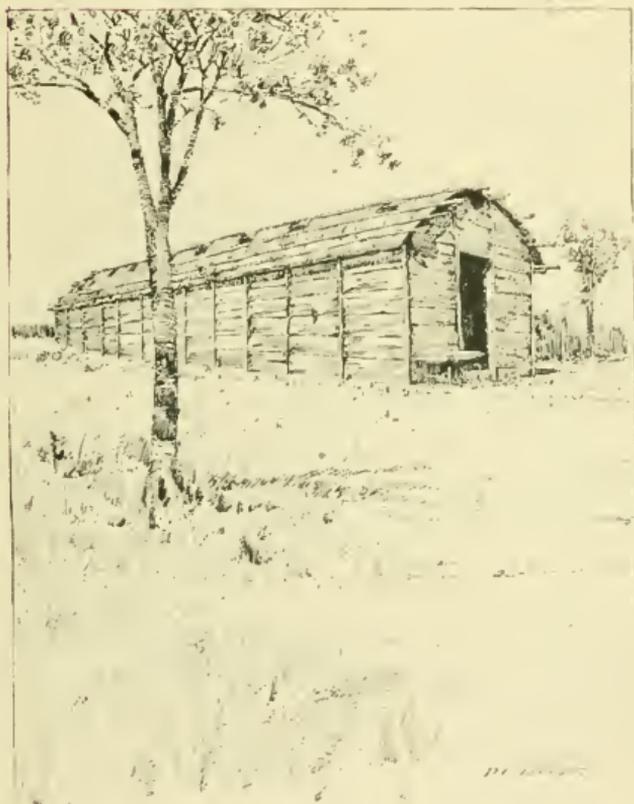
Okwari has come out of the north sky,
He has frozen the lakes and rivers,
Now he growls at the door of the longhouse,
He is trying to enter the longhouse.

But my baby is safe from the great bear,
She is wrapped in the skin of Jonito,
She is guarded by kindly Odjista,—
Never can Okwari get her.

When the west wind came bringing the drifting snowstorms, driving the hurrying flakes into the rough cover of the bark house, beating the roof with flying snow-sleet, whistling, growling, crying about the doorways and corners, while the wide-eyed Owiraa listened, the grandmother sang of the west wind:

That is Dajoji, the panther,
Hear him snarling through the forest,
Hear him sniffing at the smokehole,—
But he cannot, cannot enter,
Cannot touch thee, my Owiraa.

When the early springtime came, the long rains fell and flooded the river that roared in the distance. The east wind drove the rain in beating sheets against the long sides of the bark



“The longhouse of the Wolf Clan”

house, drove the pouring rain onto the wide roof, and sent it into the smoke hole. Then the aged grandmother crooned and sang with the east wind; spoke pleasant words of O-yan-do-ne, the moose.

Hear the tramp of Oyandone,
Hear his tramp in beating rainfall,
All the happy streams are calling
And the deep-voiced forest answers:
"Welcome art thou, Oyandone!"

When the south wind, the gentle fawn, Neoga, sent her breath over the woodlands and the flowers pushed their woolly buds through the brown leaves and opened in beauty and fragrance, the gaoseha of Tonedawa hung from the branch of Ki-on-da-ga, the oak tree.

There in the sunshine, the blind grandmother sat for hours, still crooning to the little Owiraa. This time she sang of the south wind, the fawn.

Feel the soft breath of Neoga —
Neoga who comes with the song birds,
She fills the green woodland with flowers,
She sings with the corn in the maize fields,
She lingers to kiss my Owiraa.

Sometimes a bird lighted on the ring of the gaoseha, close to the face of Tonedawa, and sang of its nestlings. Often Arosea, the squirrel, frisked about her or ate a nut, while he watched her with curious wonder. Ki-on-da-ga, the oak tree, put out its soft leaves with their wide, jagged margins and curtained the gaoseha with

soft shadows. All the earth was young with Tonedawa.

Often the busy Wanutha came to Kiondaga, the oak tree, and, swinging the light gauseha to her shoulders, placed the embroidered strap across her forehead. Then mother and child lost themselves together in the forest or along the stream side.

Sometimes, at the day's end, Hiawatha came to the oak tree to find the little maiden. Then he took her in his strong arms and perched her on his shoulder; he talked to her of all the kindly forest creatures, or he brought her a bright flower that he had found in his far-away hunting. Very often the tiny hand of Tonedawa touched his forehead and with magic fingers banished care and brought back hope and freedom.

For Hiawatha came to his little Owiraa with a heavy burden, the burden of thwarted endeavor and unending labor. Moon by moon he was followed by the oppressing conviction that the five tribes were launched upon a long war of extermination, for after so much provocation the Senecas would never ask for peace; they would tirelessly work for conquest. In vain he labored in council against the war; in vain he strove to hold the party of peace to decisive action.

One night in late autumn when all the village was sleeping, Wanutha, filled with restless forebodings, noiselessly stepped out from the long-house of the Wolf Clan and listened intently in

the stillness. A cold mist made a lake of the maize fields and covered the forest with a soft curtain. Wanutha knew that Hiawatha had scouts on all the trails southward and westward; but on such a night only Ohanta, the ear, could help the watcher, and on such a night a foe might well attempt to surprise the Onondagas.

But the keen ear of Wanutha could detect no slightest movement, no sound of stealthy footsteps. As she turned to reënter the longhouse, her quick eye caught a faint glow to the southward. She watched it a brief moment; saw it leap and flicker through the grey mist-veil; then the truth flashed across her. Nantasasis was burning! The enemy had surprised Nantasasis!

Instantly the shrill cry of Wanutha startled the sleeping village: "Kwa-ah, Kwa-ah, Kwa-ah!" In a moment Hiawatha, in the longhouse of the Turtles, seized his bow and fastened the quiver of arrows. Before the last of the people had emerged from their bark houses, he disappeared in the forest, followed by a scant two score of warriors.

When Hiawatha and his little band reached Nantasasis, they found it a smoking ruin with only a handful of wounded survivors left to tell of the disaster. The village had been surprised by a company of Cayugas who had secured many captives and hastily departed westward.

For the first time Hiawatha saw the mangled bodies of the aged; the bodies of women from

which the scalp lock of long hair had been taken; the bodies of little children who had been killed by blows of the war club. That sight fired him with the passion of battle. He hastily called his little band of warriors about him and spoke: "If we run swiftly enough by the hunting trail to Lake Otisco and then turn northward, we can reach the warpath ahead of the Cayugas, ambush them, and rescue the captives. Who will go with Hiawatha?" A war cry was the answer.

The mist had lifted, and a full moon was shining. In three hours they were lying in ambush. A half hour later they heard the tread of many footsteps; the war party was approaching. A moment later the Cayugas were startled by the sudden blows of Kajawa. The war club seemed to spring at them from the bushes. Then a hand-to-hand fight began. Hiawatha was attacked by the leader, a powerful warrior. As the Turtle chieftain turned to meet the uplifted war club, he stood face to face with Aodogweh, his one-time comrade, banished long ago for murder. Both stood motionless an instant; then Aodogweh dropped his weapon and fled, followed by the Cayugas.

Aodogweh had broken the law of the exile! Not only had he returned to the forbidden soil of Onondaga, but he had returned as an enemy.

Hiawatha knew well that this treacherous action would bring shame to the kinsmen of the exile who still dwelt in Kanatagowa. The life

of Daweyongo, the plighted friend of Aodogweh, would be darkened and his pathway hedged with difficulty. Hiawatha recalled how faithfully Daweyongo had repaid to the utmost the kinsmen of Swaoweh whom Aodogweh had murdered. Now the old hatred would be aroused, and a bitter feud would spring up. The clansmen of Swaoweh would have clan vengeance upon the warriors of Cayuga who had followed the traitor into battle.

Swiftly these thoughts passed through the mind of Hiawatha. Before he reached Nantasasis, he had determined not to speak of the treachery of Aodogweh. When the smoke of Asoquata should arise between the United Tribes of the Real Men, such wrongs might be settled by tribal justice, not by clan vengeance.

The return was made slowly, for the rescued women and children were very weary. At day-break the party reached the smouldering heap of ruins that had been Nantasasis.

Already the wounded were cared for by the helpers who had hastened from the nearer villages. Hiawatha counseled with the group of homeless survivors. There was only one way open. They must find shelter in the other towns of Onondaga for the winter; in the spring they could rebuild Nantasasis.

That winter the cheerful fireside of Wanutha was shared with two orphaned children from Nantasasis. That same winter the lips of the

little Tonedawa began to speak the language of her people. First of all she lisped the best-loved words in that language, the word Isteaha, my Mother, and the word Ihani, my Father.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

JIGONSASA, THE QUEEN OF THE NEUTRALS

ONE day in autumn, as Aijah, the Seneca captive, wife of Daweyongo, sat at the edge of the home fields, weaving reeds into a mat to cover the earth floor of her fireside, Hiawatha suddenly stood beside her. He spoke at once: "My sister, Hiawatha would hear from thy lips of Jigonsasa, the wise Peace Queen of the Neutrals. The land of Aijah's birth lies close to the land of the Neutrals. Through all the days of her childhood and youth, Aijah has heard the birds sing of Jigonsasa, the Great Mother. Will not my sister speak of these things to Hiawatha, her brother?"

And Aijah answered: "Far away to the westward, just above the place where the great Falls of Ne-ah-ga¹ thunder, stands Ki-en-i-ka, the village of the Peace Home. In a lodge without the village dwells Jigonsasa, the Peace Queen.

"She is descended from Ataensic, the first woman. She comes from a long race of Great Mothers. Because the ears of her people are open to the words of the Peace Queen, their feet turn away from the warpath; nor will they lend themselves to the wars of their neighbors. Because the Real Men revere the wisdom of the race of Great Mothers, the life of Jigonsasa is sacred; and no tribe will go on the warpath against the neutrals so long as Jigonsasa dwells in the House of Peace. All this is well known to Hiawatha.

¹ Niagara.

“The fire of the House of Peace is fed with pine knots, so that its warm light will always welcome the strangers who come to its doorway. Within the House of Peace are large stores of maize and dried venison, and food is always ready in abundance so that the hungry may enter and find plenty. Whoever lifts the pelt of the doorway and enters the Peace Home is safe from his pursuer, for no blood may be shed in Kienika. Even if the lips of Jigonsasa speak the death word, the sentence must be executed in another place, for blood would defile the sacred ground of the House of Peace.

“Broad and well-trodden are the paths that lead to Kienika. Thither go those who desire peace, to find counsel in the wisdom of the Great Mother of Nations. Thither go the sad and discouraged, and thither the poor and hungry. He that is in dispute, he that is pursued by hatred and malice, comes with his enemy, that through the wisdom of Jigonsasa he may find once more the way of safety. For in the presence of the Ye-go-wa-neh, the wise woman, all hatreds are forgotten and the wild clouds of anger that darken the eyes are banished.”

Then Hiawatha answered: “Hiawatha will seek the Peace Queen and learn from her how to drive darkness from the hearts of his people.”

Three suns afterward, an hour before the early dawn light, Hiawatha, dressed in new garments, stood at the door of the longhouse of the Wolf

Clan. There at the doorway was Wanutha, and by her side was the little maiden Tonedawa. From the hands of Wanutha Hiawatha received the bread for his journey. From her lips he received quiet words of farewell that carried more than spoken blessings.

On the Gasunto, two men awaited the coming of Hiawatha. They were Sosondoweh and Daweyongo.

Hiawatha stepped into the bark canoe, and the swift paddles of his two friends sent it flying northward. At night the three slept at the Falls of the Oswego. Before morning dawned, their canoe was flying westward over the waters of Ontario. The next sun saw them north of the Seneca country. On the third sun their canoe crossed the water where the Genesee flows into Ontario. The next day they skirted the wide land of the Neutrals. At sunset they landed where the Niagara River carries the waters of Erie into Ontario. The dawn light found them journeying southward along the Niagara. Before the sun had reached the zenith, they heard the distant roar of the Falls of Niagara, and felt its far-off reverberations. They had reached the end of their journey. A smooth footpath running eastward through the forest, brought them to Kienika — led them to the house of the Peace Queen.

As the three paused at the doorway, the skin hangings were drawn backward and an aged

woman bade them enter. Together they stepped within the anteroom of the House of Peace; they saw the shining of the firelight in the long central hall; a clear voice from within, asked them to enter.

In a moment they stood before Jigonsasa, the Great Mother. The snows of many winters lay lightly upon her. Her form was as straight as an ash tree. The face of Jigonsasa was both aged and youthful. There were deep lines of thought upon it; but the eyes shone like the stars lighted by the Great Ruler, when the sun has entered his lodge.

When they had eaten the bread of the Peace Home, Jigonsasa bade the visitors formal welcome. Then Hiawatha addressed the Peace Queen, speaking through the lips of Daweyongo in the tongue of the Cayugas.

“Isteaha, my Mother, Hiawatha of the Turtle Clan has come to the Peace Home, traveling from the Onondaga country by the pathway of the water. Very dark is the land of the Onondagas. It is covered by clouds of warfare that have risen in the west sky and do not pass over. A wizard sits in Onondaga at whose word the dark war clouds gather. Much the people fear the anger of this wizard, for his commands are heard at a distance. The people of Onondaga believe that the eyes of the wizard are always upon them; that his ears hear what they whisper at the fireside or speak in the distant hunting lodge.

“Listen, Isteaha, to the words of Hiawatha. So long have the men of Onondaga followed the warpath that their hearts are darkened and their feet can walk in no other. When the warriors return from the well-trodden warpath they mope in their lodges. No longer are the hunting paths of their Fathers pleasant. Mother, continue to listen. The words of Hiawatha are heavy with sorrow, for the men of Onondaga have grown mad with warfare.

“Isteaha, my Mother, his clan spirit has commanded Hiawatha to unite the five tribes of the Real Men into a confederation. This union is pictured in the totem given in Hiawatha’s dream-fast. By this token Hiawatha knows that the warfare between the Real Men offends the Master of Life. It is His will that they smoke the peace pipe together and bury their weapons of warfare forever.

“Twelve winters have passed since Hiawatha in the dream-fast heard the words of his clan spirit. But still the Iroquois war on each other. The peace words of Hiawatha sound foolish in the ears of the young men of the Onondagas; and Atotarho who leads them to battle is great in eloquence and mighty in warfare. Can the Great Peace Mother teach Hiawatha how to make the peace words convincing? Can she show him how to remove evil creeping things from the foot-paths between the tribes of the Real Men, so that again they may be one people?”

And the wise woman, the Yegowaneh, answered: "Iyeaha, my Son, between the Real Men are many pathways; but many are the obstructions in the footpaths, and the streams and waterways are choked. With patience the wise man clears away the entangling vines and bushes; the fallen trees he burns with fire. He who is wise passes around the rock that blocks the pathway through the forest, and the feet of those behind him safely follow. Long must the labor continue before the pathways are cleared and straightened.

"Let my Son remember that among the tribes of the Real Men there are many that Hiawatha's eyes have never looked on who in winters to come will labor with him on the path that he buildeth. Four winters ago Da-ga-no-we-da, a Huron, stood before the lodge of Jigonsasa. His face was toward the sun's rising. He said, 'I go to light a sacrificial fire among a strange people. Far to the east a great peace smoke will arise. Thither Daganoweda journeys.'

"Let the heart of Hiawatha be at rest. Is not the good trail, the Wa-gwen-ne-yuh, made by the footsteps of many? So shall it be with the pathway that Hiawatha seeks to build. For when the feet of the people enter the open pathway, they will say, 'It is a better way than the old one. We will make it clear and straight for the feet of our children.'"

Long was the silence that followed, while the heart of Hiawatha pondered the words of Jigonsasa. Then the Yegowaneh spoke again:

“The way of Hiawatha is long. Let him tarry in the House of Peace while the night sun is shining. Let him find comfort and rest in the House of Peace, so that he can return with new strength to his people.”

So Hiawatha abode in the Peace Home. He saw one enter in haste, for the avenger was close behind him. He saw both depart in forgiveness and friendship, for this was the will of the Great Mother. As he listened, Hiawatha perceived that the words of Jigonsasa were filled with the power of gentleness and wisdom. In that place he began to understand how to answer his own question; began to understand how to make the peace words persuasive.

At nightfall Hiawatha listened again to the words of the Great Mother: “Iyeaha, my Son, let thy heart be full of courage for the clan spirit of Hiawatha knows full well that the Iroquois can be united. He sees that Hiawatha can accomplish this union. My Son, it was for this cause that a command was given in thy dream-fast and a promise in thy totem.”

Through all the winters of his lifetime, Hiawatha cherished these words of the Peace Queen.

On the morning of the third sun, Hiawatha stood before Jigonsasa in parting. He received from her hands the parched corn for his journey. He listened to her words of parting.

“Iyeaha, my Son, thou art commanded by thy clan spirit to clear the streams and open the



The sacrificial fire of Daganoweda

pleasant pathway between the tribes of the Real Men. Great will be thy labor, but the eyes of the Master of Life will see it. When thou comest to the place of difficulty, send a message to Jigonsasa and she will meet thee."

On the day that Hiawatha departed from the House of Peace, two birds of dark plumage¹ flew to the lodge of Atotarho, the war chieftain. As the birds spoke, the dark chieftain eagerly listened. For three days the birds had flown westward; they had followed Hiawatha's canoe on its journey along the south shore of the Beautiful Lake; they had followed as it skimmed the land of the Eries. With his two friends they had seen him enter the House of Peace. Then they swiftly returned to Kanatagowa, to tell the great chieftain that the feet of Hiawatha had entered the doorway of Jigonsasa, the Peace Queen.

The face of Atotarho grew darker while he listened. He said in his heart: "Hiawatha is twice armed; he is armed with the courage of the man and the faith of the woman. Now he seeks to add to his power the authority of Jigonsasa, the Mother of Nations. Hiawatha is a green tree that is growing too fast. The time has come to cut off its topmost branch."

Then Atotarho whispered a word in the ear of one of the birds of dark plumage. The evil bird listened closely and repeated the words of the

¹ Spies.

message. Then with wings as noiseless as are the wings of Ohowa, the night bird, it took its flight to the wood's edge.

There it perched in a deep thicket and watched the village. The children were playing here and there through the open; boys practiced at the ball game; old men talked in the shade of a pine tree. But the bird did not see the children, nor the boys, nor the old men. It saw only the women coming and going from field and longhouse and forest. At last it saw the wife of Hiawatha leave the longhouse of the Wolf Clan and enter the forest. Then with noiseless flight the dark bird pursued her.

Wanutha gathered wood berries. As she worked, her thoughts were as a pleasant song in praise of Hiawatha. Then an arrow pierced her heart! The body of Wanutha lay motionless in the forest; the dark bird flew noiselessly toward the lodge of Atotarho!

Very swift was the home journey of Hiawatha, for his heart and the hearts of his two friends rejoiced with new hope. In three suns Hiawatha stood at the door of the longhouse of the Wolf Clan. A sound of wailing greeted him. On a couch of bear skins lay Wanutha, pale and silent. Quiet were the busy hands that served him; very still were the faithful feet that met him in the forest; silent was the happy voice that bade him welcome at the doorway; closed were the pleasant eyes that had so often blessed him.

Hiawatha covered his head and sat down by the beloved form of Wanutha. All day and all night he sat there without sound of complaint; nor did any one dare disturb that silent mourning. Then a small hand touched his bosom; touched the sacred totem that hung there. It was the maiden Tonedawa, the child of Wanutha. As if that touch called him to duty and action, Hiawatha arose and made ready for the burial.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE STRUGGLE WITH ATOTARHO

THE fire had scarcely died on the grave of Wantha, when a deputation of Mohawk and Oneida chiefs arrived in Kanatagowa to ask that a truce be made with the Seneca people. In the absence of the Mohawk warriors a war party of Algonkins had crossed the River Skanehtade and invaded the country as far as Te-ah-ton-ta-lo-ga,¹ which they had left in ashes. The enemy had returned to their own country carrying away many captives. With the Algonkins still unpunished, the Mohawks came to say that they must turn their arms eastward; they could no longer fight toward the sun's setting.

When the message of the Mohawks had been delivered in council, Atotarho said: "My Brothers, for many winters the Mohawks and Oneidas have followed the warpath with the Onondagas. Like true comrades united by the vow of friendship, they have defended each other against fierce onslaughts. The Senecas have been taught to dread the arrows of battle when the three Brothers are behind the bowstrings. The boastful enemy has learned the might of Kajawa, the war club, when it is wielded by the strong arm of three United Brothers.

"My Brothers, not yet are the haughty Senecas conquered. It is true their war parties no longer run toward the sun's setting; with the Cayugas

¹ A Mohawk town close to the present site of Schenectady.

they stay at home and watch the Onondaga borders. Should the Three Brothers sleep, they would come upon them swiftly and destroy them. Brothers, Onondaga is a strong warrior who stands at the west door of the Longhouse of the Three Brothers; if the foe overpowers the defender of the west door, he will enter and kill the Two Brothers. Only when the Three Brothers watch together is there safety in the Longhouse.

“My Brothers, continue to listen. Pursued by the vengeance of the Mohawks, the Algonkins have already fled across the Skanehtade. While they are still dizzy from the blows of the war club, let the Three Brothers descend like fire on the lands of the Seneca people. When they have scattered the war parties and laid waste the maize fields of the Senecas and Cayugas, let the Three Brothers turn unitedly against the Algonkins. In this way both doors of the Longhouse will be kept in safety.”

Atotarho had scarcely finished when Hiawatha sprang to his feet. Three times he slowly paced around the council fire in silence, the astonished eyes of the people following every movement. Then with outstretched hand he turned to the Mohawk and Oneida chieftains and addressed them: “The hearts of the Onondagas are heavy for their Mohawk brothers who have looked on the ash heap that was once Teahontaloga; who have seen their women and young children carried into captivity by the Algonkins. In his sore need the

Mohawk seeks counsel of his brother who sits at Kanatagowa. Let that Brother listen with open ears to the words of the suffering Mohawks. Let him clear his eyes and make clean his heart so that he may speak true words to his Mohawk and Oneida Brothers.

“My Brothers, why is it that the Onondagas cannot go to the help of the Mohawks; cannot with swift canoes swim the Skanehtade and bring back their captive women and children? It is because six winters ago the Onondagas wronged the Senecas and drove them with the Cayugas to the warpath. And now for six winters the Five Brothers have fought each other.

“Continue to listen. If the Mohawk had four united Brothers behind him, the Algonkin would no longer desire the fair forests toward the sun’s setting. For only when five united Brothers defend the great Longhouse that stretches from the Gennisheyo to the Skanehtade, can that house be kept in safety.”

Turning about Hiawatha addressed the Onondagas: “Atotarho has told us how faithfully the Mohawks have fought with the Onondagas. What will the Onondagas do now for their brother Mohawks? My Brothers, the Onondagas will do justice. They will open their hearts to this message from the Mohawk council and make peace with the Seneca people. They will make amends for the wrongs that the Senecas have suffered. Then the Five Brothers will sit down

at the western door of the Longhouse, and once more the smoke of Ahsiquata will ascend from the united tribes. Only when we have done justice to our Brother who sits on the Gennisheyo, can we do justice to our Brother on the Skaneh-tade. Naho. I have spoken."

The passionate conviction of Hiawatha drove his words into the hearts of his hearers. The warriors of Onondaga looked in wonder and admiration on the young Turtle chieftain, for they saw that he had bared his breast to Atotarho's secret weapons while he spoke true words that ascended with the peace smoke to the Great Ruler.

At once Ho-no-we-na-to, the chief of the Wolf Clan, arose and spoke strongly for peace and alliance with the Senecas and Cayugas. His words were fearlessly sustained by To-nes-sa-ah, the chieftain of the Beavers. Then the council closed to meet again on the morrow.

As Hiawatha left the place of council many looked on him as they might have looked on a beloved brother walking to death by torture. All that night Hiawatha's fireside was guarded by the unsleeping eyes of Sosondoweh. When he entered the forest at daybreak, Sosondoweh walked beside him.

The next day as the council reconvened, a death cry startled the village. Soon a group of warriors entered the place of council bearing the body of Honowenato. The chieftain of the Wolf Clan had been struck by a secret assassin. When

the council was in order, men saw that Tonessaah, the Beaver chieftain, was absent; he had fled from Onondaga for safety.

The people were thrown into confusion. In vain Hiawatha pleaded for justice to the Senecas and Mohawks. The words of Atotarho prevailed, and the Mohawks received an evasive answer. From sun to sun, the men of Kanatagowa looked on Hiawatha as if they saw a dead man walking. Why did Atotarho spare him? That question they could not answer.

One day Sosondoweh rested beside a deep spring. He was returning from a sacrificial fire on the mountain of Hiawatha's fasting. The ascending smoke of the sacred tobacco had carried his hopes for Hiawatha upward to the Great Ruler.

All at once Ho-das-ha-te, his clan chieftain, successor of Honowenato, stood beside him. He spoke: "Are the eyes of Sosondoweh closed, that he walks unarmed while the footprints of the enemy are all about him. The kinsmen of Hiawatha have fallen, so that he stands like a tree shorn of its branches. And does not Sosondoweh see that the friends of the great peace chieftain are now falling under the blows of Kajawa, the silent? Why does not Sosondoweh seek a path of safety?"

Sosondoweh answered quietly: "Let the heart of Hodashate be at peace. While Hiawatha remains in Onondaga, Sosondoweh will remain

with him. Atotarho fears strong medicine far more than the might of Kajawa. He knows that the mighty eloquence and wisdom of Hiawatha are drawn from Hagwedyu, the Good Mind. When Atotarho sees that Sosondoweh walks alone and unarmed through the forest, he will understand well that Sosondoweh is defended by some powerful medicine, and he will fear to strike, not knowing what spirit he might offend."

In truth the scouts of Atotarho brought word that very day how Sosondoweh had made much medicine — how all night long he had kept his sacrificial fire burning. Atotarho listened to this message in scowling silence.

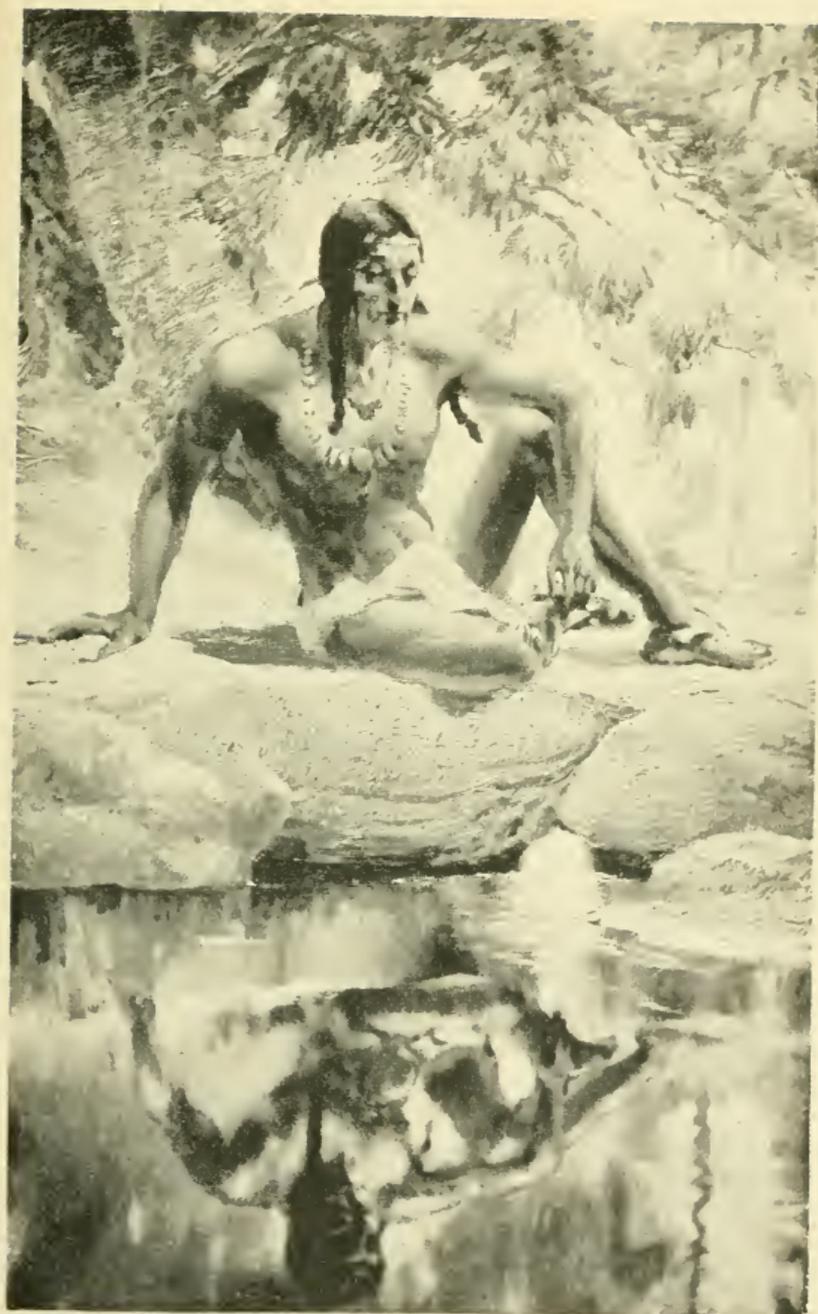
One day in the moon of the first snow, Aijah, the Seneca captive, joined Shawenis, who was standing at the edge of the forest. The aged woman spoke kindly words of greeting.

At once Aijah said: "The words of my Mother are spoken clearly, but her thoughts are far distant."

Shawenis answered: "Moon by moon the thoughts of Shawenis follow the perilous footsteps of Hiawatha. She sees the burdens of the people heaped upon him. In council she sees him battle alone with the relentless Atotarho."

Aijah said: "Isteaha, my Mother, dost thou not see that the bitter struggle is fruitless, so long as Atotarho is war chieftain?"

The voice of Shawenis was very low when she answered: "My Daughter, the horns of office can



“Sosondoweh rested beside a deep spring”

be knocked from the head of Atotarho. Is it not the right of the Royaners, the noble women, to depose an unworthy chieftain?"

The younger woman answered: "Isteaha, Aijah has thought on this matter."

Shawenis continued: "I will call the Royaners of the tribe together and counsel with them on the ways of Atotarho."

Quickly the beautiful Seneca woman placed her hand on the shoulder of Shawenis and said with affectionate pleading: "Dear to Aijah is the light in the eyes of Shawenis, and dear is her faithful watch-care."

The aged woman quietly answered the thought in the mind of the other: "My Daughter, Shawenis knows well that the matter is full of peril, but shall we not meet peril with Hiawatha?"

Three suns later the Royaners of all Onondaga met together in the lodge of Shawenis. It was a group of women who had learned much of life, mysterious Yonhe; learned much of her strange ways and deep meanings. The feet of some of them were approaching the sunset; there was not one of them who had not reached the middle of her life-course. Each carried the marks of a mind sagacious in choosing; carried in face and bearing the tokens of wisdom.

Shawenis, who had called them together, addressed them: "My Sisters, for generations the Royaners of the Real Men have named its new chieftains; for generations they have held the

power of deposing a leader of the people who dishonored his office.

“Listen, my Sisters. A chieftain sits in Kanatagowa who is full of secret counsels. He is crafty and revengeful; the free speech of the council is checked in his presence; he wages unjust and unnecessary warfare; he has many spies and assistants who are seen in places near and distant, but what they do is not reported when the free men of Onondaga sit under the ascending smoke of Ahsaquata.

“My Sisters, all this is an offense against the Great Ruler. It shames the Royaners of Onondaga that they have forgotten their great office. Now let us strike the horns of office from the head of Atotarho.”

For a long time the Royaners were silent. Then an aged woman spoke: “The women of Onondaga know well that Shawenis has spoken truly. The horns should be struck from the head of Atotarho. But the Seneca people are enraged against the Onondagas, and they are the most powerful of the Iroquois in battle. Atotarho is skilled above every other war chieftain; nor in all the annals of our people has there been a warrior with such genius in fighting. If we depose him, the Senecas will sweep down like a forest fire and devour Onondaga.”

And this was the voice of the Noble Women.

Ten suns later, they found Shawenis sitting dead on a distant hillside, her lap filled with the last herbs of autumn.

So died the wise woman of the Onondagas. Surely Gayewaas, the great sky watcher, sent his brightest ray to light her footsteps on the journey across the great sky path. Surely he placed in her hand one of his brightest star torches to light her to the land where stood the shining lodges of the beloved ones who were waiting.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE AWAKENING OF HIAWATHA

THROUGH five long winters Sosondoweh and Daweyongo guarded the perilous footsteps of Hiawatha. At need they were his secret scouts and runners. A number of warriors of Onondaga stood beside the great peace chieftain who so fearlessly faced Atotarho; but one by one they fell or were driven into exile.

Because of all of these things the people loved Hiawatha; yet most of them could not understand his hatred of warfare and his prudent speech concerning peace and justice.

His fruitless efforts to unite the Iroquois had left deep marks upon the chieftain of the Turtles. His spirit was well nigh broken, and hope was waning within him. His life was burdened with the sorrows of his people; yet he could not make them see the pathway to peace and safety. And now he often left the council, where he had vainly labored to persuade them, filled with despair and impatience. In such hours he said in his heart: "The long years of labor and teaching are fruitless. The minds of the people are dulled by hardships, and their hearts are so hopeless and darkened that they have lost all vision."

The new village, standing on a high hill at the headwaters of the Gasunto, looked far away to the blue hills about Lake Tekaneadahe.¹ Only three winters had the village been there, but the

¹ Tully Lake.

warpaths were clear and well trodden. Many familiar faces had disappeared forever from the new town; and many were the strangers within it. Children had grown into youth, and boys had become warriors. Many of the men had fallen or become captives to other peoples, some had fled into exile for fear of Atotarho. The women were bowed with labor and scarred with mourning. The old Kanatagowa had disappeared, and in its place was a town half of whose men were adopted captives.

The lust of war had fallen upon Onondaga. Her men were in love with the wild excitement of battle; in love with the war dance and the records of the war post; in love with the honors and spoils of warfare. Beautiful to them were the war paint and the scalp fringes and the long lines of captives. The longer they warred, the more they lusted for blood and battle.

Feuds with distant nations, feuds with other Iroquois tribes, feuds with sister towns, and feuds between clans and neighbors made every warrior a stealthy man who was blood hungry. Everywhere there was peril, and everywhere there was mourning.

Strange tales were whispered of Atotarho. The people said: "He is master of evil arts. His magic is so great that he can destroy at a distance; but he himself cannot be destroyed. His aspect is so terrifying that he can paralyze with a look. Some say that when he is angry the hairs

curl about his head like living serpents, that his fingers twist in snake-like contortions. Surely Atotarho has become an evil magician."

Among the men of all Onondaga, there was no one so feared as Atotarho and no one so trusted as Hiawatha.

It was Hiawatha alone who stood in the council and spoke eloquently against warfare. It was Hiawatha who spoke for the burdened women when they could no longer endure their labors and sorrows. He it was who told the people of the ancient times when the Men of Men dwelt together as one tribe. It was he who showed them how they could be reunited like a strong clan where brother defends brother. No other warrior was so successful in hunting and fishing. He trained the boys to follow game so that they could feed the hungry village. His careful eyes watched the precious maize fields; he was tireless in his thoughtful watch-care for the aged and for the young children.

Sometimes the Turtle chieftain thought of leaving his tribe and seeking alliance with the Mohawks. But a little hand held Hiawatha in Onondaga, held him as fast as if it were a hand of iron. It was the hand of his child, the maiden Tonedawa.

This child of Wanutha had been cherished by her kinsfolk. From the women of the Wolf Clan the maiden learned the simple arts of her people. From Aijah, she learned to shape clay into forms

of grace and beauty, to weave thread and grass and reeds, to dye the quills of the hedgehog, and to embroider the deerskin garments. From the aged Nogondih, blind and bent with many winters, she learned the traditions of her clan-folk and the story of her mother. But from the lips of Hiawatha, she learned the great story of the Real Men, learned the meaning of worship, learned to bestow on the people of the village kind thought and to be gracious in behavior.

Hiawatha strove to hide from the eyes of the maiden the sight of cruel torture; strove to stop her ears to the sounds of sorrow and warfare; strove to turn her heart in trust to the Great Ruler. His mind misgave him lest some calamity befall Tonedawa, for well he knew that her pathway was beset on all sides with peril. Sometimes he said to the maiden: "Should sudden danger threaten, lift thy heart to the Great Wisdom. In the moment of peril keep thyself in peace and quiet, for surely the Master of Life will have thee in His keeping."

And the maiden Tonedawa grew up like a flower of the forest that opens to the sunshine but closes to darkness and tempest.

One morning Hiawatha stood before the lodge of the Wolf Clan prepared for the hunting. Beside him was Tonedawa, carrying her rude doll of maize husks. As he looked down on her, his heart was chilled by a premonition of coming evil. He lifted a long braid of hair from



“Tonedawa grew up like a flower of the forest”

her shoulder and held it in his hand for a moment; then he touched his quiver of arrows as if to disarm himself. But, speaking the word of farewell, he turned and left the village.

That day Tonedawa wandered far into the forest with a company of maidens. They were seeking the sunny spots in the woodland where strawberries grew. As they returned to the village, they heard a strange crying and shouting.

All the people were in commotion. They saw the warriors running toward them with their bows and arrows. Then they saw a great bird of wondrous plumage flying above them. "It is Ha-goks," the maidens cried. "It is Hagoks, the mystical eagle!" They fled to shelter behind trees and rocks — all but the child of Hiawatha, who stood still in speechless wonder, gazing upward at Hagoks.

At that moment an arrow reached the magical bird and he fell reeling downward to the very feet of Tonedawa. The crowd of warriors swept forward. Who should possess the priceless plumes of Hagoks? Whose was the arrow that had reached him? They seized the dead Hagoks and despoiled him of his plumage, and in their greed and fury they fought fiercely with one another.

When the tumult had ended, they found a maiden lying where the marvelous Hagoks had fallen. She was very still and silent, and when they came near and looked into the upturned face

they fled backward in horror. It was Tonedawa, the child of Hiawatha, thrown down and trampled by the crowding warriors! She had perished with the magical sun bird; she had fallen with the mysterious Hagoks!

That night the village was silent save for piercing cries of anguish that split the heavens. They were the cries of Hiawatha. And there was no one in the village, neither friend nor woman nor child nor wise man, that dared approach him with comfort.

They made a grave for Tonedawa beside the graves of her people. They dressed her in embroidered garments and hung priceless shells about her neck; they placed beside her the bread for the journey. Then they covered the beautiful face and laid it deep in the breast of the great Earth Mother. So perished Tonedawa, child of Hiawatha.

When the nights of watching were ended, when the spirit of Tonedawa had traveled far on its skyward pathway, Hiawatha arose from the grave and turned his face northward.

He traveled as one who seeks not his pathway. About midsun he touched the banks of the Oswego. At the sound of its waters a mist seemed to fade from before him, and his eyes became seeing. He roused himself like one who awakens from heavy slumber. He said, "Far away to the northward I hear the sound of voices calling, calling clearly from the distance. They are the

stern voices of the great ones of old who are bidding me to the old home beside the Falls of the Oswego."

Through the tangled thickets, through the open woodlands, Hiawatha hurried forward, unheeding of darkness or daylight. Okwari slunk away from his presence, and Hotyone hurried to hide from his passing; every creature hastened to leave his pathway open.

In the starlight he came to the Falls of the Oswego; came to the shores of Skanodario. And there, in the ancient refuge of his Fathers, he lay down unsheltered and slept as a child sleeps who returns home after long absence.

Hiawatha wakened from that deep slumber with the vision of a new dream-fast upon him. Clearly he saw his life path; saw its long backward windings and whither it led him. In that hour he said: "Now I understand why Atotarho has spared me. For many winters I have filled the pouches of his warriors with dried venison. Like a strong company of women I have brought home the food that has supported warfare. Truly, I have labored for war along with Atotarho. Now I see that the Onondagas have two war chieftains: one is Atotarho who leads in battle; the other is Hiawatha who defends the homeland in his absence.

"Did not Jigonsasa promise that many whom Hiawatha had never seen would aid him in bringing peace to the Real Men? If the hearts of the

Onondagas are closed to the Peace Message, Hiawatha will carry it to another tribe of the Real Men."

A second night Hiawatha slept at the Falls of the Oswego. In the morning he departed from the ancient birthplace of his Fathers. As he went, he felt that their voices spoke to him in the many tones of Ontario; spoke words of farewell and promise. They said: "Go forth, Hiawatha, and save the Real Men, even as they were saved from the poisonous breath of the Horned Serpent when they fled from their Adirondack masters. Go forth without fear, Hiawatha, for Hagwe-diyu, the Good Mind, will lead thee, even as He led thy Fathers."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE CHOICE OF THE ONONDAGAS

WHEN Hiawatha returned to Kanatagowa, he appeared like a man standing on a lofty mountain whose vision is as clear as that of Oteanyea, the eagle. Oteanyea flies nearest the sky, and so he sees farthest over the earth below him. So Hiawatha moved as one who in a single vision sees objects distant and near.

The next day after his return, Hiawatha sent out runners bearing painted sticks that read, "In two suns the Onondagas will meet at Kanatagowa for council. It is Hiawatha that invites them." Quickly the messengers went to every town of the Onondagas. As the people received the message they said, "Does some hidden danger threaten that the watchful Hiawatha calls a council?"

When the sacred brand had been lighted, Hiawatha arose from his place. Three times he slowly paced about the council fire; then he paused and spoke to the people:

"My Brothers, when our Fathers fought by the Rapid River they defended each other like clan brothers. When the Adirondacks pursued them like a fire sent from Heaven, they died in defense of each other. When, on the troubled waters of Skanodario, the Horned Serpent lifted his head against them, the warriors of the Real Men faced him in united battle till Heno, the thunderer, came to their aid.

“My Brothers, the Fathers of the Real Men perished in great numbers in defending each other. Those that were saved by Heno were a united people; but their children wage the bitterest of wars against each other.

“Where are the warriors who sat with us about the old council fire of the Onondagas? Many have left our hunting grounds forever; some are captives who have lost both name and birthright forever, and their masters are Real Men; some are crowding the pathway of spirits, meeting on that journey those whom they have fought. Will not the Great Fathers of the Real Men rebuke them when they reach the Land of the Blessed, because they have fought with each other?

“My Brothers say that the Onondagas have taught the proud Senecas to fear them; they say the Senecas dare not enter the land of the Onondagas, that even the Seneca scouts hover like frightened birds at a distance. But how shall it be with your children? How will it be with the little ones who are running about on the ground or who are tied to the cradle-board? When they reach manhood, will there be a chief warrior to save them from the vengeance that threatens? No, the Onondagas are foolish to eat up their own seed corn. The Onondagas are foolish to leave their children to grow up with avengers on the warpath against them.

“Brothers, each day the great sun, Kagagwa, looks into the empty villages of the Real Men;

looks into their deserted hunting grounds and their lonely lodges. The Real Men are passing away from the earth because of their wars on each other; they will soon be feeble and few in number. When again a multitude of the tree-eating Adirondacks come from the northward, our warriors must flee before them like frightened women. In that day our children will become captives to strangers. And this shame will come on the Real Men because they have warred on each other.

“My Brothers, continue to listen. The sun, the watchful Kagagwa, looks on no people with such surpassing courage as the Real Men. The warfare between them has been long and bitter, and many warriors have fallen; yet no tribe has yielded, because Real Men cannot be conquered.

“Listen, my Brothers, it has been revealed to Hiawatha that the Real Men must put aside warfare with each other. They must bury their weapons of warfare so deep that they can never again be dug up. Let the Onondagas build a great council fire and invite all the Real Men to sit together there as in the days of the Great Fathers. Let the Onondagas enter a union of the five tribes of the Real Men that will banish warfare forever from among them. Let them become the Ko-nosh-i-o-ni, the United People. Then will each tribe of the Iroquois possess the strength of all. This is the will of the Great Ruler. Naho.”

The words of Hiawatha were like torches light-

ing the minds of his hearers. The hearts of the people were moved, for they perceived that he had spoken by inspiration. The old men among them were thinking: "This is the heaven-power that we saw on him when he returned from his fasting. Surely, this is a message sent to us by the Great Wisdom. Surely, Hiawatha has spoken the words revealed to him by his clan spirit." A deep silence fell upon them while the minds of the chieftains and wise men were being moved to answer.

But the magic of Atotarho was working. His face became terrifying. His burning eyes moved from one to the other of the chieftains and warriors, and every man who met that gaze became paralyzed in action. No Onondaga, other than Hiawatha, would dare to speak in the presence of Atotarho.

The sun moved to midheaven, yet no one spoke further. Then, one after another, the people arose and stole from the place of council. As they went, the silence of that place seemed to follow them and to cover them with shame. The warriors of Onondaga had become cowards. They had lost the power of free discussion; lost the ancient right of counsel. Their fears had made them slaves of Atotarho.

But the heart of Hiawatha was not daunted. When the sun had risen and set three times, his messengers left the village bearing the painted sticks of invitation, "In two suns the Onondagas

will meet at Kanatagowa in council. It is Hiawatha that invites them."

Again they came. In thoughtful silence they trod the forest paths and entered the place where the wood was laid for the council fire. Then came Hiawatha; and the silent people marveled as they saw him, for his face was full of confidence and hope and his step strong and free like the step of a chieftain returning in triumph. But after him came Atotarho; and, as they looked, it was as if the people saw the messengers of the Good Mind and the Bad Mind before them.

Again Hiawatha spoke to the people. Now it was as if one of the Great Fathers had returned to them; returned in love and pity to lead them from darkness and sorrow into light and safety. The words of Hiawatha were like the sound of flowing waters to the thirsty hunter. As they listened, the hearts of the people were refreshed and filled with new life and courage. Surely the Onondagas would not lose their ancient right of debating in council; surely they would stand by the man they most loved and trusted; surely they would not turn away from the great light that was shining among them!

But when Hiawatha had finished, a compelling fear drew the eyes of the warriors to Atotarho. He sat there silent and haughty, and his crafty face was turned from one to another of the chieftains and wise men. Those who met the strange eyes of the wizard felt their tongues becoming

parched and their thoughts turning to confusion.

Broken and bewildered, one after another of the Onondagas left that council. When all the people had gone, Atotarho arose and returned to his longhouse in silence.

Then Hiawatha sought the gloom of the deep forest. His heart was torn with disappointment at his people. He said: "The Onondagas have become cowards; warfare has robbed them of the ancient pride in their birthright! No longer are they free men; they are captives to Atotarho!"

Bitterly he thought that Sosondoweh and Daweyongo had failed him; that no friend or clansman had dared to stand beside him; that not one of the party of peace had been fearless enough to speak his mind in the presence of Atotarho.

But love of his own people soon prevailed. Not yet would Hiawatha believe that they were cowards. His purpose was not yet defeated; he would try once more. Then, if the Onondagas proved faithless, he would seek for freemen among the other tribes of the Real Men. Had not Jigonsasa told how the stranger Daganoweda, a Huron, had journeyed eastward foretelling the coming of a great peace?

So it was that after three suns Hiawatha's runners again went forth, bearing the message of invitation to a council.

After two suns came the morning for the

council to assemble; but every pathway was deserted. In the dimness of their lodges, the people hid themselves in shame and sorrow. Two men only entered the place of council: one was Hiawatha; the other, Atotarho.

Silently they sat there facing each other while the sun slowly climbed to midheaven. Then, with haughty footsteps, Atotarho arose and walked in triumph through the deserted village; he entered the forest.

Hiawatha turned his face from the place of council; from the sacred place dishonored of the people. Slowly he walked to the edge of the village; walked as one who communes with his own mind. At the wood's edge he sat down in silence and covered his face with his deerskin mantle. Motionless he sat there, until the sun had sunk below the western treetops; then he arose and turned his feet away from Kanatagowa.

As he left the home village and moved slowly along the southern pathway, he passed a familiar spring; a solitary figure was sitting beside it. It was Atotarho. For the last time as rival Onondaga chieftains, the two silently met and parted.

PART THREE

The Going-out of Hiawatha

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

THE RENUNCIATION

THAT night Hiawatha camped on the mountain where was the sacred place of his dream-fast. In the depths of the great pine forest he recalled the promise of that dream-fast. Here he renewed the old vows that he had made under the first leading of his clan spirit. All night he watched, waiting the thought that would guide him in the long path of exile.

At length Kagwaga, the great day-bringer, awakened all the forest. To the south, Hiawatha saw the wide hill lines that parted the waters flowing northward to the Beautiful Lake from the streams that hurried toward the Susquehanna. Down by Lake Gaahna the deer were looking out from thickets and moving toward the water. Hiawatha's hand reached for the familiar bow and arrow, and for a moment he felt his hunter's blood stir to the call of the forest. Then a great sorrow darkened his eyes; for he knew that, self-banished, he was parting from that beloved homeland forever. He was parting from the forests of his childhood and youth and manhood; saying a last farewell to the far blue hills that looked down on Lake Skaneadice; leaving the clear-flowing streams and rivers, and the old beloved pathways which his feet knew how to follow in darkness.

The old woodlands talked to him of long-ago comrades and friends. They spoke in deep-toned,

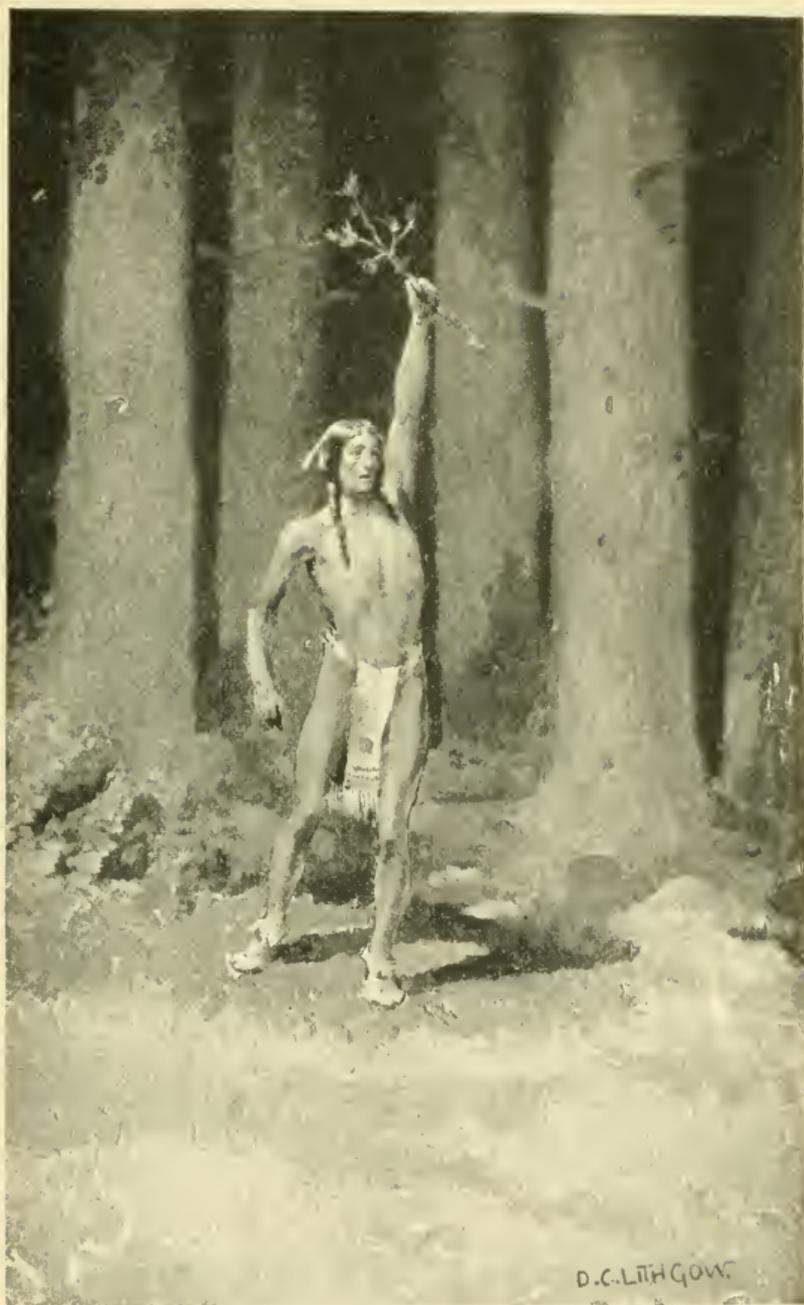
tender voices: "Wilt thou forsake the home forests, Hiawatha, and leave thy bones among strangers? Wilt thou depart forever from the land given by the Master of Life to thy Onondaga Fathers?"

All that sun Hiawatha fasted. Then he turned away and made a camping place for the night at the foot of the mountain.

On the morning of the fifth day, still fasting, he turned his feet eastward. He crossed the lands that divided the waters northward and southward; he climbed the wooded slopes that held the waters of Lake Tekaneadabe. From the hilltops, his eyes followed the distant blue mountains that turned the waters southward and westward to meet the widening stream of the Tioughnioga.

All the thoughts of Hiawatha followed the hurrying waters; followed them southward to where the Tioughnioga flows into the wide Chenango. So intimately he knew that far-stretching ground that it seemed like a part of himself; everywhere it was written full of his life's story.

All this time Hiawatha was taking counsel of his own spirit. His mind was slowly shaping the plan of his great exile; slowly framing the words of the Great Peace that he would bear to other peoples. No longer a chieftain, he must go to the other tribes of the Real Men as a messenger of the Great Peace. Like a faithful runner, he



“Here he renewed the old vows”

would speak no words save the words of his message; he would wrap the message close in his mind that no word might be forgotten or misspoken.

Here, on the shores of Lake Tekaneadahe, Hiawatha sought for a sign of the peace message and found it. Lying in layers, he saw the empty shells of the little water snail, some white and some purple. Stooping down, he filled a pouch of deerskin with them; and he made strings of the white shells.

He said: "My path lies far to the eastward. I shall come as a messenger of Ka-ri-wi-yo, the Great Peace. I shall cover my breast with whiteness so that men will know my mission when they see me. These shells will hold the words of the Great Peace so that not one word may be forgotten." As he strung the shells, he talked into them the words of the Great Peace.

So it was that the Ote-ko-a, the wampum strings that held the message which should unite the Men of Men, was made by the beloved Hiawatha.

On that last day in the land of Onondaga, Hiawatha came to feel that the old pathways had become unfriendly. Every trail was leading him outward; not one was to lead him homeward. He had become an outcast, a wood wanderer. Never again in that land could he look for the curling smoke from his home village; never claim as his birthright the shelter of the longhouse and the welcome of his own fireside. Nevertheless,

with far-seeing purpose, Hiawatha turned away from the land of the Onondagas forever.

That night he camped on the shores of Cazenovia Lake in the land of the Oneidas.

At dawn he heard close at hand the soft call of Sohont, the turkey, followed by the cluck of the partridge. When he answered, Sosondoweh and Daweyongo stood beside him in the forest.

Hiawatha said: "Why have Sosondoweh and Daweyongo followed the footsteps of Hiawatha? Why have they left the land of their own people?"

Sosondoweh answered: "It becomes not a great chieftain to journey without attendants. Let Sosondoweh and Daweyongo go with Hiawatha and serve him."

Then Hiawatha answered: "Hiawatha is no longer a chieftain, but is an exile from his people. He is a messenger bearing the words of the Great Peace to other peoples."

Sosondoweh said: "Is not Sosondoweh pledged by a vow of friendship to follow Hiawatha in every path of danger? Sosondoweh will follow Hiawatha."

Then Daweyongo spoke: "Daweyongo would serve Hiawatha because he loves the Great Peace that Hiawatha seeks for the tribes of the Real Men."

After a long silence Hiawatha spoke: "Only at the command of the Great Ruler may a man cast away his birthright. Ye shall not become

exiles with Hiawatha; nevertheless ye may serve him. Go to To-no-a-ga-o, the Oneida chieftain, at the Oneida stronghold and bear to him the message of the Great Peace."

Then Hiawatha read to them the words recorded in the white shell strings; and, when they had repeated the words, they disappeared in the forest.

Hiawatha himself followed the trail that led upward from the shores of Lake Cazenovia, until he saw the smoke of the Oneida village rising from a hill above the forest. Then he put away his weapons and sat down to wait by a well-trodden pathway that led to the village. As the shadows of evening descended, he heard the voice of Sosondoweh speaking close beside him, "The ears of Tonoagao are closed to the words of Hiawatha's message."

For a time there was silence; then Hiawatha spoke: "Go to Jigonsasa, the great Peace Queen, and say to her, 'Hiawatha prays Jigonsasa, the Great Mother, to aid him. The path is closed before Hiawatha in his own land. Now his feet are set in the long trail leading eastward; he seeks the land of the Mohawks, bearing with him the message of the Great Peace.'"

Hiawatha said to his friends: "Wrap this message close; stay not nor rest not until Jigonsasa has received it. Then return to Kanatagowa." The two friends repeated the message, and silently took their way westward.

Hiawatha continued his journey along the hill-tops that divide the waters. On the tenth day, he saw the smoke of an Oneida village to the northward. He crossed the Oriskany, keeping the village at a distance, and entered the land of the Mohawks. He stopped at no other Oneida village, as he understood that the Oneida chieftains, for fear of Atotarho, would refuse to listen to the peace message.

All these days Hiawatha knew well that the scouts of Atotarho were about him. But so wary had been the movements of Sosondoweh and Daweyongo that they eluded the spies of Atotarho. Thus the war chief soon learned that Hiawatha was passing through the lands of the Oneidas without entering their villages; but he did not know that the peace message had reached the Oneidas, nor that his rival had appealed to the powerful Queen of the Neutrals.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THROUGH THE LAND OF THE MOHAWKS

THE Mohawk is the great river of the Iroquois. Ages before the coming of the Great Peace Message, the Fathers of the Real Men had made their journeys toward the sunrise by following the course of the Mohawk. For ages the Real Men had possessed a wide hunting ground, through which the river made a long water trail eastward and westward. The Iroquois believed that the land would always hold their footsteps, for the Great Ruler never forgot his children nor the places of their dwelling. The Great Ruler saw clearly the myriad pathways of the generations of Real Men that had lived and died in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk.

The silver line of the river crept through the forested valley, curving its way through the land like a huge serpent. There were two long curves in the serpent's body; then his head dropped sharply for the leap into the Shanektade. At the height of each curve stood a village. In the northern curve, nearest the tail of Saista, the serpent, was Ga-ne-a-ga, the upper stronghold of the Mohawks. Where the shining body of Saista swept southward, was Ga-na-yo-he, the middle stronghold. The second large northward curve of the serpent carried at its crest Teahntonatologa. Where the head of Saista dropped suddenly downward to find the Skanehtade, was the small village of Ga-ho-ose.

The well-beaten footpath, the good trail called Wa-gwen-ne-yuh, followed the great curves of the river until it neared the fall at Gahoose; then it parted from the Mohawk and ran straight on to the height where the village of Skanehtade looked down on the River Skanehtade.¹

The day after Hiawatha entered the land of the Mohawks, Kagagwa, the sun, looked over the eastern tree tops and saw Ganeaga, the upper Mohawk stronghold, all astir with the life of the morning. Small groups of hunters were moving toward the forest; a company of women were going down to the rich, green maize fields on the river bottom; a few old men were sitting under the trees near the stockade, watching a group of youths who practiced at the ball game.

Suddenly from the forest came the call of a stranger. It was three times repeated, "Coo-e-aa! Coo-e-aa! Coo-e-aa!"

Immediately two warriors ran out from the lodge of Tec-wi-ho-ga to welcome the visitor and lead him into the village. Beside the south trail, they found the stranger waiting. His head was adorned with the heron feather; his breast was covered with white shell strings; his bearing was that of a great chieftain.

In his well-ordered longhouse, the most aged chieftain of the Mohawks met the stranger and recognized him. He said: "Hiawatha, thou art welcome. Tecwihoga has heard thy voice speak-

¹ At the present site of Albany.

ing words of wisdom in the council of the Onondagas. Let Hiawatha eat of the bread of the Mohawks."

When Hiawatha had eaten the guest bread, the bread of the stranger, he unfolded to Tecwihoga the peace message that the white shell strings recorded.

But the heart of the aged chieftain was not yet ready to be opened to the message of Hiawatha. He said: "Is not each tribe supreme in its own land? Why should the Mohawks lose their ancient freedom in uniting with the other tribes of the Real Men?"

For answer, Hiawatha took five arrows and bound them together with deer sinew. He said, as he tested the strength of the bundle, "This is the Konoshioni, the United People." Then he took a single arrow and said, "This is the Mohawk." Easily he snapped the shaft with his fingers and silently left the longhouse.

Ganayohe, the middle stronghold of the Mohawks, stood where Canajoharie Creek finds the Mohawk; stood where the south trail climbs the hills that hold the headwaters of streams flowing to the Susquehanna. Rich and prosperous was Ganayohe. Her maize fields stretched along the fruitful valley of the Mohawk; and north and south were game-filled forests. In the lodges of the village the bark barrels were overflowing; the benches richly covered with pelts from the hunting; the walls adorned with spoils of warfare.

One morning a daughter of O-a-a-go-wa, the head chieftain of Ganayohe, went to the village spring. Lightly she came over the well-beaten pathway, carrying a jar on her shoulder. Suddenly she stopped in amazement. By the spring-side a wonderful stranger was sitting, his breast covered over with white shell strings. For a moment the maiden's gaze met the quiet eyes of the stranger; then she set down her jar and ran with swift feet to the longhouse of her father.

She said: "Ihani, my Father, I have seen a wondrous being sitting by the spring side. His breast is covered with white shell strings. What can this mean?"

Her father answered: "He is a runner who wears the white shell strings to show that he bears a peace message. Go forth, Kyeaha, my Daughter, and bid the stranger enter." So it was that Hiawatha came into the longhouse of the chieftain Oaagowa.

But the mind of Oaagowa was closed to the peace message of Hiawatha. In the planting moon he had led his warriors into the lands of the Cherokee people. He had but lately returned to the village, bringing with him the spoils of warfare. Through much fighting, the heart of Oaagowa had become frozen. So it was that the chieftain's ears were closed to the great words of Hiawatha.

When the next sun came, the people of Ganayohe looked in vain for the wonderful stranger.

Silently he had left them, and no man knew of his going.

One morning, Gawenneta, the sister of Hiawatha, stood in the doorway of the house of the Turtles and looked out on Teahontaloga; looked beyond the freshly made bark houses and saw her children playing at the wood's edge. Two hours before, Dayohogo, her husband, had left her for the hunting, going by the trail along the Skohar-le.¹ While Gawenneta stood there, the call of a runner sounded at the wood's edge. As she looked toward the west side of the village where the river trail emerges, she saw a stranger coming and marked that on his breast he wore the peace color. Something in the bearing of the stranger turned the thoughts of Gawenneta backward to the old days in Kanatagowa. Eagerly her eyes followed the newcomer till he disappeared in the lodge of the head chieftain. But it was as if some unfriendly spirit had cast a spell over the mind of Gawenneta that she might not recognize her brother.

As the sun was descending in the west sky, Gawenneta sat at the wood's edge with other women, who, like herself, were busy with porcupine embroidery. Her companions were speaking of the stranger. They told how the clan chieftains had been called together to hear his message. One said that he was a wonderful being who had come from a far land toward the

¹ Schoharie Creek.

sun's setting. Another said that the mysterious message was held in white shell strings; every shell in the string held a word that had been talked into it. The message was strange and unmeaning; the chieftains could not understand it.

Even while the women were speaking, a strange hush fell on the village as if the people divined that some great event had happened. Children stopped their playing and scrambled to the roofs of the longhouses; the old men stopped talking; sounds of labor ceased. The people of Teahtontaloga, who seven winters before had fled from their burning village to hide in the forest with their starving children, were strangely moved when they saw the messenger with the white shell strings leaving the lodge of the head chieftain unattended.

Gawenneta stood with the other women and watched the stranger move toward the east trail. She said: "Surely the bearer of the white wampum carries a rejected message, or the chieftain would have walked with him to the wood's edge." She was seized with a restless longing to follow the messenger's footsteps; she longed to look into his face, and to hear his voice. But now he had disappeared in the forest! Her thoughts were filled with strange misgivings. Her mind was crowded with memories of the old home in Kanatagowa; crowded with far-away memories of her mother and Shawenis and White Eagle.

So, unhonored, Hiawatha left Teahtontaloga.

He crossed the great battlefield of the Mohawks and Algonkins. He listened to the plaint of the forest that told how its footpaths were worn by warfare and its soil darkened with the blood of battle. The voice of the wide pine forest murmured the thoughts of Hiawatha: "The hearts of the Mohawks have become hardened with warfare, and their backs are bent with its burden. Their minds are darkened with the lust of battle so that they cannot understand the words recorded in the white wampum."

As he went forward a great fear fell on Hiawatha. He said: "If the Mohawks reject the message of the Great Peace, no other tribe of the Real Men will listen. The peace-loving Oneidas will not dare to stand for it against the will of Atotarho; and the Cayugas and Senecas will close their minds against it because of hatred for the Onondagas." Once more he took the trail to the eastward.

An aged man named Don-ya-daas was living at Skanehtade. One morning as Donyadaas was flaking arrows at the doorway of his longhouse, his daughter stood beside him and said:

"Ihani, my Father, a wonderful stranger has entered the lodge of the chieftain. His breast is covered with white shell strings, but his bearing is dejected."

The aged man was silent a moment; then he said: "Kyeaha, my Daughter, I would speak with this stranger."

An hour later, Hiawatha left the lodge of the chieftain with a rejected message. As he turned into the trail along the River Skanehtade, the daughter of Donyadaas approached, saying:

“Will not the great chieftain enter the lodge of Donyadaas, my father?”

So Hiawatha came to the longhouse of the old man, who said, “Iyeaha, my Son, dost thou bring any word to Donyadaas?”

At once Hiawatha read the words of the wampum, the Otekoa. As he read, the face of the aged man became shining. When the message recorded in the last shell string had been given, Donyadaas spoke:

“For three winters Donyadaas has awaited the coming of the Great Peace Message, the Kari-wiyo, that was promised to the Mohawks through a dream sent to him by the Great Ruler. Listen Iyeaha, my Son. In his dream Donyadaas stood alone on the long trail at the south bank of the Mohawk, and his eyes were turned toward the sun’s setting. He stood on the ancient trail of his Fathers, as one who waits the coming of runners bearing a great message.

“While he waited, Donyadaas saw a star rise in the north sky and stand above the land of the Mohawks. The beauty of Ojishanda, the star, filled the heart of Donyadaas with gladness, as if a great word had been spoken.

“As he looked, Donyadaas saw a second star rise in the west sky and move slowly toward the

sun's rising until it stood close to the first star. And Donyadaas marveled that a star should rise in the west sky. Then he saw that the land of the Mohawks was filled with a wonderful brightness. Donyadaas said in his dream, "These stars are the messengers that I awaited." As he spoke the dream passed from him.

"Donyadaas told his vision to the dream interpreter, who promised that great tidings of peace should come to the Mohawks. Two runners should come, one from the north and one from the west, and each would bear the same message. Their coming would fill the land of the Mohawks with plenty and bring a blessing to their children."

Hiawatha was torn by strange doubts when he left Skanehtade. He believed that the dream of Donyadaas foretold the coming of the Great Peace; but what did the first star rising in the north sky signify? Was not the dream-promise already lost, since the Mohawks rejected the Great Peace Message?

In his sorrow, Hiawatha said: "Have I failed to understand the teachings of my clan spirit? If one bears a message and finds no one to receive it, then is the messenger ashamed to meet the faces of men, for he knows well that he has failed to wrap his message close and keep it. Surely, if I have missed the Word that was given, I am a lost one who must forever wander alone in the forest."

So unseeing, unhearing, Hiawatha followed the trail that led to Gahoose.

But the words of the Great Peace had not been lost. Even as Hiawatha was approaching Gahoose, there were those who spoke in secret of the wonderful messenger whose breast was covered with white shell strings. Some of the chieftains and wise men in each of the three strongholds of the Mohawks were pondering in silence the words of wisdom spoken by Hiawatha.

Two scouts of Atotarho had followed Hiawatha from village to village. The next sun after he left Skanehtade they entered Kanatagowa and said to Atotarho:

“We have seen Hiawatha leave each one of the Mohawk strongholds unattended and unhonored. We left him walking along the Skanehtade like a warrior blinded by a heavy blow in battle.”

Atotarho asked, “Did you not follow to Gahoose?”

They answered, “Small is Gahoose and its chieftain, Da-ga-no-we-da, is a stranger.”

The face of Atotarho darkened as he answered: “Do not the Real Men fill their houses with the strongest people from every nation? Where is there a tribe from whom they have not adopted captives? Daganoweda was a stranger; but he is filled with magic, and already he is a chieftain and a powerful leader. The Mohawks believe

that he is taught by the Great Spirit. They say that the sacrificial fire of Daganoweda is more powerful than the council brand. Who shall say that the message is rejected, when Hiawatha has yet to meet Daganoweda?

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE MOHAWKS LISTEN TO THE GREAT PEACE

THE next sun Hiawatha stood where the Mohawk, the river of his people, turns southward to find the waters of the Great Sea at the Sun's Rising.

He saw the wide forest sweeping southward; saw the distant blue mountains; felt the roaring of the waters, and saw them leaping downward and hurrying forward to meet the Skanehtade; and his heart was moved with the wonder of beauty, as he looked on this work of Hawennyu, the Great Wisdom.

Close at hand was the village of Gahoose. As he stood there, Hiawatha saw a man advancing from the village to meet him. "This is a strange thing," he thought. "I have uttered no call; but some one approaches as if he had awaited my coming."

Hiawatha wondered at the noble freedom of the stranger's bearing, for he moved like one rich in the gifts of life. His face was handsome, and the eyes that looked into the face of Hiawatha were clear and far-seeing. But when the stranger made his greeting, Hiawatha saw that his tongue halted, and that he was unused to the language of the Mohawk people.

Hiawatha said, "I am Hiawatha, the bearer of the wampum token."

The man answered, "Daganoweda welcomes

Hiawatha, and his ears are open to the message that he carries."

Then Hiawatha knew that this was that seeker for peace of whom Jigonsasa had spoken. Full of wonder, Hiawatha read the white-shell strings. When he had finished, he saw that Daganoweda listened as one who understood the Great Peace from the beginning.

In that moon a strange message spread through the land of the Mohawks. It was whispered by the leaves of the forest. It was breathed by Oah, the wind, as he passed through the woodland; and all the summer birds sang it as they flew through the opens. It said: "The bearer of the white wampum is in the village of Gahoose. He dwells in honor with Daganoweda, the wise chieftain of the Turtles, and much they counsel together."

In those suns when Daganoweda and Hiawatha talked together of the Great Law of the United People, a large bark canoe was swiftly skimming the southern shores of Ontario. Its course was toward the sun's rising.

Within the canoe sat Jigonsasa, the Peace Queen of the Neutrals. Beside her was a woman of the House of Peace, and there were four strong men at the paddles.

Across Ontario, the Beautiful Lake, like a strong white bird, the canoe of Jigonsasa came flying. Sun after sun it moved eastward like

some eager living creature. It entered the mouth of the Oswego; it touched the shores at the falls of the river. Between the forested banks of the Oswego, the canoe of Jigonsasa glided southward; it swam the Lake of the Oneidas and entered the creek, Ka-ne-go-dick.¹ It was carried lightly across the portage and placed on the Mohawk. Following the river in its course toward the sun's rising, it came to the falls at Gahoose. Here the great canoe rested.

That moon a new message of wonder spread quickly among the Mohawks. It said: "Jigonsasa, the Great Mother of Nations, is come among us! She is dwelling at Gahoose in the house of Daganoweda. She is in the lodge that shelters the bearer of the white wampum. Surely this is a marvelous thing!"

Then messengers hurried over the main footpaths to every town and village of the Mohawks. They carried the painted sticks that summoned a meeting: "In three suns the Mohawks will meet in council at Ganayohe. It is Daganoweda that invites them."

From all the towns of the Mohawks, the people flocked to the council. The aged and feeble came leaning on their staffs; women came with young babes looking out from the cradle-boards; maidens, children, youths, warriors and chieftains — all came, crowding the paths that led into Ganayohe. They came two by two or in groups

¹ Woods Creek.

that were strangely silent, for all the people awaited some event of wonder. Soon the council place was filled; the women on one side, the men on the other.

The eyes of the people were divided. Many sought the face of Jigonsasa, the Queen of the Neutrals, where, erect and noble, she sat at the front of the women. In wonder and reverence they gazed on her who was descended from the first mother, Ataensic. The women turned their children's faces to look on Jigonsasa, for they wished the eyes of their children to hold the image of the Great Mother of Nations. But the people looked most on Hiawatha, the bearer of the white wampum, for they knew that he would give the great message of the council.

Tecwihoga, the eldest sachem of the Mohawks, arose and lighted the council fire. From the sacred council brand he lighted Ahsuquata, the peace pipe. Placing it to his lips, he drew the smoke through the long stem. Then he lifted the pipe, with the blue rings of smoke curling upward from bowl and mouthpiece, and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Master of Life.

He offered thanks to the earth where men dwell; to the streams of water, the pools, the springs and the lakes; to the maize and the fruits, to the medicinal herbs and trees, to the forest trees for their usefulness; to the animals that serve as food and give their pelts for clothing; to the great winds and the lesser winds;



The meeting of Hiawatha, Daganoweda, and Jigonsasa
at the Falls of Gahoose

to Heno, the thunderer; to Kagagwa, the sun, the mighty warrior; to the messengers of the Creator who reveal his wishes. Last of all he gave thanks to the Great Creator who dwells in the heavens above; who gives all the things useful to men, and who is the source and the ruler of health and life. Like all the Real Men, the Mohawks in their thanksgiving began with the humblest life and climbed upward and upward until they reached the Great Wisdom.

When the brief prayer was ended, Tecwihoga placed the pipe to his lips and blew the smoke of Ahsuquata to the eastward and the southward, to the westward and the northward — toward the four corners of the earth he blew the smoke of peace. Then he bent his head and blew the sacred smoke downward toward the fruitful earth, Yoanja; last of all he blew it upward toward Otshata, the sky, in praise of the Great Ruler.

Advancing to Jigonsasa, the Peace Queen, Tecwihoga said: "Will the Great Mother of Nations smoke the peace pipe with her Mohawk children?" The Yegowaneh, the Great Woman, took the pipe, and, holding it in her hands for a moment, drew a breath of smoke from the sacred tobacco. After that Hiawatha blew the smoke upward. Then it was passed to the chieftains and wise men.

When the smoke of the peace pipe had ascended, Tecwihoga arose, and, addressing Hia-

watha, said: "My Brother, thou art welcome to the council fire of the Mohawks. Thou comest to us with a great message. The ears of the people are open to receive it."

Holding the white shell strings in his hands, Hiawatha arose; through his face shone the light that comes from the sky world. He said: "My Brothers, I am come to bring to you Kariwiyo, the Great Peace, that shall fill your lodges with plenty and bless your children in future ages.

"The Mohawks are proud because they are Real Men. But they have forgotten that the greatest glory of the Real Men was achieved in their battles for freedom. My Brothers, long ago the Real Men became a great people because Hagwedyu led them. They prospered in those ancient days. On the hills of Onondaga, every sachem saw the founding of a new village, so rapidly did the people multiply.

"Then the Real Men lighted separate council fires, distant from each other; they forgot the language of the Ancient Fathers, and their hearts became strangers to each other. In those winters the strength of the Real Men was divided. Many suns have passed over the divided people. And now clan brothers have turned their weapons against each other, and the power of the Real Men is broken."

Hiawatha took five arrows and bound them firmly together, then he continued: "Let us now combine all the power of the separate nations

into one power. With deer sinew, we have bound the five arrows together into a bundle which no one can bend or break. Each arrow stands for one of the tribes of the Real Men. If one arrow is taken, the bundle will be weakened. It will be still worse if two are taken. If three are taken, the bundle may easily be broken. And what is the strength of one, apart from the four others? So it will be with the United People; so it is with the single tribe that stands apart from the others.

“Listen, my Brothers, let the tribes of the Real Men bury their warlike weapons deep beneath the tallest pine tree — the pine tree whose five needles represent the union of the tribes; let them cover their weapons of warfare forever.

“Let the Real Men build a great Longhouse where they can dwell together as clan brothers. The eastern door of that Longhouse shall be at the River Skanehtade, and its western door shall look down on the Gennisheyo. In that mighty Longhouse, five fires shall be lighted, one fire kept by each Brother. Like clan brothers, let them light a common council fire where together they shall determine those things that belong to all of the United People. In times of trouble and danger, let them come together at one council brand. Let no tribe enter warfare apart from the others. If any nation shall come against them, let the five brothers stand together. Thus will each Brother hold the strength of the four others. So shall the Real Men again become a

United People. My Brothers, let the Mohawks listen to the words of the Great Peace, the *Kariwiyo*."

Then *Hiawatha* read the words of the Great Peace recorded in the white shell strings; read them slowly and clearly, so that all could receive the message. Surely the words of *Hiawatha* reached the hearts of the listening people, for he spoke as one who has wrapped his message close and carried it for many winters.

In the long silence that followed, *Jigonsasa* arose and looked with kindly eyes into the faces of the people. She said: "*Radixaa*, my Children, for many winters *Jigonsasa* has dwelt in *Kienika*, the House of Peace. Many sad and burdened ones come to the Peace Queen; come to find safety from the avenger who follows. Their mouths are filled with words of confusion. Their eyes are darkened by fear and hatred, so that they have lost sight of the sky world. When they lift their eyes toward the Great Ruler, when they open their hearts to the light sent down by the Master of Life, they are loosed from their troubles.

"My Children, listen to the words of the Great Mother. You are burdened and troubled; your little ones are silent and fearful; your women are bowed with labor and sorrow. Truly, the Mohawks are bent under the heavy burden of warfare. Listen, my Children, to the teachings of the Great Mother. Wrap the words of the Great

Peace in your hearts and ponder them in silence. Become the first to will a United People, that the Master of Life may look upon you in kindness and bless your children for many generations. Naho. I have spoken."

The words of Jigonsasa, spoken with authority, found a place in the hearts of her Mohawk children.

When the chiefs had consulted together, they made answer to Hiawatha through the aged Tecwihoga. He said: "My Brother, the Mohawks have listened to the words of the Great Peace that Hiawatha has brought them, and they find them very good. The Mohawks will consider the message of their brother. Let Hiawatha return on the next summer's day¹ and receive their answer."

Two suns later Jigonsasa left Gahoose. As she stood on the bank of the Mohawk where her canoe was waiting, she said to Hiawatha: "Jigonsasa will meet Hiawatha at the place of danger." With this promise, the Great Mother departed.

¹ The next year.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE GREAT NORTHERN HUNTING

EVEN as the canoe of Jigonsasa left Gahoose, Atotarho was listening to a message from two of his swiftest runners who had journeyed by night and day to bring news of the Mohawk council. As he listened, Atotarho saw clearly that if the Mohawks accepted the Great Peace, the Oneidas would almost surely follow and leave him without allies. Before the canoe of Jigonsasa reached Lake Ontario, he had dispatched two of his most skillful scouts to dog the footsteps of Hiawatha and kill him in secret.

No one knew so well as Atotarho the difficulty and danger of that commission. In Daganoweda, Hiawatha had a powerful defender. The eyes of Daganoweda were sleepless, and they were as keen and far-sighted as the eyes of Oteanyca, the eagle. All this was known to Atotarho. He knew, too, that the Mohawks, having pledged themselves in council to consider the Great Peace, would during that year keep themselves from warfare and hold the person of Hiawatha sacred. The ascending smoke of Ahsuquata, the peace pipe, had carried their words to the Great Spirit; no Real Man ever forgot the pledge made while the smoke of Ahsuquata ascended. The Mohawks would be incorruptible, and they would avenge the death of Hiawatha while he was their tribal guest.

Immediately after the peace council, the Mo-

hawks renewed their treaties with their neighbors northward and eastward and southward; for this year, while they were considering the Great Peace, their warriors would be hunters.

When the hunting month came, there was unwonted stir in the towns of the Mohawks. Every able-bodied man armed himself with a strong bow and a well-filled quiver of arrows; every one was equipped with stout moccasins and snowshoes, and with high leggings and the warm deer-skin coat, ready for the great northern hunting. Never in the memory of the most aged, had the people seen such an army of hunters leave for the forests. The women became eager in the work of parching corn and preparing clothing and camping outfits; many of the strongest of them joined the expedition.

In one of the hunting parties that took its way northward were Hiawatha and Daganoweda. The great northern hunting trail led through the beautiful valley of the upper Skanehtade. There the ancient forests were in the possession of the bear and wildcat, the wolf and lynx, the deer, the beaver, and the muskrat. The mountains eastward and northward were the nesting places of eagles; the wooded lakes were the homes of the wild swan, the heron, and countless flocks of wild geese and ducks; there was no hunting ground richer in fish and game, and none so matchless in beauty. The party of Daganoweda took a trail that led them to the healing springs

of Shar-la-to-ga¹ where their evening campfire was lighted. Here they ate venison that was brought by the young men from the lakeside, and they talked about the healing waters.

The next day they moved forward to the falls of the Skanehtade,² where they camped again. The old hunting lodges there were quickly cleared of dead leaves, and fresh boughs were laid. Soon the cheerful light of campfires gleamed over the foaming waters of the Skanehtade and fought with shadows at the edge of the forest.

Still keeping the great northern trail, they left the river the next day and came to Lake Andia-ta-roc-ta,³ where they found many hunting lodges and where they erected new ones. A part of the company were already camped near the western bend of the Skanehtade.

At once the work of the winter hunting began. Parties entered the dense forests broken only by the well-beaten trails of wild creatures that made the lake their drinking place. At the end of the first day of hunting a score of deer were brought in, and the work of preserving meat and skin was begun by the women.

In the early days of the hunting, Daganoweda's watch-care over Hiawatha was redoubled, for he knew that in the great northern forest a lurking spy would have every advantage.

¹ Saratoga.

² The present site of Glens Falls.

³ Lake George.

One day as O-gas-aa, the evening, began to darken the woodlands and the hunters gathered about the campfires to listen to the evening story telling, Hiawatha heard close at hand in the forest the low call of Sohont, the turkey, followed by the soft cluck of Kawesea, the partridge. A moment later he stood within the darkened wood, and beside him were Sosondoweh and Daweyongo. In tones as low as the voice of Neoga, the south wind, Hiawatha said:

“The pleasant voices of Hiawatha’s friends call to him from the forest; will they come and sit at the fireside of their Mohawk brothers?”

They answered: “Let Sosondoweh and Daweyongo talk with Hiawatha where the friendly darkness of Soa, the night, is about them.”

Then Hiawatha questioned: “My Brothers bring news from the Longhouse of the Turtles in Kanatagowa?”

They answered: “There is a goodly light in the longhouse of the Turtle, and the ears of Aijah, wife of Daweyongo, are filled with the pleasant voices of her children.”

For a moment there was silence, then Hiawatha said: “This speech of Sosondoweh and Daweyongo is as music, for good are the words they have spoken. Let my Brothers uncover their message, for the ears of Hiawatha are open.”

Then Sosondoweh spoke: “Seven suns ago two birds of darkness left the lodge of Atotarho

and flew toward the sun's rising. Silently as Ohowa, the night bird, wings his way through the forest, they followed the Mohawk company northward. Now they hover about the hunting parties of the Mohawks. When Hiawatha goes out to follow Skanondo, the deer, they noiselessly flit about his pathway. When they can approach close enough to reach Hiawatha with Kajawa, the war club that leaves no trace of the slayer, they will swoop down swiftly and strike him."

Hiawatha answered: "Hiawatha will wrap the message of his Brothers closely. Let Sosondoweh and Daweyongo return to their people with quiet hearts, for Hiawatha is guarded by the sleepless eyes of Ganoweda — eyes that see farther than the eyes of Atotarho, for they are filled with light from the sky world."

The next sun Do-wah-bah and O-sa-ha, the two spies of Atotarho, fled eastward, for they knew by a sense as keen as that of Jitso, the fox, that their presence was known to the Mohawks. Where could they flee? The hunting trail southward was too dangerous. They must trust to the unbroken wilderness for protection.

For seven suns the fugitive spies made their way through the thicketed forest that covered the hills dividing the waters of the Skanehtade and the Rapid River. With moccasins and stout leggings torn by that fight with the almost impenetrable woodland, they were in deadly peril from Saista, the serpent, too sleepy with cold to

warn them with his rattle; in peril from the stealthy approach of Dajoji, the panther, and from the hungry wolf, Hotyone. But they were in greater peril from the Mohawks, who hotly pursued them. At length their trail was covered from their baffled enemies; but they dared not light a fire to guard their restless slumber; dared not kill or cook the game all about them.

At last the two spies reached a fair mountain lake where the Mohawks sometimes came to track beaver.¹ Here they cooked flesh for the first time. Without further pause in their flight, they followed the obscure trails along the eastern branches of the Skanehtade, and, scouting the north bank of the Mohawk, they reached their own land in safety.

Silently Atotarho listened to their story. When it was ended he said: "Sosondoweh and Daweyongo have been absent from Kanatagowa. They are swift runners, and their eyes are un-sleeping. They have followed the scouts of Atotarho and warned the Mohawks. It is not well that Mohawk ears should hear the words spoken in the lodge of Atotarho. Let the tongues of Sosondoweh and Daweyongo be silenced."

Five suns later an empty canoe tossed and drifted on the waters of Ontario, and never again did the swift feet of Sosondoweh and Daweyongo fly over the wood paths in the service of Hiawatha.

¹ Lake St. Catherine.

CHAPTER THIRTY

ON THE HEAD OF THE TURTLE

THE news that Atotarho had sent spies among them stirred the Mohawk people to deep resentment, and it turned their hearts toward Hiawatha. When they saw that Hiawatha was a great hunter, that he was wise and sagacious in council, that his heart was so big that he lived like a father among them, they sought to give him honor. When the New Year came they made him a chieftain.

Then Hiawatha went to live with his sister Gawenneta whom he had now found once more at Teahontaloga. The people of Teahontaloga knew that the heart of Hiawatha was as wide as the heavens; and the humblest among them did not fear to call him brother.

During that winter as Hiawatha counseled with Daganoweda, all doubt and impatience fell from him forever. He appeared like one who runs fearlessly because he feels the strong earth beneath him and knows that above are shining the stars that will guide his feet on the unknown trail.

In the planting moon the Mohawks met to consider their answer to the message of Hiawatha. In that council Oagowa, the head chieftain of Ganayohe, spoke. He said: "My Brothers, many are the foes of the Mohawks. They are watching us at the sun's rising. Often they have driven us backward from the great river Skan-

ehtade. While our people are fighting the Real Men toward the sun's setting, the foes at the sun's rising swim the River Skanehtade, burn the homes of our absent warriors, waste our maize fields, and make captives our women and children.

"Listen, my Brothers. We have foes to the southward; and to the northward are our ancient enemies, the Algonkins, who fearlessly trespass on our northern hunting ground. Surely the Mohawks would be more secure in their lands if they held the strength of a United People, if there were Four Brothers behind them ready to join in their battle."

But there were warriors filled with the lust for blood. They asked: "Why should the Mohawks join in a confederation that will keep them from the warpath? Always the Mohawks will have their own grievances to settle."

Immediately the aged Tecwihoga answered: "In the avenging of just grievances, the Four Brothers will fight beside the Mohawks even as clansmen fight together. Has not Hagwedyu, the Good Mind, taught the Real Men to live together as brothers? And has not the dream promise sent to Donyadaas foretold the coming of Daganoweda and of Hiawatha; foretold the coming of this peace message that will bless the people? Surely the Mohawks will not turn from such a dream-promise."

At the beginning of the fawn moon, Hia-

watha was given answer: "The Mohawks have considered the great message of their brother Hiawatha, and they find it good. They are willing to enter the Longhouse of the Five Brothers. They will stand at the sunrise door of the Longhouse and faithfully guard it."

Two winters passed while the Great Message was carried to each of the Four Brothers of the Mohawks.

The Oneidas and the Cayugas had joined with the Mohawks in founding a single Longhouse. Then, one morning when the maize was knee high in the fields, Hiawatha received from the hands of Gawenneta the sustaining parched corn and turned his feet toward the southern hunting path. As he left the village, his quick eye noted a strange warrior standing close to the Great Central Trail. The image of the newcomer stayed in Hiawatha's mind as he ran lightly along the well-trodden footpath southward. Surely he had seen that powerful warrior in action, had seen him deftly wield Kajawa, the war club; but where, he could not remember.

Two hours later, Hiawatha stood on a dizzy height among the O-nis-ka-thaw Mountains¹ that look down on the wide country sloping to the Skanehtade. He was on the head of the Great Turtle. As he stood there, gazing over the vast forests below him, his thought took in the whole fair land of the Real Men, and he exulted in its

¹ The Helderberg Mountains.

beauty. How would it be when that glorious land belonged to an undivided people? That very moon a delegation from the three united tribes, the Oneidas and Cayugas and Mohawks, would visit the Seneca people.

The scenes at the meetings with the Oneidas and Cayugas passed swiftly before the mind of Hiawatha. Again he stood on the hill of the Oneidas and Daganoweda and Jigonsasa were beside him. He saw the council fire burning beside the great stone, the O-ni-a. He remembered how the Mother of Nations touched the sacred stone in reverent wonder, for the great stone, the Onia, was the altar of the people. It silently spoke to them of the Great Ruler's watch-care. The keepers of the faith told them how, unassisted by human hands, it had followed the Oneidas from one village site to another. They believed that no calamity could befall the tribe while the Onia was with them.

A look of sorrow passed over the face of Hiawatha as he recalled the people who gathered in that council. Where were the youths whom he had met as a boy at the Deosongwa, the Deep Basin Spring? Where were the young men who had come to Kanatagowa for memorable ball games? They had perished on the warpath or were captives, while strangers sat in their places. The children of the Oneidas looked sober and aged. The women were old in their youth, and they were bent with labor. The faces of the aged,

deep-lined with heavy care, were full of sorrow as they heard the words of the Great Peace, for well they knew that the war lust of Atotarho was destroying the People of the Stone. Nevertheless, there were many warriors who listened as if Gus-ta-ote, the spirit of the rock, possessed them.

He had seen that the Oneidas were torn by two opinions. Many were filled with fear or hatred of the message. They said: "This message will yet bring disaster to us, for now that the Mohawks have accepted the Great Peace, they will no longer aid the Oneidas in warfare. The People of the Stone cannot listen to the message, for it will bring on them the vengeance of Atotarho."

Others said that the peace movement was an omen of great good for all of the Real Men, and these prevailed in the council. The Oneidas promised to consider the Great Peace.

Hiawatha recalled how a year later, when the deer in the forest were calling softly to their young fawns, the peace messengers had threaded the westward trail and again climbed the hill of the Oneidas. There, beside the mysterious Onia, they had received the answer of the Oneidas: "The Great Stone People accept the peace message. They will join with their brothers, the Mohawks, in the building of the Longhouse of the United People."

There had been great rejoicing among the Mohawks over that union with the Oneidas. Ages

before, the Oneidas had gone out from the Mohawks, built a separate council fire, and become the Younger Brother of the Mohawks. Now the Mohawks were reunited with this Younger Brother. The old men said it was a good omen that the tribe nearest of kin should be the first to come into the Longhouse with the Mohawks.

The signal call of a hunter brought the mind of Hiawatha back to his immediate surroundings. He listened for a moment to the sounds of life in the forest. From the mountain side, far below, he heard the occasional calls of a company of boy hunters who were scaling the dizzy heights by steps of projecting rock layers. While he listened, Hiawatha took his bow as if to follow the deer; but the bow slipped from his idle hand, even as his thoughts flew back again to the past.

Now he was far away in Ge-wa-ga, the stronghold of the Cayugas that looked out on Cayuga Lake. He visioned the people flocking to the council. Some came from Ne-o-dak-he-at,¹ at the head of Lake Cayuga. Some threaded the deer-filled forests eastward and crossed Lake Cayuga in their canoes to reach the place of council. With what wonder the people looked on the white wampum that held the words of confederation! They gazed on Daganoweda and the Peace Queen as if they saw messengers from the sky world; and the women were glad if the hands of their little ones but touched the

¹ At the present site of Ithaca.

deerskin garments of Jigonsasa, the Great Mother.

In the council, the Cayugas pointed to the great peril of their position between the warring Senecas and Onondagas. But the wisest answered that the Neutral Nation had maintained itself in such a position while it kept from the warpath; and what people was more prosperous than the Neutrals? Last of all, they said that long ago Ga-da-gwa-sa, an aged chieftain, had foretold the coming of a great peace council of which their children should be told through many generations.

So the Cayugas determined to consider the message recorded in the white shell strings. At the end of a year they pledged themselves to unite with the Oneidas and Mohawks.

As a twig snapped near at hand, Hiawatha's mind turned suddenly to the present. He stood fixed like a statue; but eye and ear were keenly active, and every muscle was ready for action. There was a crash behind him. Hiawatha turned instantly. Ten paces distant lay the fallen body of Dowago, spy of Atotarho. From the steep pathway below came the sound of flying footsteps. Quickly Hiawatha gained the shoulder of the mountain and looked downward. Thirty paces below he saw Osaha fleeing, the pursuer close behind him. And the pursuer was the stranger who that morning had stood on the Central Trail at Teahtontaloga. A moment

later Hiawatha heard a loud challenge given and answered. It was followed by the sound of a descending war club. Then all was silent.

Quickly Hiawatha returned to the top of the mountain and hid himself where he could see the body of the fallen Onondaga. Soon he heard footsteps. Then the strange warrior approached the dead Dowago and stood for a moment in silence above the body. It was Aodogweh, banished long ago from Onondaga for murder; Aodogweh, whom Hiawatha had met last in ambush after the burning of Nantasasis.

As Aodogweh moved to turn away, Hiawatha stepped from cover and silently faced him for a moment. Then Hiawatha spoke: "Many winters ago White Eagle hunted beside Aodogweh and fought with him in mimic warfare. Once since then have Aodogweh and Hiawatha met. There was no vow of friendship between them; but now Aodogweh defends Hiawatha even as one fights for another whom he calls friend."

The deep-lined face of Aodogweh quivered with emotion as he answered: "Long ago in Kanatagowa a vow of friendship was spoken between Aodogweh and Daweyongo. In a far-off land, it was whispered in the ear of Aodogweh, the exile, that Daweyongo had fallen by the hands of Dowago and Osaha. It was forbidden Aodogweh to walk the land of the Onondagas, so he came to the land of the Mohawks to carry out his vengeance. He knew well that Atotarho would



“It was Aodogweh, banished long ago . . . for murder”

send his two best spies to watch Hiawatha; he knew that Dowago and Osaha would haunt the trail of Hiawatha without sleeping. So for the moons of two winters Aodogweh has shadowed the footsteps of Hiawatha, watching for the coming of the slayers of Daweyongo. Aodogweh has met his enemies and killed them; now he will depart from the land of the Mohawks."

The banished Onondaga turned as if to go, then stopped to face Hiawatha for a moment longer. He said: "Have not the spies of Atotarho struck down the kinsfolk of Hiawatha and slain his sworn friend, Sosondoweh? Why does not the powerful chieftain seek vengeance?"

Hiawatha answered without passion, "There is a better way to vanquish Atotarho."

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

AT NUNDAWAO

FAR away in the Seneca country, on the Great Hill¹ that overlooks the blue waters of Lake Canandaigua, stood Nundawao, the ancient seat of the Seneca people. On that bare height was the tribal altar, where for countless generations the people had worshiped. There was the sacred council brand, and there the beacon fire was lighted when sudden danger threatened. The ancient fathers could remember no home before it; so they called themselves the People of the Great Hill.

The scouts and messengers of the Great Hill People traveled far. They went eastward among the other tribes of the Iroquois. They went southward to the populous country of the Cherokees. They went westward and northward to the lands of the Eries and Neutrals and Hurons. From their high seat at Nundawao, the Great Hill People looked far about them, and they listened to messages that were brought from many tribes.

On the highest point of the Great Hill, the council fire was lighted, and wide around it the people were gathered. A weighty message had reached Nundawao. It told the Seneca people that their allies, the Cayugas, had accepted the Great Peace. Even as the Senecas deliberated over this message, a bird² whispered in the ear of

¹ Bare Hill, near Naples, New York.

² A messenger.

the chieftain Kan-ye-da-re-yo that Hiawatha and the other messengers of the Three Nations were approaching Nundawao.

That same sun, in her canoe, came Jigonsasa, the Peace Queen. At once messengers were dispatched to summon the Senecas to council.

The next day Hiawatha stood on Nundawao and looked far away to the foot of Lake Canandaigua. He saw many canoes skimming the lake, and all were moving toward Nundawao. From the wide valley westward that was checkered with maize-filled opens, the Seneca people were climbing the broad slopes of the Great Hill. The place of council on the wide hilltop was crowded, and still the people were coming.

Hiawatha had never looked on so numerous a gathering. Many of the men proudly wore the heron feather, and their belts were fringed with scalp locks. Fair were the maidens in their fresh deerskin garments; courageous were the faces of the youths. Truly the Great Hill People showed that they were rich in maize fields and adventurous in war. Nevertheless, Hiawatha saw that their backs were bent under the burden of warfare. Among them were captives from many peoples, and he knew well that these filled the places of lost warriors and kinsfolk.

When, at the council, the smoke of Ahsaquata had been blown to the four corners of the earth, the Mother of Nations arose and addressed the Seneca people.

She said: "Radixaa, my Children, when the Great Hill People lighted their first council fire on Nundawao, its flame leaped high in sign that the Great Ruler was pleased with His children. They assembled about the leaping fire and gave thanks for their beautiful hunting grounds, for the guarding hills and fruitful valleys and rivers, and for Lake Canandaigua with its peaceful waters.

"And the Master of Life loved the Great Hill People and sent game to their forests and fish to their lakes and streams that they might dwell in peace and plenty forever.

"Then a great calamity befell the people of the Great Hill. A Two-Headed Serpent, the Ka-is-to-wan-ea, appeared among them. The warriors fed the strange creature until it grew to be a monster that devoured the game in their forests and brought upon them starvation.

At last the tribe, in dread of the monster, determined to leave the Great Hill and flee to a place of safety. But when the next sun came, they found that the Two-Headed Serpent had encircled the Great Hill and lay with its two sets of jaws extended before the gateway of the village.

"Then it was that a dream was sent to Haja-no, a youthful warrior, commanding him to make an arrow fledged with the hair of his mother and go forth against the Serpent.

"When that arrow reached the heart of the

Monster he fled into the deep waters of Canandaigua and perished.

“My Children, your Fathers have taught you in this story of the Two-Headed Serpent that people are destroyed when they become divided and war on each other. Truly the Two-Headed Serpent is destroying the Real Men. For many years the monster has wasted with one head the hunting grounds of the Real Men, while with the other it has devoured the warriors and women and children.

“Listen, Radixaa. Your Fathers have taught you in this story that the power of Rong-we and Young-we, the power of man and woman, must be united if this monster of warfare is to be vanquished. To the strength of the man must be joined the forgiving heart of the woman. For the Great Serpent of War flees to his caves of darkness when brother meets brother in forgiveness. This is the wisdom that for many ages the Great Mothers of Jigonsasa have taught the nations. This is the wisdom of the Great Peace. Naho. I have spoken.”

The People of the Hill listened to these words of the Mother of Nations devoutly, for they knew her authority and wisdom.

One after another, the messengers of the Three Nations arose and spoke weighty words inviting the Senecas at Nundawao to unite with the Three Brothers in confederation. Deep was the silence on the Great Hill while the people listened to the

speech of Hiawatha. He said: "We invite our Seneca brothers to become the keepers of the western door of the Longhouse. Their two chief warriors shall stand at the great black door through which all good and evil messages must come to reach the United Council. If any person or nation has a matter to lay before the United Council, it must come through this door. If the People of the Great Hill accept this message, the war power of the Konoshioni, the United People, will be in their hands. If the Four Brothers war with any other nation, the Senecas shall be the leaders in defense of the Longhouse."

That same sun the Great Hill People gave this answer to the messengers of the Three Nations: "The Senecas at Nundawao have wrapped the words of the Great Peace in their hearts. Let their brothers return on the next summer day and receive the answer."

The Seneca people were a great tree with two branches. One branch was lifted over Nundawao; the other stretched across the Gennisheyo and covered the Seneca town of the chieftain Sha-de-kar-on-yes.

Two suns after the council at Nundawao, the peace messengers departed. They crossed the Gennisheyo, the River of the Beautiful Valley, and sat down with Shadekaronyes and his people. At the end of the council, Shadekaronyes gave his answer. His people would unite with their brothers of Nundawao in considering the words of the Great Peace.

The next summer Hiawatha and Daganoweda journeyed again to Nundawao. There they received the answers of the two branches of the Great Hill People: "The Senecas will build the western door of the United Longhouse and faithfully keep it."

Then the people of the Great Hill bestowed on Daganoweda a large shell brooch of pearly whiteness that was wonderfully cut.

To Hiawatha they gave a canoe that was made of white birch bark brought from the land of the Chippewas. For the people of Nundawao said: "Is not the white color, O-wis-ka, the sign of peace? Let the canoe of Hiawatha be covered with whiteness so that at a distance the Real Men may see it and know that the bearer of the sacred wampum is among them."

PART FOUR

The Building of the Longhouse

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

THE CONQUEST OF DARKNESS

RUNNERS had sped to Kienika, the House of Peace, with a message from Hiawatha, for the time had come when he and Daganoweda must encounter the direst foe of the Great Peace. These were the words that the runners carried: "Will Jigonsasa come to Kanatagowa, the place of difficulty? It is Hiawatha that asks it."

In response to the call of Hiawatha, the canoe of the Peace Queen was straightway skimming Lake Ontario, moving swiftly toward Kanatagowa, the place of danger. Early on the seventh sun, the messengers of the Four Nations met Jigonsasa at Lake Onondaga. Soon they were in the longhouse of Atotarho.

They found Atotarho seated on a bench richly covered with bearskins. His face was dark and forbidding. He listened to the message sent by the four united tribes, but he spoke no word. As he sat there in silence, the war chieftain appeared like a man possessed of an evil spirit, and who is inwardly fighting to maintain his dark magic against the force of the Good Mind. In that hour the powers of light and darkness contended in Atotarho as in the ancient days when Hagwedyu and Hagwedaetgah fought for earth's dominion.

After they had waited long, watching the silent war chieftain, the messengers withdrew to counsel with one another.

At once O-dat-seh-te, a wise chieftain of the Oneidas, said: "When the People of the Stone accepted the Great Peace, a company of Mohawks and Oneidas visited Atotarho inviting him to join his old allies in this new union. He received them in silence and dismissed them without answer. A year later the Cayugas joined hands with the Two United Brothers and entered the Great Longhouse. At once the Three United Brothers sent messengers to invite the Onondagas to join with them. Again they were dismissed without answer. Another year has passed; and now, under the smoke of Ahsaquata, our Seneca Brother has pledged himself to the Great Peace. Now Four United Brothers come to Atotarho, come with Hiawatha and Daganoweda and the Mother of Nations, and invite him to enter the Longhouse of the United People. But again he makes no answer.

"Listen to the words of Odatsehte. Long ago the heart of the great war chieftain came to love power. He spoke smooth words into the ears of the Mohawks and Oneidas and Onondagas, and he turned their thoughts to his purpose. Through alliance he became the great war chieftain of the Three Brothers, and they came and sat down with him around the council brand at Kanatagowa. Then Atotarho looked westward and sought to subdue the Senecas and Cayugas, sought through long warfare to make them his vassals.

"The eyes of Odatsehte are open. They see

that Atotarho is still in love with power. Odatsehte believes that Atotarho would open his ears to the Great Peace if the Four United Brothers would promise to make him the Great Sachem of the United Iroquois."

Tecwihoga, the aged Mohawk chieftain, answered. His words were carefully uttered: "We have heard the words of Odatsehte, and we know that he has spoken truly. But how can our brother bring this matter before us? Odatsehte knows well that the thoughts of the Four United Brothers are not hidden from their messengers. The people, in their minds, have already chosen the Head Sachem. Among the Five Tribes there is but one man whom they would see lighting the council brand of the United Iroquois; there is but one man whom they would see standing before them, blowing the smoke of Asoquata upward to the Great Ruler. That man is Hiawatha!

"Brothers, the minds of the people have opened wide to the Great Peace, and their hearts are big for the bearer of the White Wampum. Already they look forward to the great day when Kagagwa shall look out of the east sky and see all of the Real Men gathered in united council; see the sacred horns of the Chief Sachem placed on the head of Hiawatha. They would have that great office crown the labor of Hiawatha so long as he walks among them, and never would they have his name pass from the office of Chief Sachem in the generations to follow."

At once Hiawatha spoke, and his words were plain and simple: "My Brothers, we are building a Longhouse that shall shelter our children for many generations. If the middle rafters of that Longhouse are lacking, if its central fireplace is dark and the benches empty, it will bring grief to our children. When our feet have left the earth-paths and entered the lodges where our Great Fathers are waiting, the Fathers will tell us that we have left the weapons of warfare unburied, that we have left to our children the heavy burdens of famine and fruitless labor; they will rebuke us, because we have left the Great Peace work unfinished.

"Listen, my Brothers. The words of the White Wampum are well known. The Four United People know that no man can wear the sacred horns of office unless he keeps the admonition that makes him a chieftain. It is known to all the Real Men that if the Great Sachem disobeys the laws recorded in the white shell strings, his horns shall be knocked off, the office shall pass from him, and his name be lost from it forever.

"My Brothers, so well is our Longhouse builded, that its Chief Sachem cannot shake it. Let the united fire of the Five Brothers be kindled at Kanatagowa. This is the counsel of Hiawatha: Let the Chief Sachem be Atotarho."

For a moment there was a silence so deep that it seemed as if Gaoh had leashed the four winds so that even the forests listened.

Then Shadekaronyes, the Seneca chieftain, spoke: "Are there not Four United Tribes to meet Atotarho on the warpath? Shadekaronyes is confident that Four United Brothers can subdue Atotarho in battle and bring him to their wishes."

And Tecwihoga answered: "My Brother speaks wisely. Let Kajawa, the war club, conquer this proud chieftain."

This word of Tecwihoga was received with strong words of approval.

Then the quiet voice of Daganoweda was heard. He said: "My Brothers, the rafters of the Longhouse we are building must not be blackened and charred by the fire of vengeance, or they will shake when tempests come, and fall on the heads of our children. Only in peace can the Longhouse of the United People be securely builded. My Brothers, it is recorded in the Otekoa, the white shell strings, that the care of the chieftain's office is in the hands of the people. The Head Sachem cannot wear the sacred horns in dishonor, unless the people cease to guard their Longhouse. Daganoweda agrees with the counsel of Hiawatha.

"My Brothers, it is true that Hiawatha holds the hearts of the people. Through all the years of his earth-life, the love of the Real Men will follow his footsteps; and when he passes to the Land of the Blessed, our children for unnumbered generations will revere him. This shall be the

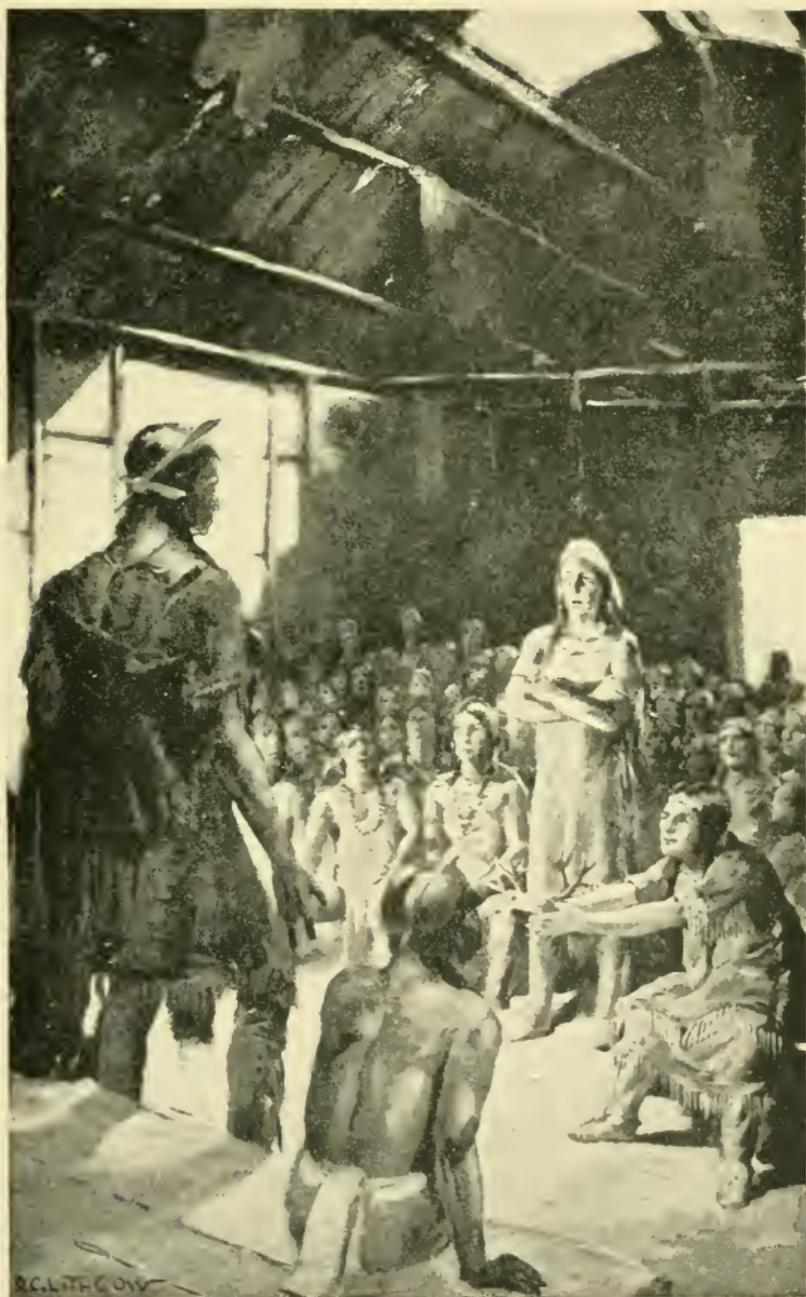
great reward of Hiawatha's labor. Naho. I have spoken."

Then the Queen of the Neutrals spoke. She said: "Wise are the words of Hiawatha, and wise is his action. Let the greatest war chieftain of the Real Men light the brand in the Great Peace Council. Will it not be a sign of forgiveness and union? Will not the Great Wisdom look on it with approval and wise men for ages confirm it?"

There was no answer. Long the peace delegates sat speechless, while the sun climbed the heavens. At last, between long intervals of silence, one after another of the chieftains assented to the will of Hiawatha. When the last voice had been heard in agreement, the messengers returned to Atotarho.

Then Hiawatha, speaking for the others, said to the war chieftain: "The messengers of the Mohawks and Oneidas, of the Senecas and Cayugas, extend their hand to Atotarho. They say to him, 'If Atotarho approves and confirms the laws of the Great Peace, if he comes into the Longhouse with his Brothers, then the great council fire of the Real Men shall be lighted at Kanatagowa, and Atotarho shall be made the Fire Keeper of the United Council; on his head shall be placed the horns of the Chief Sachem.'"

The war chieftain heard the words of Hiawatha as one who listens to a long-desired message. His head became erect, he rose to his feet, and stood listening intently. After a moment he



“On his head shall be placed the horns of
the Chief Sachem”

said: "The words of the Great Peace are well known to Atotarho. His ears are open to the promise of the Four Brothers. Now he will come into the Longhouse of the United People and stand before its central council fire." Lifting his hand he added, "The smoke from it will arise and pierce the sky."

Thus Hiawatha conquered Atotarho.

Thereafter the messengers labored truly to open the heart of the war chieftain to the message of the white wampum. Jigonsasa spoke to him, because she had authority; and Daganoweda uttered words of power. But most of all, the speech of Hiawatha prevailed with Atotarho. For Hiawatha remembered the days when Atotarho's heart was still human. So it was that Hiawatha, with much labor, cleared the darkened mind of Atotarho and drove out the poison that had entered when he killed the white bird of promise.

Two suns later the Onondagas, in council at Kanatagowa, confirmed the words of the peace message.

Once more the people of Onondaga saw before them the two great chieftains who for many winters had stood by the council fire as opponents. Now they saw them united. They heard Atotarho speak the old familiar peace word for which Hiawatha had struggled. They heard him confirm the union that buried all weapons of warfare, that established peace between the tribes of the Real Men forever.

As the people witnessed this marvelous change in Atotarho, they asked themselves how such a wonder had been accomplished. But this question of the Onondagas was answered when they looked on Hiawatha. For, as he stood in the old familiar place of council, he appeared like a man who had won a battle of surpassing difficulty, who had made a conquest like that of Hagwediyu — the great Conquest of Darkness.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

THE GREAT COUNCIL

THE first council of the United People was held with the Onondagas. It was in the moon of green corn. From all the footpaths that united the Five Nations, from the broad trails of their lakes and rivers, the people crowded to Kanatagowa. Never had there been such a meeting of the Real Men. They left their villages behind them deserted, and, like flocks of birds that darken the skies in autumn, they crowded to the place of council.

The oldest was there and the youngest. The utmost skill of the medicine men had been put forth, for the sick must be healed for the journey. From far off Gahoose people came, and from beyond the Gennisheyo; those who would be absent from the first great council of the United Iroquois?

From Nundawao came a young man that would later lead the United Iroquois against the Eries, and, in the name of the Great Ruler, compel them to obey the law of the Longhouse. Beside her mother ran a girl who in future winters would bring to the door of the Longhouse a new beauty. From a gaoseha peered out a little child who would be revered as an aged man because his eyes had looked on Jigonsasa; looked on Daganoweda and the beloved Hiawatha, as they stood together in the Great Council.

Men have said that at the first great meeting of the Real Men, the Gennisheyo at the western door of the Longhouse sang a greeting to the distant Skanehtade that flowed at the great eastern door. They have told how the deep-toned Doshoweht¹ spoke in prophecy to Skanodario of the fateful events that would carry the power of the Iroquois along its wide stretch of waters; how lakes and forests and mountains awakened to wonder, as they saw the Real Men go up to that first council.

Across the broad Oneida Lake, the canoes of the Mohawks and Oneidas came crowding. The Oswego was filled with swift-moving canoes, and Lake Onondaga was darkened with the barks of the Brothers. Among these crowding canoes there was one that drew all eyes because of its beauty and whiteness. It drew all eyes, because the people knew that it was the canoe of the beloved Hiawatha.

In a vast enclosure, not far from Lake Onondaga, the Real Men of the Longhouse sat down together. They looked at the eyes of the Great Ruler with approval at seeing the Five Brotherhoods, after years of separation, coming together about the sacred council brand.

Those that had fought with each other met there in tears, for the Master of Life touched them with his finger and the stern hearts of strong warriors softened at that touch. On all sides, the

¹ Lake Erie.

people saw chieftains who had contended in warfare meeting as brothers. On all sides, captives and exiles who had lost their birthrights met their lost kinsfolk. The hearts of the people became big with forgiveness when they looked into each others' faces. In that great encampment, they buried old wrongs deep in the earth and became a people possessed by one spirit.

There the Real Men saw the smoke from Ahsoquata ascending in clouds to the Great Ruler, carrying with it the thanksgiving of the United People. There they saw Hiawatha stand up with Daganoweda and Jigonsasa; they saw them raise up Atotarho to be the Chief Sachem of the United People. Grasping the sacred horns of office between them, Daganoweda and Jigonsasa placed them on the head of Atotarho. In the ears of all the people they uttered the admonition of the Great Peace:

"We now do crown you with the sacred emblem of the antlers, the sign of your lordship. You shall now become a mentor of the people of the Five Nations. The thickness of your skin shall be seven spans, for you shall be proof against anger, offensive action, and criticism. With endless patience you shall carry out your duty, and your firmness shall be tempered with tenderness for your people. Neither anger nor fear shall find lodgment in your mind, and all your words and actions shall be marked with calm deliberation. In all your official acts, self-interest



“The smoke from Ahsoquata”

shall be cast aside. You shall look and listen for the welfare of the whole people and have always in view, not only the present but the coming generations — the unborn of the future Nation.”¹

The warriors and chieftains who had fought with Atotarho, and all the company of warriors who had followed him in battle, and the men who had served him in secret, looked at him now with amazement. For the face of the Great Sachem was changed. The people said: “Truly Hiawatha has combed all the snakes from the hair of Atotarho. The evil spirit that possessed him has departed, so that now he has the human heart and image.” And the wise men said: “Truly Hiawatha is the greatest of the Real Men. He alone has changed the heart of Atotarho. Atotarho had covered him with sorrow and filled his pathway with danger. But through the greatness of his spirit, Hiawatha has conquered.”

In those first days, Hiawatha and Daganoweda made the Onondagas the fire keepers and the keepers of the sacred wampum that holds the laws of the United People. They made the Senecas keepers of the western door of the Longhouse. They made the Mohawks keepers of the eastern door of the Longhouse. And they raised up sachems to guard the great black doors that look eastward and westward, giving to each sachem a counsellor and assistant. Thenceforward all good and evil messages came through the

¹ From the Constitution of the Iroquois.

eastern and western doors of the Longhouse to reach the United People.

On the seventh sun, the fifty sachems of the United People took their places in order about the central fire. On that day Kagagwa looked forth from the east sky to see the Five Brothers sitting together: the Three Elder Brothers, the Mohawks and Onondagas and Senecas, facing the Two Younger Brothers, the Oneidas and Cayugas. Then Hiawatha spoke to the United People: "Deep under this tall pine tree by the council fire we now bury our weapons of warfare. Into the depths of the earth, down into the deep under-earth currents of water that flow to unknown regions, we cast the tokens of strife. We bury them from sight; the pine tree shall cover them, and its five needles shall ever remind the Real Men of their union. Thus is the Great Peace established. Warfare shall no longer be known between the Five Nations, and peace shall become the heritage of the United People!"

On the ground about the council fire, Hiawatha spread before the people the symbols that were to remind them of the laws on which the Longhouse was founded. Among these symbols were the white wampum belt which was to signify the Great Peace; a swan's wing, with which to sweep all dust, all stain, and all evil of every kind away from the white wampum belt; a rod with which to defend the white wampum belt from creeping, evil things; and a bundle of five

arrows, the sign of the strength of the Konoshioni, the United People.

Also Hiawatha spread before the people the sacred strings of wampum that held the laws of the Konoshioni. Each winter these strings would be read at the great council fire so that the laws recorded there might be wrapped close in the hearts of the people.

In the last days of the council, the great laws recorded in the sacred wampum were read, one by one, before the assemblage, and they were confirmed by the United Chieftains. As the people listened to these laws, the wisest among them said to each other: "Truly the Real Men are building a Longhouse that shall stretch from the Skaneh-tade to the Gennisheyo. They will make it strong in every part; they will clear it of every hurtful thing; they will faithfully guard its doorways so that it shall shelter their children forever."

At the last meeting of the council, Daganoweda said: "The Real Men must overcome difficulties surpassing those of any other people before they can reach the fullness of their power and prove themselves indeed the Men of Men. This Longhouse that is building shall stand as a witness to the Real Men. If in future ages they forget the trust bestowed on them by the Master of Life, may the memory of their Fathers rebuke them and call them again to duty.

"My children, see that you remember these last admonitions of Daganoweda."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THE WHITE CANOE

IN the winters that followed the Great Council, the life of Hiawatha was filled with busy labor, and very often he counseled with Daganoweda at Gahoose. There were many crooked pathways between the Real Men, that by long and patient effort could be straightened. There were pitfalls and obstructions that snared the feet of the people and hindered them on their journey. As they labored to clear away these obstructions, Daganoweda and Hiawatha saw old jealousies and feuds slowly buried and replaced with better customs. Very slowly clan vengeance was disappearing — that relentless clan vengeance that had left every footpath blood-stained.

The great Hiawatha labored with tireless patience, and many labored with him to clear the tangled trails of the people. So it was, that, winter by winter, the Longhouse of the United People became stronger. Its fireplaces were wider and cleaner. The pottery that stood on the shelves and the implements and weapons that hung on the walls were better made and of greater beauty.

All the tides of life were flowing, and the pulse of the people beat strong with the hope that possessed them. Like living shuttles, runners were daily speeding across the many footpaths that united the Real Men. All the water trails were alive with swift canoes that were threading the

rivers, swimming the lakes, seeking every creek and inlet, and crowding the portages along Ontario and Erie.

Among these crowding canoes there was one that came like a white bird of promise. Seen from afar, it was hailed by every Iroquois with joy and expectation. When he sighted a white canoe, the heart of the Real Man asked only one question, "Does it bring Hiawatha, or is it the bark of a stranger?" When in springtime the lakes and rivers were freed from their icy fetters, the White Canoe gladdened the eyes of the people along pathways near and distant. But there was one water trail that saw it most often: it was the river road between Teahtontaloga, home of Gawenneta, and Gahoose, where dwelt Daganoweda.

One day, when ten winters had passed after that first great Council of the United People, Hiawatha left his lodge at Teahtontaloga. The sun was low in the western sky. Entering the White Canoe, Hiawatha turned its prow toward Gahoose. The hand that held the paddle was very steady, and the White Canoe moved slowly on with the river, obeying the touch of its master as he kept its course eastward.

Once a bark canoe passed, and the four hunters within it saluted the White Canoe. Each one of them noted the upright figure of the Great Chieftain; noted his deep-lined face both strong and kindly; saw that his hair was touched by the

snows of winter, and that his eyes were clear and far-seeing. He seemed to be thinking intently.

In truth, the mind of Hiawatha was filled with an urgent question that he was bringing to Daganoweda. A tribe to the southward had refused an alliance offered by the Iroquois. Too weak to make war on the United People, their warriors hid in the forests of the Mohawks and Oneidas and murdered the Iroquois by stealth. Most of the chieftains of the Real Men believed that the treacherous enemy should be subdued by war and made a subject people.

Hiawatha was now confronted by the old question of warfare. The Real Men had learned how to live in peace with each other; how could they be taught to live in peace with their warlike neighbors. As Hiawatha pondered the question he recalled words spoken long ago by Jigonsasa, the Peace Queen: "If the Great Peace is carried to still other tribes, it must be borne by runners who will labor after the work of Hiawatha is finished." And Hiawatha thought, "The Great Mother spoke truly. The work of the Great Peace is only begun. Now it must be extended. The Great Wisdom will choose messengers to bear it."

The eyes of Hiawatha turned again to the familiar path of the Mohawk; to the friendly forests that bordered the river; to Kagagwa, the sun, shining low in the west sky. For a few moments he urged the White Canoe forward;

then suddenly the paddle dropped from his hand, and he sank back in dreamless slumber.

Then Oah, the wind, came and talked with the drifting canoe, the Gaowo — so the old men among the Iroquois tell the story. The Gaowo said: "Leash Dajoji, the west wind, for my Great Master is sleeping. Let me move very slowly, for he is weary, else he would not slumber under the eye of Kagagwa."

And Oah answered: "Only the breath of Neoga, the south wind, shall touch him. I will rock the Gaowo very gently, even as I rocked his gauseha when it hung from the trees long ago in far-off Onondaga."

So the White Canoe drifted gently, blown by the breath of the south wind.

Then the River spoke: "I go on a long journey. I join the swift Skanehtade. I shall never pause on my journey until I come to the Great Sea at the Sun's Rising."

The White Canoe quivered as it felt the urge of the strong River.

As Ogasah, the evening, drew near, all the woodlands began to murmur to the drifting Gaowo. "Stay with us," they said. "Stay with the wide forests that your Master loveth. Here Kiondaga, the oak tree, will give him shelter, and here Ostaa, the pine, will sing to him in his slumber."

The White Canoe answered the Forest, as it drifted onward with the River: "Your roads are



“Then from out the starry belt of Gadowaas flashed
a ray of wondrous beauty”

long and your footpaths are lonely and darksome. My Master can no longer follow your trails, for his feet are very weary."

Through the quiet of Ogasah, the evening, the deep voice of far-off Ontario sounded; sounded near yet very distant. It whispered, "Bear him backward to my sounding waters. Bring him once more to the ancient homeland at the head of the Rapid River."

Then the Gaowo, the White Canoe, made answer: "Do not call him. You have seen him often, as he hastened to Kienika, the peace town; you have seen him resting at the Falls of the Oswego; you have seen his years of labor. Now that he slumbers, do not wake him."

From out the night-blue of heaven, the silent stars looked downward; and Gadowaas, the Soul Watcher, whispered: "The Great Chieftain is sleeping. His feet are set toward my shining pathway."

Then from out the starry belt of Gadowaas flashed a ray of wondrous beauty; it bathed the White Canoe in splendor. And the spirit of the sleeper, loosing itself from every fetter, followed the bright pathway upward and stood before the Great Soul Watcher.

Straightway Gadowaas bent downward and plucked a great star that was throbbing with the light of the sky world. He stooped and fastened it to the belt of the Great Chieftain; then he led him along the blessed pathway to the pleasant

lodges where the beloved ones waited to greet him with old familiar voices.

But the quiet stars that looked downward saw that the White Canoe had yielded to the will of the River. It had passed Gahoose where Daganoweda waited; it had passed the fair village of Skanehtade. It was moving southward on the straight course of the River Skanehtade; it was following the far-off call of the Great Sea at the Sun's Rising.

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GLOSSARY

It is suggested that where this book is used as a supplementary reader an effort be made to pronounce the Indian names, the pronunciation of which, after a little practice, will be found very simple. The vowel sounds should be rendered as follows:

ā as in ate; ǎ as in at; ä as in far; ai as in aisle; ē as in feet; ě as in met; ī as in pine; ĩ as in hit; ō as in tone; ǒ as in fond

Ad-i-rōn'dack. An Indian tribe located near the St. Lawrence River, once the masters of the Iroquois. The Iroquois referred to them contemptuously as Tree Eaters.

Ah-so-quǎ'ta. The peace pipe.

Ah-weh'ah-ah. The American swan. Swans were found on our inland lakes, not in flocks but in pairs. "When the Indian departed, they spread their wings and followed him."

Āi'jah. Seneca captive maiden. She became the wife of Daweyongo.

Al-gōn'kin. An Indian tribe located to the west of the Iroquois. The Algonkin stock was widely scattered over eastern North America and included the Ojibwa, Ottawa, Cree, Algonkin, Micmac, and Blackfoot tribes.

Ali-quip'so. A heroine of the Oneidas.

an'da. Day.

An-da Ka-gǎ'gwa. "Day sun."
See *Anda and Kagagwa.*

Andia-ta-roc'ta. Lake George.

A-o-do'gweh. The sworn friend of Daweyongo, exile and avenger of Daweyongo.

ar-o'se-a. The squirrel.

Ata-ĕn'sic. The Great Mother of Iroquoian mythology. The line of Peace Queens of the Neutral Nation had a legendary descent from Ata-

ensic; hence their great authority with the Iroquoian (or Huron-Iroquois) race. She is referred to as Sky Mother, Sky Woman, and First Mother. The Island of Ataensic is the earth.

Ato-tar'ho. The most famous war chieftain of the Onondagas. He opposed Hiawatha in the making of the League. He was the first sachem of the League, and his name still descends with the office in the Canadian Reservations. His character as represented here is taken from Iroquoian sources.

A-wey'ni-yōnt. Name (fem.) means "Hanging Flower."

birds. Messengers. "Birds of dark plumage" was a term applied to evil messengers, as the spies of Atotarho.

bone flaker. The bone instrument used for flaking arrows. Sometimes a stone instrument was used.

Boy Foxes or Fox Boys, Boy Hunters, and Boy Warriors. These were different associations for the training of the Iroquois youth.

Brothers. The members of the United Tribes. The Elder Brothers were the Senecas, Mohawks, and Onondagas. The Younger Brothers were the Cayugas and Oneidas.

- Cā-yu'ga.** One of the United Tribes or "Five Nations." Most of the representatives of this tribe are now living in Ontario. Some still remain in New York, and some are in Oklahoma.
- Caz-e-no'vī-a.** Lake Cazenovia. Iroquois name, Ah-wa'gee.
- Che-nan'gō.** The Chenango River. It enters the Susquehanna. The Iroquois name was O-chē'ngang, meaning "bull thistles."
- Cher-o-kee'.** An Indian tribe of Iroquoian stock, formerly located about the headwaters of the Tennessee River and in the country northward.
- Chip'pe-wa.** (Another form of the name Ojibwa or Ojibway.) An Indian tribe of the Algonkin stock living about Lake Superior.
- clan.** The Indian clans were known by the names of animals, as Turtle, Bear, Fox, Wolf, and Snipe. The clans were inter-tribal and the names of individuals indicated the particular clans to which the individuals belonged. Membership in a clan was determined by descent in the female line. The Clan Mother was the most important of the Royaners of a tribe — as Shawenis is represented to have been among the Onondagas.
- Coo-ē'a.** The call given by a stranger on approaching a village.
- Da-gā-no-we'dā.** Meaning inexhaustible. A Mohawk chieftain. He is supposed by some of the best authorities to have been a Huron by birth who was adopted by the Mohawks. He shares with Hiawatha the honor of founding the League. He is sometimes designated as the founder. Among the Iroquois he is regarded as a superhuman character.
- Da-jō'ji.** The panther; also name for the west wind, which was figured as a panther.
- Da-wey-on'go.** A Cayuga captive, adopted into the Onondaga tribe. He belonged to the Wolf Clan.
- Da-yo-ho'go.** A young Mohawk chieftain who married Gawenneta, sister of Hiawatha.
- death song.** Before execution, the Indian recounted his deeds of valor; this was his "death song."
- Delaware.** An Indian people of the Algonkin stock. In the time of Hiawatha they inhabited the Delaware Valley. They are now located in Oklahoma and in Ontario. The Indian name of the tribe was Leni Lenape. Under that name they figure in Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*.
- De-o-song'wā.** The Deep Spring or Great Spring near the present Manlius. It lay on the Great Central Trail, on the boundary line between the Oneidas and Onondagas. It was a favorite stopping place of the Iroquois in their journeys upon that great throughfare. Name means "spring in the deep basin."

- Dew Eagle.** The Dew Eagle holds a prominent place in the lore of the Iroquois. Their ideas about it are indicated in Chapter 16.
- Don-yá'daas.** Name (masc.).
- Do-shó'weh.** Seneca name for Lake Erie and for Buffalo. "Place of basswood."
- Do-wá'go.** A spy of Atotarho.
- dream-fast.** This essentially religious experience was the most important event in the life of an Indian. It was not uncommon for an Indian youth to die of starvation while he awaited inspiration from his clan spirit.
- Erie.** An Indian tribe of the Iroquoian race. At the time of this story they were living along the eastern and southern shores of Lake Erie. At a later period they were conquered by the United Tribes and most of the survivors were incorporated with the Senecas.
- Evil Spirits.** The Iroquois believed in evil spirits and in witches. They visioned evil spirits as flying heads of terrible aspect.
- Fathers.** Great Fathers. Terms by which the Iroquois referred to their remote ancestors.
- feather dance.** The "Os-to-weh'gō-wa," a dance of thanksgiving. It was the most impressive and beautiful of the Iroquois dances. It originated about the time of the making of the League.
- Fire Spirit.** Ho-de'ka.
- Ga-ah'na.** Lake Otisco. Name means "Rising to the surface and again sinking." It refers to the legend of a drowning man.
- Ga-da-gwa'sa.** A Cayuga chieftain of the Bear Clan.
- Ga-do'wáás.** The Soul-Watcher, or Great Soul-Watcher. The belt of Gadowaas, thrown across the heavens, makes the Milky Way, the "starry belt" of the Iroquois. Each soul receives a star from this belt to guide it on its way. When the soul has crossed the heavens, Gadowaas returns the star to its appointed place.
- ga'ga.** The crow.
- Gä-hen-wá'ga.** Big Salmon Creek. Name means "a creek."
- Gá'oh.** Spirit of the winds. Referred to as Wind Keeper.
- Gä'hō-ōse.** Cohoes Falls; also the name of a Mohawk village located just north of the Falls. The name means "shipwrecked canoe."
- gäin'jeh.** A fish.
- gä'kä.** Breechcloth of deerskin about a quarter of a yard wide and two yards long. It was secured by a deerskin belt, the embroidered ends falling over the belt before and behind.
- Ga-na-yo'hē.** Middle stronghold of the Mohawks located at the site of Canajoharie. Name means "washing the basin."
- Gä-nā-wá'ga.** The St. Lawrence. Name means "the rapid river."
- gä'ne-a.** Ball bat about five feet long, curved at the

- end. A network of deerskin within the curve caught the ball.
- Gä-ne-ä'ga.** Upper Mohawk stronghold near Herkimer and nearly opposite the junction of the West Canada Creek and the Mohawk River. Name means "possessor of the flint." It was probably the oldest village of the Mohawks and the one from which they took their name, "people of the flint."
- Ga-nius'ka.** The Stone Giant. Name means "stone giant" or "great worker in stone."
- Ga-no-a-lo-hä'lē.** Oneida Lake; also the Oneida stronghold. Name means "head on a pole."
- Gä-nun-dä'gwa.** Canandaigua Lake. Name means "place selected for a settlement."
- Gä-nun-dä-sä'ga.** Seneca Lake.
- gä-ose'ha.** Cradle-board carried on the back by means of a burden strap which is placed across the mother's forehead.
- gä-o'wo** (*pl.* gaowa). Bark canoe, usually made of red elm or bitternut by the Iroquois. The canoes varied in size from twelve feet, which would carry about two men, to forty feet, with a capacity of thirty men.
- Ga-sun'to.** Jamesville Creek. Name means "bark in the water."
- ga-wä'sa.** See Snow snake.
- Ga-wen-ne'ta.** The sister of Hiawatha. The name belongs to the Turtle Clan.
- Ga-ye'was.** The name of a boyhood friend of the hero.
- Gen-nis'he-yo.** The Genesee, the "river of the beautiful valley."
- Ge-wä'ga.** Cayuga stronghold at the site of Union Springs. Name means "promontory running out."
- gorget.** A breast ornament suspended from the neck.
- Great Sachem.** An official who presided over the United Councils, lighting the council fire. His position was one of dignity rather than power.
- Great Sea, Great Sea at the Sun's Rising, and Great Water.** Names applied to the Atlantic Ocean. It was called "O-jih-ha-da-gi'ga," meaning "salt water."
- Gus-ta-ote.** Spirit of the Rock.
- Gwe-u'gweh.** Cayuga Lake, "the lake of the mucky land."
- Hä'göks.** A mystical eagle of marvelous plumage.
- Ha-gwe-da-ët'ga.** The Spirit of Evil, the Bad Mind, or the Evil Mind. He was opposed to Hagwediyu, Spirit of Good. See the story of Ataensic, Chapter Two.
- Ha-gwe-di'yu.** Spirit of Good, or the Good Mind. He was the worker of good under the care of Hawennyu. Though earth-born, he was heaven-descended, the son of Ataensic. Hence he is spoken of as Holder-of-the-Heavens, one who keeps hold of his heavenly powers.
- Ha-jä'no.** Mythical hero who slew the Two-headed Serpent.
- ha-nu'na.** The turtle. The "Great Turtle" indicated

- the highland of central New York.
- Ha-wen-ni'yu.** The principal god of the Iroquois. Name means "he who governs." He was called the Great Spirit, the Great Wisdom, the Master of Life, the Great Ruler, the Great Creator. With the Iroquois he holds the place of the Christian God.
- He'no.** Spirit of the thunder. He called the Iroquois his grandchildren. He was a foe to monsters and unclean spirits and pursued them with relentless fury.
- heron feather.** An emblem of courage among the Iroquois.
- Hi-a-wa'tha** or **Hy-ent-wat'ha.** The name had several forms. The meaning most commonly given to it was, "bearer of the wampum belt." It was also rendered "he who finds his lost mind" and "the comber-out of snakes." With Daganoweda, Hiawatha was the founder of the Iroquois League.
- Ho-das-ha'teh.** Name (masc.), Wolf Clan.
- Ho-de'gweh.** The instructor of the Boy Hunters.
- Ho-do-an'jo.** The arrow maker.
- Ho-no-che-no'kee.** The invisible helpers. These were good spirits that befriended the Iroquois.
- Ho-no-we-na'to.** Name (masc.), Wolf Clan.
- Horned Serpent.** A fabled monster slain in Lake Ontario by Heno.
- Ho-să-hă'ho.** A chieftain of the Onondaga Turtles, the son of Shawenis.
- ho-ty-ô'ne.** The wolf.
- Hu-na-dăn'lu.** The Story-teller. He is referred to as "keeper of the faith" and "friend of man."
- Hû'ron.** A tribe of the Iroquoian (or Huron-Iroquoian) stock. The Hurons inhabited the country between Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario. They were conquered by the United Iroquois, who absorbed most of the survivors.
- i-hăn'i.** "My father." Iroquois form of address.
- Invisible helpers.** See Ho-no-che-no'kee.
- Iroquois.** The most powerful and the most civilized Indian people north of Mexico. The name comes from the Algonkin word meaning, "real snakes." The Iroquois are referred to as Men of Men, Real Men, Real People, United People, Five Brothers. "Ong-we'hō-we," the name by which they called themselves, is the Iroquois term for Real Men or Men of Men.
- is-te-ă'ha.** "My mother." Iroquois form of address.
- i-yea'ha.** "My son." Iroquois form of address.
- je'ye.** The dog.
- Ji-gön'sa-sa.** Queen of the Neutrals. She belonged to a line of Peace Queens or Great Mothers whom the Iroquois believed to have descended from Ataensic, the Sky Mother. She is referred to as Great Mother, Peace Queen, Great Mother of Nations, Great Woman, and the Yegowanch.

- jis-ko'ko.** The robin.
- jit'so.** The fox.
- jon-gä'o.** The Elf Folk, the active helpers of the Iroquois. They are also referred to as the Little People. The children of the Iroquois still watch the cornfields for the Elf Folk.
- jon-i'to.** The beaver.
- Ka-gä'gwa.** The sun.
- ka-jä'wa.** The club, or the war club.
- Ka-is'to-wan-ëa.** A two-headed serpent. The story of this serpent is one of the best known among the Iroquois. In the judgment of Schoolcraft it pictures civil strife.
- Ka-na'ta-gö'wä.** Principal village of the Onondagas at the time of the founding of the League. It was called Onondaga Castle by the white settlers. The term "castle" was applied to the principal villages or strongholds of different tribes. It has been avoided in this story as being anachronistic.
- Kä-ne-gö'dick.** The present Woods Creek, a stream flowing into Oneida Lake from the east. The short portage or carrying place between this stream and the nearest branch of the Mohawk River made the one break in the long waterway from central and western New York to the Atlantic Ocean. This portage was for ages a great thoroughfare of the Indians.
- Kan-ye-dä're-yo.** A Seneca chieftain of the Turtle Clan, one of the fifty sachems of the League. The name means "beautiful lake." The word corresponds to the Mohawk word "Skandario," from which we derive "Ontario."
- Ka-ri'wi-yo.** Iroquois word meaning Great Peace.
- Ki-en-i'ka.** Town of the Peace Queen. It was located on the Niagara River. See map. The Peace Queen's residence is referred to as House of Peace or Peace Home. See Jigonsasa.
- ki-on-dä'ga.** The oak tree.
- Ko-nösh-i-ö'ni.** The United People, a name the Iroquois gave themselves at the Confederation. They also called themselves the "Hode-no-sau'nee" or People of the Longhouse.
- Koo-weh'.** The Iroquois cry of mourning.
- Ko-sä'ge.** Winter.
- kwää.** The woodpecker.
- kwä-äh.** The cry announcing the approach of an enemy.
- Kwa-e'sea.** The partridge.
- ky-e-a'ha.** "My daughter." Iroquois form of address.
- Land of the Blessed.** Land of the Sunset, Sunset-Land of the Blessed. The Iroquois believed that the spirits of the dead journeyed to their homes in this Sunset-Land.
- Light World.** Upper World.
- Longhouse.** The communal dwelling of the Iroquois. "The Longhouse to which the Iroquois likened their political edifice opened its eastern door upon the Hudson, while the western looked out upon Niagara."

“To an Iroquois the League was not like a Longhouse. It *was* a Longhouse extending from the Hudson to the Genesee, in which five fires, the five tribes, gathered. The Mohawk Wolf Clan kept the eastern door, the Seneca Wolves the western. At each fire the sachems like pillars upheld the roof, the chiefs were the braces that fortified the structure.” MORGAN

“We constitute but one house, we five Iroquois nations, we build but one fire, and we have through all time dwelt under the same roof.”

GENERAL ELY S. PARKER

medicine. Medicine creatures, medicine animals, medicine plants. “Medicine” means a magical potency.

medicine man. A man having knowledge of mysteries.

Mohawk. At the time of the American Revolution, the Mohawks were the leading tribe of the Iroquois, then known as the Six Nations. (The Tuscaroras had come into the Confederacy early in the eighteenth century.) They took sides with the English and later fled to Canada, where most of the representatives of the tribe still live. The Mohawks called themselves *Ka-ni-en-ge-ha-ga*, “people of the flint.”

Mohawk River. The Iroquois name for this river was *Te-uge’ga*, meaning “at the forks.” The Mohawk people dwelt in its valley,

though their territory extended northward to the St. Lawrence and southward to the Delaware River and the Catskills.

moon. The different moons or months were referred to as fawn moon, moon of maple sugar, moon of green corn, moon of falling leaves, etc. The moon itself was often called “grandmother moon.” See *Soa Kagagwa*.

mourning council. The council at which a new chieftan was installed; also the council that mourned the dead chieftan.

mystery bag. A bag in which sacred objects were put. It was buried with the dead.

na-ho’. “I have spoken.” This was the customary last word of a formal speech.

Nan-ta-sä’sis. An Onondaga village southwest of Kanatagowa. There were still other Onondaga villages, but Nantasasis and Kanatagowa were most important.

Na-sa’geh. Name (masc.). Wolf Clan.

Ne-äh’ga. Niagara. Term applied to the river and the falls. The Senecas applied this term to Lake Ontario also. It corresponds to the Mohawk word *Skanodario*, from which we derive Ontario.

Ne-ä’wēh. “I am thankful,” an expression frequent among the Iroquois.

Ne-o-däk-he’at. Iroquois village located on Cayuga Lake at the site of Ithaca. Name means “At the end of the lake.”

- ne-ō'ga.** A fawn. The south wind was figured as a fawn.
- Neutral Nation, or the Neutrals.** A tribe of the Iroquoian stock ruled by the Peace Queens. They occupied the country north of the Eries. See Map. They were conquered and absorbed by the Senecas after the formation of the Iroquois confederacy.
- New Year.** Among the Iroquois the festival of the New Year was celebrated as described in Chapter Seventeen. The idea of putting away wrong and beginning anew dominated this festival. The medicine men wore false faces during this and other ceremonials.
- No-gon'dih.** Name (fem.). Wolf Clan.
- nō'ji.** The muskrat.
- Nun-da-wā'o.** The principal Seneca village located near the present Naples was on the summit of Bare Hill. The name means "Great Hill." To the Iroquois, Bare Hill is one of the most sacred spots in the state.
- O-ā-ā-gō'wa.** Name (masc.).
- ō'āh.** The wind.
- och-do'ah.** The bat.
- O-dat-seh'te.** A wolf chieftain of the Oneidas. He became one of the fifty chieftains of the League. Name means "quiver bearer."
- od-jis'ta.** The fire.
- o-eh'da.** The earth (soil).
- o-gas'aa.** Evening.
- o-han'ta.** The ear.
- o-hō'wa.** The owl.
- o-jish-an'da.** A star.
- ō'kah.** The snow.
- o-ka'ra.** The eye.
- o-kwā'ri.** The bear. The north wind is figured as the bear. The term "Great Bear" or "Celestial Bear," "Master Bear" or "Mighty Bear," was applied by the Iroquois as by the ancients, to the constellation that we know as the Great Dipper.
- ō'leek.** The pigeon.
- o-na-sō'kwa.** Parched corn, one of the most valuable foods of the Iroquois.
- O-nā'ta.** The corn spirit, a mythical maiden who watched over the maize fields. The belief in some such spirit has, at one time or another, been held by almost every tribe of men.
- On-dī-yā'ka.** The father of Hiawatha, a chieftain of the Wolf Clan.
- O-ne-a-dā'lote.** Lake Champlain.
- ō-nei'da.** One of the United Tribes. They lived near Oneida Lake. Representatives of the tribe are now living in New York, Wisconsin, and Canada. The name means Great Stone People or People of the Great Stone.
- o-ni'a.** "A stone." The tribal name of the Oneidas was derived from this word. The sacred stone of the Oneidas is now in the cemetery at Utica.
- ō-nis'kā-thaw.** Iroquois name for Helderberg Mountains.
- On-on-dā'ga.** One of the United Tribes. Remnants of the tribe still exist in New York and Ontario. The name means "on the hills." The Onondagas called themselves "People of the Hills."

- on-yō'sa.** The nose.
- O-ris'kā-ny.** The Indian name for Oriskany Creek was O-lē'hisk.
- ō'staa.** The pine tree.
- O-sā'ha.** Spy of Atotarho. One of the "birds of dark plumage."
- Os-to-weh'gō-wa.** See Feather dance.
- Os-we'go.** The Oswego River; also called "Swe-geh" by the Iroquois. Name means "flowing out." The Falls of the Oswego is one of the sacred places of the Iroquois.
- ote-an'yea.** The eagle.
- ote-kō'a.** Wampum strings. History was preserved by means of wampum strings, each tribe having its wampum keeper. The constitution of the Iroquois provided for the reading of the wampum strings at stated times.
- ot-shā'ta.** The sky.
- ō'weh.** "Our own." See the story of the Echo, Chapter Eight.
- o-wi'rää.** An infant.
- o-wis'ka.** White.
- o-yan-dō'ne.** The moose. The east wind was figured as a moose.
- Pleiades.** This constellation was known among the Iroquois as the Seven Brothers.
- Qua-rä'ra.** A mythical hero who taught the use of medicinal herbs.
- ra-dix'aa.** "Children," or "my children." Iroquois form of address.
- rong'we.** Man.
- ro-yan'er.** A title similar to "lord" or "lady" conferred on a class of women who had important civil rights in the choice of chieftains and in depriving chieftains of office. See Chapters Nineteen and Twenty-three.
- sais'ta.** The snake. In the second paragraph in Chapter Twenty-Seven "saista" refers to the Mohawk River.
- Seneca.** The Senecas were the strongest of the United Tribes. Possibly three thousand of them still live in New York, and a few are in Ontario, and a few in Oklahoma. The name means "Great Hill People."
- Sha-de-kar-on'yes.** A Seneca chieftain of the Snipe Clan, one of the sachems of the League.
- Shar-la-tō'ga.** Saratoga.
- Sha-wē'nis.** The principal royaner of the Onondaga Turtles, mother of Waundana and Hosahaho, and grandmother of Hiawatha.
- Skane-ä'dī-ce.** Lake Skaneateles. Name means "long lake."
- Ska-neh-tä'de.** The Hudson; also the name of a Mohawk village on the site of Albany. Name means "river beyond the openings."
- Ska-no-da-ri'o.** Mohawk name for Lake Ontario, meaning "the beautiful lake." Our word "Ontario" is a derivative.
- ska-nōn'do.** The deer.
- Sko-har'le.** Schoharie Creek.
- sky journey.** After death the soul journeyed to the Sun-

- set Land of the Blessed.
See Gadowaas.
- sky world.** In general this was the Iroquois heaven, and the subject of a very rich and beautiful mythology. The earth was held by power coming from the sky world.
- snow snake.** The snow snake (gawasa) was a light hickory shaft, highly polished and oiled. It was five to seven feet in length. The head was round, turned up slightly, and pointed with lead to increase the momentum. The snake was thrown underhand by placing the forefinger against the base of the shaft and supporting it with the thumb and the remaining fingers. The snake ran in a groove made by drawing a log through the snow. On snow crust it could be made to run with the speed of an arrow, sometimes as far as sixty or eighty rods.
- sō'ä.** Night.
- So'ä Kă-gă'gwa.** The moon. Literally "the night sun."
- sō'hont.** The turkey.
- So-no-sä'se.** An Oneida chieftain of the Turtle Clan.
- sō'ra.** The duck.
- So-son-dō'weh.** The sworn friend of Hiawatha. The name belongs to the Wolf Clan, and it means "mighty darkness."
- Star Woman.** The morning star was spoken of as the Star Woman who, with her torch, lighted the council fire of Kagagwa, the sun.
- Sus-que-han'na.** "The Great Island River."
- Swan.** See Ah-weh'ah-ah.
- Swa-ō'weh.** A young ball player killed by Aodogweh.
- taw-is-taw'is.** The snipe.
- Tä-yo'ga.** Tioga point. Name means "the forks."
- Te-ah'ton-ta-lō'ga.** The lower stronghold of the Mohawks, located on the Mohawk River at the mouth of the Schoharie Creek and a little west of Schenectady. The name means "two streams coming together." The Iroquois name for Schenectady is "Ono-a-la-gone-na," "at the head."
- Tec-wi-hō'ga.** Name (masc.).
- Te-kä'ne-a-dä'he.** Tully Lake. Name means "a lake on a hill."
- Ti-ough-ni-o'ga.** Tionghnioga River, the name meaning "shagbark hickory." The river is also called "Nanno-gi-is'ka."
- tī'so-te.** Grandfather. Iroquois form of address.
- To-ne-dä'wa.** The daughter of Hiawatha.
- To-nes-sa'ah.** An Onondaga chieftain of the Beaver Clan.
- To-no-a-gä'o.** A chieftain of the Oneidas.
- Totem.** The sacred symbol given by the clan spirit at the dream-fast. The totem of Hiawatha is not known. The totem of the united needles of the white pine was given because of its fitness to this story.
- Tree-That-Lights-the-World.** Tree of Light. The tree held a conspicuous place in Iroquois mythology. For this reason its convention-

alized form was very much used in decoration. This design is shown in the illustration on page 31. See the story of Ataensic, Chapter Two.

ty-o-kar'as. The darkness.

U-need'o. Cross Lake. Name means, "floating hemlock boughs," probably referring to the hemlocks growing so close to the water that the boughs touched it.

wa-ä'no. The bow.

wa-gwen-nē'yuh. Iroquois word for trail. The Great Central Trail which ran through the state from the site of Albany to the site of Buffalo was most judiciously located. After the country was surveyed, the turnpikes were laid out upon the Indian highway, with slight variations, throughout the length of the state. The Indian traveler regularly made thirty or forty miles a day. See map on page xxiv.

wampum. Wampum was used for religious purposes, and to record laws and treaties. White wampum was the Iroquois emblem of purity and of faith. In ancient times six strands of white wampum was paid in condonation for a murder. The primitive wampum of the Iroquois consisted of strings of small spiral, fresh-water shells called

"otekoa." Wampum beads were later made from the conch shell, which yields both a white and a purple bead.

wa-nah'sa. The tongue.

wän'da. The light.

Wä-nut'ha. The wife of Hiawatha.

war post. An upright post where the warrior recounted his deeds of valor. It was often decorated or roughly carved to indicate the particular deeds accomplished.

Wa-un-dä'na. The Mother of Hiawatha.

White Eagle. The name White Eagle was chosen for the purposes of this story because it fitted in with the idea developed in Chapter One. Another White Eagle, a full-blooded Indian, gave his life in France, as a soldier in the Great War. His feather costume is now to be seen at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, to which he bequeathed it.

Ya-e-wä'-no. Name (fem.). It means "she watches over us."

yees-noon'ga. The hand.

ye-go-wä'neh. "Wise woman," or "great woman." Name here applied to Jigonsasa.

Yo-an'ja. The earth as mother.

yön'he. Life.

young'we. Woman.

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